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he story Jack London was writing when he died

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You will not wish to deny yourself these:





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#### Fesse Lynch Williams

Has Temporarily Stopped Writing for the Stage to Return to FICTION

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#### Next Month

This Noted Author Appears for the First Time in Cosmopolitan with a

Short Story of the Theatre From the Inside

Published monthly by the International Magazine Company, Inc., at 119 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, President; C. H. HATHAWAY, Vice-President; C. E. FORSDICK, Secretary.

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### Goose Grease for Happiness

NY young interne in a loud-smelling hospital will tell you that the all-wise "Doc" of our boyhood days was an animated reservoir of ignorance. Likewise, the trained nurse with the hazel eyes will assure you that the old ladies who used to group themselves around every sick bed were merely advance agents for the village undertaker.

Bread-and-milk hot-packs are not what they used to be. The bag of "assifidity" hung around the neck is not recognized by Johns Hopkins as a preventive of measles. Serum

takes the place of goose grease.

Physicians revise all of their beliefs every forty years. If the long-whiskered practitioner of the eighties, who could cure anything with calomel and morphine, is derided by the specialists of today, may we not predict that the present crop of specialists will be laughed at by the super-specialists of 1950?

They tell us that all of the pallid heroines of history were not broken-hearted, as reported. You can't break a heart. It is a combination of outer casing and rawhide. All of the anæmic maidens we have read about were suffering from a lack of vitamins. The balanced ration may take most of the romance out of the world. It is almost impossible to be in love and feel well at the same time.

A venerable lady who smoked a pipe told me, many years ago, that white walnut bark should be peeled from the tree in the dark of the moon. If peeled upward, it was a purge. If peeled downward, it was an emetic. She spoke with much conviction.

The pin-feathered medical student will say that the old lady was daft. How does he know? Has he ever tried out white walnut bark in a

large number of cases, working in the dark of the moon, peeling first upward and then vice versa? He won't even admit that sassafras tea, taken in the spring, thins the blood which has become all thickened up with sausage and buckwheat cakes during a long winter. This, in spite of the fact that millions of people have actually diluted themselves with sassafras, and are ready to make affidavits.

We come now to the buckeye or petrified potato, carried in the trousers pocket as an antidote for rheumatism. No sense to it? Well, it's just as easy to explain the buckeye as

it is to explain the radio.

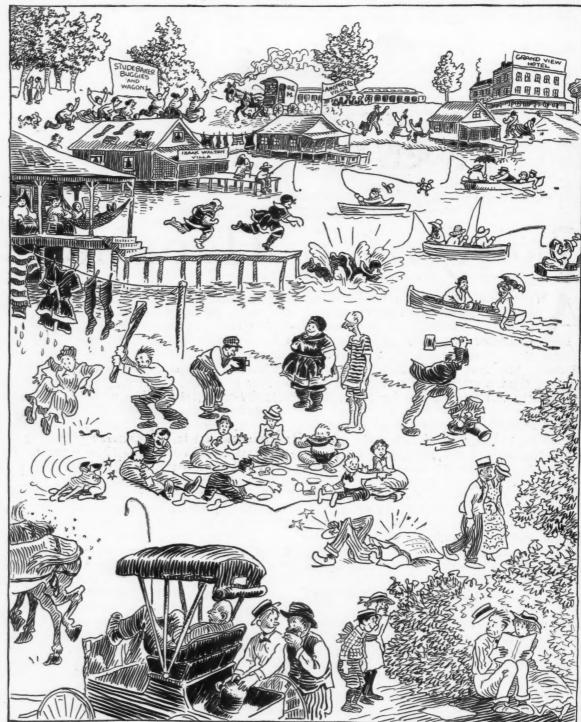
If a large number of trustworthy citizens and God-fearing women testify that a woolen sock around the neck will drive away sore throat, that turpentine and sugar will cure a cold, that mutton tallow, gunpowder and a certain bittersweet bark cooked up together will dispel the itch, that catnip will relieve indigestion and skunk oil invariably banishes bronchial inflammation, while a flax-seed poultice will often do just as much good as a trip to the Mayos, how can we go against such a mass of evidence?

Out in the brush there is still an occasional old-fashioned mother who keeps the baby lubricated and calmed down by permitting it to work on a strip of bacon rind. This is contrary to all rules. The babyologists say that a young and toothless child requires orange juice. Yet thousands of bacon-rind babies have grown up to be Congressmen, chiropractors, county agents, actresses and officers in the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Let Dr. Billings and the Harvard savants say what they will, when the children out our way begin to act squirmy, we will give them

pumpkin-seed tea.

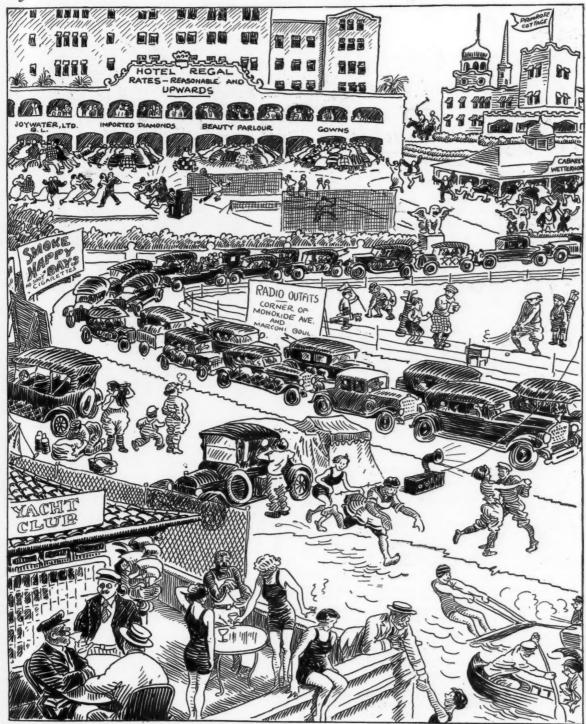
### And Now Look at the Place!



In 1890 most people could take a vacation or leave it alone. Holidays were given over to the placid pursuits of fishing, boating, bathing, scratching and reading the R.F.D. mail. Its arrival was the big thrill of the day. \* \* \* Gaze upon this uproarious scene at good old Lake Mosquito-Bite-Ee (named after the long-horned Indian tribe that once infested and still haunts its enchanting young shores) \* \* \* A man-eating garter snake or a swig of real hard cider was enough to keep a fellow palpitating with excitement for a week. \* \* \* When a girl went swimming she was all dressed up for one of the Crusades. \* \* \* And the courtin' that went on among the cottagers! Land sakes, that Smithers boy didn't think nothin' at all of cuttin' his initials, bold like, alongside Susan Bontecoo's on the elm right at the edge of the road. \* \* \* Fishing was the leading sport. At the end of a good day you had a nice mess of dead ones in the bottom of the boat. And what a whale of a difference just a few scents make!

### By John T. Mc Cutcheon

AMERICA'S BEST LOVED CARTOONIST



AND NOW LOOK AT THE PLACE! Of course it isn't the lake any more; it's the shee-shore. The Grand View Hotel has abdicated in favor of a large and irregular chunk of architectural French pastry. \* \* \* In the Hotel Regal you can actually get a clothes closet, swept by ocean breezes and looking right out on the railroad tracks in back, for \$14 a day. \* \* \* That doesn't include cracked ice, naturally. \* \* \* The Great God Gasoline is worshiped on all sides. That middle caddy is being overcome either by his boss' idea of nine strokes or by gasoline fumes from the road. \* \* \* If you don't belong to an auto camping party you can always spend Sunday seeing how close you can keep to the other fellow's tail light without smashing it. \* \* \* The golf course is placed conveniently near the tennis court so that if you overshoot the green the score becomes 15-love in your favor. \* \* \* As for the one-piece bathing suit—when a girl leaps off the yacht club float she's taking a regular Lady Godiva.

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### The Story Tack London

Beautiful Castaway
Who Drifted Into
Love & Riches

Eyes

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Sia

Illustrated by John La Gatta

TRAVELER, well-versed in the world, suddenly opening his eyes after being mysteriously transported to this room, would have had difficulty recognizing the section of the globe in which it was located. Looking out through the old-fashioned, wide-swung French windows, he would have gazed upon a towering distant mountain, flecked with cloud shadows on its long slopes, its snow-peak glistening white in the sun. Yet he would have found himself gazing across palms and tropic trees and shrubs, and hedges of begonias in full blossom arising out of green-swarded terraces.

The light breeze would have been mellow warm on his cheek. On the open, unprotected veranda, laughing at the frosty menace of the distant peak, he would have seen a riot of tender tropic ferns, hanging baskets and delicate orchids. A superficial examination of the room would not have enlightened him. A boudoir piano of white and gilt, small marbles, sketches and paintings, along with many books, would have served only to puzzle him when considered in relation with a monster divan, seven by a dozen feet, covered with the softest and rarest of mats, the surface a troubled sea of many cushions.

A glance without would further have confused him, for on the visible stretch of road he would have beheld a limousine passing a score of sombreroed horsemen in full gallop who sat their horses only as cowboys can. Snow and begonias, orchids and frost, cowboys and limousines, pianos and barbaric-matted divans!

Nor would a glance at the girl in the room and at her occupa-

Nor would a glance at the girl in the room and at her occupation have done aught but add bewilderment. She was as exotic as was the snow-peak or the begonias. So far as clothing went, she was a dainty fluff of ivory and gold. Her negligée robe of ivory crêpe embroidered with gold roses was the unmistakable Americanized version of the flowing holoku of Hawaii. A scrap of crêpe gathered to a gold rose served for a boudoir cap that only half concealed a plentitude of blue-black hair curling in tendrils about her ears. Her forehead, low and broad and fair of frown and wrinkle, and her eyebrows, thin and penciled, were the unmis-



Cherry, gazing intently at the Screen

takable setting for the obliqueness of the eyes of Asia. The face was oval, elongated oval, the cheek bones just slightly high. Japanese she was, pure blooded, high blooded. The nose barely

Japanese she was, pure blooded, high blooded. The nose barely aquiline, with sufficient bridge and hint of length necessary to satisfy the canons of aristocracy in her own race, was at the same time not too far divergent from the esthetic canons of the white race. Her eyelashes were dark and long, her mouth a rose with tiny mobile dimples at the corners.

Girl she was, and woman ripe, exquisitely small, measuring a scant five feet from crown of head to sandaled feet. The feet, shameless of stockings, were tiny, with perfect toes and toe-nails, and almost pink with a transparency of skin and blood and pigment. Her hands, cherubically round, tapered to the tiniest of finger-tips that were likewise pink-touched, or touched with rose. Glimpsed through her loose-clinging holoku, it was not merely fair, but imperative, to judge that she was round-limbed, round-bodied. At the same time every aspect of her body suggested delicacy, tenderness and fragility. She was a finished creation of many a million years, a last biological and esthetic

### Was Writing When He Died



Lady, addressed her aloud. "Come down, O lady of my race, and walk and talk with me, I am in need."

word in womanhood, a gem of flesh and humanity cut to unimpeachable fineness and mellow colorfulness.

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Color might name the dominant note of her. Toe-tips and finger-tips were rosy jewels. Her body glowed flush-warm under the thin crepe. Her face was a rose flame laid upon porcelain. Rose porcelain might best describe the color of her. Her baby name, given to her and only legally recognized, was Priscilla. The name by which she was known to all was Cherry.

Disdaining the colossal divan with its sea of cushions, she was nested among other cushions on the *makoloa*-matted floor. Directly before her, a dozen feet away, a Japanese lady gazed upon her from the flat surface of a painted screen. This Screen Lady was obviously patrician. She wore the brocaded dress of her station; her bearing proclaimed her disciplined aloofness.

Cherry, gazing intently upon the Screen Lady, said aloud: "Come down, O lady of my race. Forget your painted background, and come down, and walk and talk with me. I will you to come down. I am of your people, and I am in need. I will you with my soul."

Cherry spoke in English, exquisitely modulated, perfectly pronounced.

"I do not speak your tongue," she resumed. "I lost it ere I came to speech. Yet are you wise. In your lips is the laughter of a red flower that has known pain. Your eyes are lotus blossoms that have drowned lovers and known motherhood. In your eyes is the mystery and wisdom of Asia from which I sprang. Oh, long lost Asia, speak to me, be alive, leave your painted screen and come down to me!"

Cherry concentrated all her will upon the lady of the screen. So lost did she become in contemplation that she did not observe the silent, almost ghost-like, entrance of a Chinese woman white-clad in the dress of her native land. She was loath to break in upon her mistress's reverie, and waited without movement, a slender white lily, in her own face the Asiatic tranquillity and patience that were in the face of the Screen Lady, but that were not in the face of her mistress.

"What is it, Yu Tsin!" Cherry asked in English, finally becoming aware of her presence.

assisting

Some day you will marry," he assured her with quiet confidence.

"That old kanaka man, what you call the Green Turtle, he come," was the answer, in English well pronounced but poorly constructed

"Oh, old Honu," Cherry laughed.
"Old Honu," Yu Tsin affirmed. "Something for you he have Something fine. I know. I see. It is a lei, one fine lei, got. sure."

'What kind?" her mistress queried.

"Don't know. But very fine just the same, all inside of

banana-bark, tied up like candy, just like jewelbox like inside you keep your coral beads.

"Then bring him in, and we will find out for ourselves," Cherry ordered.

And when Yu Tsin had departed, Cherry glanced again at the Screen Lady and sighed a sigh that was not of gladness nor of surfeit of gladness.

Yutsin returned; in her wake followed a lumbering and aged giant of an Hawaiian. On the heels of his coarse boots huge-rowled spurs jingled and clanked. Bronzed, hollow-cheeked, scarcely wrinkled to the degree due to his years, his eyes were wide apart and still large, despite

the weazening process of age.

These eyes were strikingly handsome. They were paternal, beneficent and loving, eager and bright, glinting old fires not yet dead and loves perhaps forgotten. There were in them at the same time humility and pride; the former came from training and from the heart, but the pride was an heritage of his Polynesian race. In his eyes was patience—the patience of a life-time of contact with the elements, of waiting for the tides that never wait and that are never to be hurried, of waiting on gales that must blow their last gusts ere they cease, of waiting on trade-wind and mountain rains that must rain themselves out ere a trail can become passable or a wild bull be ridden down and roped.

His manner was at once bashful and eager. At the Japanese girl's joyous "O Honu!" gladness irradiated his face, and he caught her tiny outthrust hand, dropping the tied length of bananabark to the floor as he bent his head before her and incoherently mumbled the name by which she was known to all Hawaiians-Kekuni, mean-

His old eyes moist with unshed tears, his voice quavering with age and emotion, he lifted a chant in the Hawaiian tongue.

"My Kekuni! My beloved child that I snatched from the sea! From the cruel breakers and shark-toothed rocks of Mukupoo I snatched

her! My-fire flower! My flower without equal in the garden of women! My cherry blossom from the orchards of Mana!"

Ere he finished, bent low before her, Cherry, erect as a princess and as compassionate, bade the old man to rise and seat himself op-posite her. Then she opened the casket of the wreath that he had

brought her.
"Pikake!" Cherry cried out her delight at the sight of the pure white buds of jasmine that were

as so many pearls. They were strung on *olona* bark, hand-rolled on the naked knee to make it soft and fine; and they nested on a green bed of fragrant maile. Cherry tore off and flung aside her boudoir cap, and twined the string of buds in her hair, the quick deft fingers of Yu Tsin

"And now a drink, Honu. What will it be!"

Cherry waited, while he struggled with pleased embarrassment, moistening his lips with his tongue in involuntary anticipation.
"I know! Gin! Bring some gin, Yu Tsin, for Honu."
The Chinese maid obeyed quickly, bringing a tray with a glass

of gin and a glass of mineral water.

"When I am old, I, too, shall drink gin, Honu," Cherry gravely assured him as he slowly drank the liquor.

"It is good, very good, for life that is old," he replied. "It makes one forget for a little while that he cannot eat, nor sleep, nor love, nor fight, as he once did when he was young."

He paused, and sighed long in the classic Hawaiian way, utter-

ing "Auwe," the sense of which is "Alas!"
"I am very glad," he contradicted his sigh. "I saw Father Mortimer and Mother Mortimer in their big automobile with the house-guests, all going to church. And the thought was like the squeeze of a cold hand around my heart, that my beloved Flower Woman was sick. And I came, stopping only for the lei of

Jack London

jasmine, and my horse is breathing yet from his run, for

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jasmine, and my horse is breathing yet from his run, for I forgot to think of him, thinking only of you. And you are not sick, and I am very glad."
"And you, O Honu?" she queried.
"Alas!" said Honu, "I did not wind my horse just to come and make you weary with my own troubles. I came to see you, because of fear that you were sick. I find you well, and more beautiful. And now I must have well it is with you in the happy things since to know how it is with you in the happy things, since to happiness only were you born."
"All, all is happy, dear old Honu," she said.

"And lovers?—you have always had many?"

"Auwe!" She smiled her pleasure in the compliment.
"I have so many they are a nuisance. I would talk to you, any time, and with great gladness, rather than listen to the foolish chatter of the foolish ones who care listen to the foolish chatter of the foolish ones who care far more for the John Mortimer Ranch, and the John Mortimer sugar-holdings, and the John Mortimer Inter-Island stocks, than could they possibly care for Cherry, the little Japanese piccaninny who was snatched from the sea by the Green Turtle, of little worth—to hear him talk—but of great heart, as Cherry knows."

"Some day you will marry," he assured her with quiet confidence, "a big general, or a rear admiral, or some fine English lord cruising in his yacht."

English lord cruising in his yacht.'

Cherry shook her head sadly. Then her gaze strayed back to the Screen Lady while the Green Turtle lighted his cigaret and placidly inhaled deep breaths of the smoke into his ancient lungs. She turned to him abruptly with a fresh thought.

"Tell me the old story again, Honu. I never tire of it. I remember all you have ever told me, and always do I listen again, hoping that you will remember some new thing that you never have told me before. Think of it!
Of all mankind living, you are the only one known
who ever saw a garment my mother had worn.
And even you never saw her. Now, begin. When
Hoki, who was no good and was a drinker of swipes, told
me it was a boat the like of which no man had over me it was a boat the like of which no man had ever

seen before . Honu blew out a lungful of smoke, coughed from the dryness it produced, and nodded acquiescence. All unconscious that he was repeating after her his stereotyped beginning,

he took up the tale.
"When Hoki, who was no good and was a drinker of swipes, told me it was a boat the like of which no man had ever seen before, I was busy breaking a colt. I told him to go to into my house and take a sleep and he would feel better. But he said no. He said it was a big boat and that it was going in to be wrecked on Mukupoo. Was it a whale-boat, I said; and he said no. Was it a schooner, a brig, a ship; and he continued to say So again I told him to go in the house and sleep. But he said no, and that the thing for me to do was to go out and save life or take whatever of value was on board, and that I must not forget him in the sharing of it, and that I must go quick ere Mukupoo ate up the boat.

"It was a clear, bright day, with no wind. I had planned, with my Niihono fisher brothers, to go fishing for aku that day. But for two days a great swell from the north had been running in. A big gale, maybe a thousand miles away, no breath of which we had felt, had sent that great swell down to Hawaii. It was so bad that we had not gone out in our big double-canoe. The sugar steamers could not load from the Hamakua landings, and a sailing ship in Hilo was towed to sea for fear she would part her anchor chains and go ashore in the calm."
"So I went down to the beach of Niihono with Hoki, and called

together my fisher brothers, who likewise talked with Hoki about what manner of boat he was dreaming of, and who likewise told him to lie down somewhere and be the better for sleep.

"In the end, only half believing, leaving him on the sand, we launched the double-canoe and paddled for Mukupoo. When we cleared the point, we saw Hoki was right. It was a craft the like of which we had never seen. The Japanese fishermen had not yet built sampans in Hawaii, and we did not know what a sampan was. This was a large sampan, maybe fifty feet long, with a house upon it aft, so that the man we thought was steering sat upon the top of the

"But he was not steering. The great oar was broken half-off, and he was tied fast to the handle of it, and as the sampan rolled and the broken oar moved back and forth, he, too, moved back and forth. And at every roll, when the bottom showed its belly, it dripped green with sea-weed, showing that for a long time it had been upon the sea. There was no mast, and when the sampan rolled toward us, on its wet deck we saw the bodies of men that rolled like logs in the streaming water. And the sampan was close in upon the white-water and sharktooth rocks of Mukupoo and setting in fast with the send of every sea. Also, from its movements, a one-eyed man could tell that the sampan was halffull of water.

"But the dead man who steered! He had once been big and fat, as we could see by the size of his bones and the skinwrinkles that bagged upon his bones like mangy leather, his clothing having been torn away from him or washed away from him from the waist up. His face made us know horror. It was the face of a skull, such as we dig up in the sand-fields of forgotten battles, save that it was still covered tight with skin.
"I called Willy Kipini, next

oldest to myself, to me to take my place at the steering. Him I told to steer in close. When the strange sampan and the doublecanoe rolled toward each other, I jumped. And I found that the men on the deck were dead men without meat upon them. Their skins, only, covered their bones, telling without error that they had been long without food.

saw where, ere they died, they had licked the woodwork with their tongues to lap up the night-dew, and had gnawed the woodwork with their teeth as rats perishing of thirst will gnaw the staves of a water-cask. And I had to step over them, and they rolled about against my legs as if trying to throw me down to become one with them. And the boat was a boat of the dead, and very poor of value for aught I saw on her deck where the very woodwork had been eaten.

"It was a fishing sampan, that I could see, for I lifted the hatches above the fish compartments, where the ocean itself



Cherry shook her head sadly, "Tell me the old story, again, Honu."

looked up at me through the slatted open bottoms; and through the slats I saw the bottom of the land itself, and, as the sampan sank down in the trough, I saw rush up at me one of the fangs of Mukupoo, that stopped a bare half-fathom short of biting the

sampan ere it rose on the next shore-setting wave.

That these were poor men and common men I could see by the cheap cotton clothing still upon them, and the boat was poor, save that the cabin might contain a great jewel or a treasure unthinkable. Before my eyes burned a vision of silk-bales or of priceless opium. So to the cabin I made my way, while the fisher brothers in the canoe called to me to come back ere the craft went to destruction on Mukupoo.

"And then I saw you.

"And what was I but a worthless fisherman of Niihono, a wild cowboy of Anahau? What was I to know the jewel and the treasure when I looked upon it? I knew only disappointment in

that it was not a silk-bale or a chest of opium.

"And you? You were a baby, tight-moored in a woven basket that the roll of the sea should not bruise you. You were a pink baby, like flush of dawn, or hibiscus bloom, or opening cherry blossoms in the orchards of Mana. And you were a fat baby. You were round with fatness of feeding and health. And my thought was quick, as quick as the flash of the bonita for the flying-fish. That these men, cotton-clad and lashed to the steering sweep or rolling in the scuppers, should have become skulls and skeletons ere they died for lack of food, while you were not dead but merely fat with fulness, meant but one thing: that you were high alii, of high chief stock; that only for such would common men die for food while feeding you well."
"And you think I was alii?" she challenged. "Surely, strong

men of any breed would die that the commonest baby might

live.

"You were alii," Honu said with quiet conviction. "In you was neither sign of thirst nor famine, though men had worn their teeth tender on hard wood for a drop of water. You were as round as one of the butter rolls old man Parker used to make himself at Mana in his creamery roofed with slates brought around by sailing ship from England. You had been fed. A ship's company had died for food, yet had the pink baby alii been fed full to fatness and good nature to the last. And no common cloth, like that of the dead men on deck, was upon you. And in a corner, where they could not roll, were two dead women, fresh dead and soft yet, the cloth of whose clothing was much finer than that of the men on deck, but not half so fine as your cloth."

"Perhaps one or the other of them might have been my

mother?" Cherry suggested. Honu shook his head positively.

"There were the signs of another woman. She had lain beside you on the floor in the high place in the cabin. And most of the mats, and the best mats, were where she had lain. And on the mats was a fan, too fine and wonderful for the two dead women judged by their clothes. And of the same nature were the garments I lifted in my hand. Also, there was a bracelet, very wonderful, with jewels, which I had just picked up——"

"And you never saved it!" Cherry reproached.

Honu shrugged his shoulders. "What would you? The boat was going fast on Mukupoo. At the moment I picked up the bracelet, my fisher brothers hailed from overside for me to come away because the boat was in among the rocks. And at the same moment old Two Swords woke up. I dropped the bracelet because of what old Two

Swords did.

"I had seen too many dead ones to take more than passing notice of him. He had sat, squatted on his crossed legs, wedged between two stanchions behind you, like the gods I have since seen when the Japanese coolies came to work on the plantations and set up their churches. He was old and withered, as if he had never eaten, and I had seen him first with his head upon his chest and rolling to every roll. He, too, had seemed to be dead. But he woke up. And his eyes were a mad man's, and his face terrible as from a dream, as he fumbled a knife from his girdle and struck at me, in his great weakness ranning across you to the side as he woke you up. And I looked at your little black eyes and almost could have laughed, for they looked at me with happiness and your fat, pink face smiled like: 'Good morning, struck at me, in his great weakness falling across you and rolling happiness, and your fat, pink face smiled like: 'Good morning, and how do you do, and how are you?' Just like that! And you made the funny noises babies make when they have slept full well and awake without hunger and without pain in their little bellies

"It takes long to tell the tale, yet the whole thing happened with great quickness, from beginning to end within minutes. And I thought looking at you: 'She is dew, pink baby dew, a baby dew drop of fire dew.' And I thought then, all in that moment, of the new blossoms in the orchards of Mana.

"Old Two Swords forgot me. Already was his mind clouded with death, and his mad eyes, looking at me, did not behold me. He fumbled out from under the mats that had been your mother's bed, two swords, wrapped in cloth that he unrolled. And to the two swords he muttered things in the Japanese language that were beyond me. He thought much of the swords, for he bowed to them and touched his forehead against the flat of them.

"Next, he tucked his sleeves—his sleeves were long like a Japanese woman's-under him as he sat; and with the short knife he made to strike the point of it into his belly. And there, the blow only half on its way, he died in mid-stroke, and his sleeves held under him made him die forward, bending at the waist, his forehead and face on the floor. He was a great man, I knew it as I beheld him die; for I am an old man and I know our old Hawaiian ways when an alii's honor was the honor of every man who was his man-

"May it not be that Two Swords was my father?" Cherry hazarded, recognizing from her reading the Samurai significance

of the two blades.

"No. Two Swords was your servant, an alii to common men, his servants, but servant to you who were allii-nui (very high chief), or allii-kapu (sacred high chief), to him. For look you! Of the dead men on deck, I had seen on their cheap cotton a mark, that was like a broken circle, all of half a yard across, and on all of them the mark was the same mark."

"That is something new that you have never told before!"

Cherry exclaimed.

"I remembered it, but never thought to tell it before," Honu half apologized. "The error is mine. But it was a mark of meaning, such as with which we brand our cattle so that the cattle of Parker may be known from the cattle of Anahau, and the cattle of Parker and Anahau from the cattle of Puwaawaa. It has its meaning, like the gold on the caps of the captains of steamships to show whose captains they are. It was a house

mark, the mark of a family high in its own country.

"And as these men were marked on their cotton, so was marked the stiff cloth of old Two Swords. But there is more than this mark that I know but find hard to give in spoken word. I had a feeling. Mind you, not a thinking, but a feeling. ing in me was, as a matter of course, without thinking, just accepting and knowing—the feeling in me was that old Two Swords was your servant. He was a high man, over common men,

yet, to you, a helpless pinkness of baby, a servant.
"My feeling was that you were high alii, sacred alii, that an alii, with two swords dying, should be your servant to death. He died your servant. He must have lived all his life your servant, before ever you came to be born, the servant of your house."
"Auwe!" Cherry sighed.
"Auwe!" Green Turtle sighed, and stared at his forgotten

cigaret to collect his thoughts. He resumed briskly.
"But my fisher brothers were calling overside. And the big sampan, falling into the trough, was bitten by the first tooth of Mukupoo. The sampan crashed, and swung, and went down on one side, hung on the tooth that impaled her, and a sea broke overhead, and half the ocean poured into the cabin, and all in the cabin took on movement, the two dead women and old Two Swords, and the rich clothes, and the bracelet, and you in your woven basket, all up-rushing and falling upon me as if to drag me down to the end of things.

"I was a strong man, but I was near fifty years old, and did not care to be eaten by the teeth of Mukupoo. In that moment, if I reached outside my own life at all, there were three things I could have reached for: the rich clothing, the bracelet, and you. What would you? You were alive, the sight of you making me remember the blossoms in the orchards of Mana. And I reached for you. Was I not right? Rich clothing is eaten by moths and is moistrusted in damp weather. And bracelets are pawned at ten percent per month with money lenders. I was right. You were the jewel and the treasure. And you were in no basket when I clutched you, and fought off the clutches of the dead, and arose into the air on the reeling deck, and sprang to the faithful canoe still waiting me.

'The canoe was between two fangs of Mukupoo. But Willy Kipini swung her around, nose outward, and the fangs were up thrusting all about us; and the white-breaking seas were as the slaver of the fangs as they half-filled us. But we cracked our backs to the paddles and gained seaward. And, on the beach of Niihono, Hoki, waiting, asked for the treasure. And, as a joke, in our rough Hawaiian way, I was for putting you into his arms. "But he backed off and the first arms I put you into were

"Life is all too strange for me," she broke in passionately, "for me who am as strange a bit of flotsam as ever tossed upon a beach in a strange land."

Kanakaole's. And the next arms you lay in were the arms of Mother Mortimer, who had never known a child. And to this day have her arms remained about you. And that is twenty-one years, as I well know, for it happened the year the schooner Hana capsized in Molokai channel and drowned my old father. And you were one year old, maybe a little more, maybe a little less, at the time."

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arms.

After a while, in the silence, Cherry nodded to Honu that he had forgotten his cigaret, and he gratefully relighted it.

"It was the North Pacific Drift," she mused. "I have talked with sea captains about it. A sampan, blown off the coast of Japan, can easily make the drift. I have heard that in the past they have, and arrived in Hawaii with living men on board."

The soft step of a sandaled foot on the veranda outside the past of the

prevented Honu from continuing his reminiscences. Twisting his head sidewise, he caught sight of a Japanese, bare-legged, hatless, in a wash cotton kimono, examining and tending to the ferns and orchids of the hanging baskets. Not until the slow sandaled

footfalls ceased by passing on, did Honu speak.

"Since when," he queried, "has Father Mortimer made his yard boys work on Sunday?"

"He is a new boy," Cherry explained. "Number Four yard boy. He came to Anahau only several months ago. He loves his work, it seems."
"He must," was Honu's dry

"He must," was Honu's dry opinion. "I have noticed this day that on your *lanai* the orchids and ferns are the finest in Anahau. He is no coolie, that boy. I have looked upon his face."

"He is here in the islands on a coolie passport," Cherry shook her head. "He has served his three years in the cane on Kohala Plantation. He works well, but he has a hot temper. I remember Father Mortimer speaking of him when he first came to work."

"His face is not a coolie face," Honu commented. "His eyes are strong. His face and his eyes make him look like a two-sword man."

"Do you think so?" Cherry asked with aroused interest. "I felt, somehow, that he was different from other yard boys."

"He might be a wrestler, only he is not big and fat enough, and his hair is not long," Honu added.

"He knows music—in his own country fashion," Cherry contributed. "He plays on a whistle-flute which he made himself. I have heard it of an evening, riding in past the quarters. And I asked Yu Tsin to find out, and she reported that it was the new yard boy. His music is very sad, and sometimes it is very warlike and mad, like the *Red Fox.*" She arose and went to the piano. "This is the *Red* Fox. It is an old war march of the ancient Irish, and only a dead man could hear it and not arise and fight, so war-compelling is it. Now, listen, Honu . . ." Her hands struck a Honu . . . martial crash from the keys. whatever you do, be calm. Remember your years, and forget old hates and wrongs. Listen! The very dead would arise and fight to this . . .

THE spacious house of Anahau, the accumulated building of three generations of Mortimers, had been empty through the long Sunday, but when Cherry had dressed for dinner it was swarming with life. She wore a gown of dead black velvet and golden slippers; in her hand she carried a golden fan and around her neck was coiled a flexible golden snake, its head a yellow saphire.

From Mother Mortimer's wing, and from the wing of guest-chambers, Cherry heard the voices of girls and women and the movement of servants. A peep into the billiard room in passing, and she waved her hand and laughed greeting and badinage to the two young men at play.

Similar was her passing of the middle-aged and even older men, ensconced on the eastern veranda and smoking and talking over Scotch highballs. From the tennis court came the voices of a belated foursome. Out in the grounds, in the mellow glow of subtropic sunset, on the way to the stable for a last careful examination of her mare, she passed the garage, which was alive with chauffeurs from all the tribes of the Far East—Japanese, Chinese, Filipino, and Korean. In the stable she found the Hawaiian horseboys of Anahau busy over several strange riding animals that had been brought in a short time before.



The players in swimming suits, clinging to slippery saddles.

Satisfied with the condition of her own mare in a big box-stall deep-strawed with Sudan grass, Cherry was just going out the door when she was stopped by a beaming-faced, shining-eyed, blond young fellow of twenty-three or -four. It was evident that he had been lying in wait for her, had followed her, and was eager to see her. He doffed his cap, saying, "Oh, Cherry!"

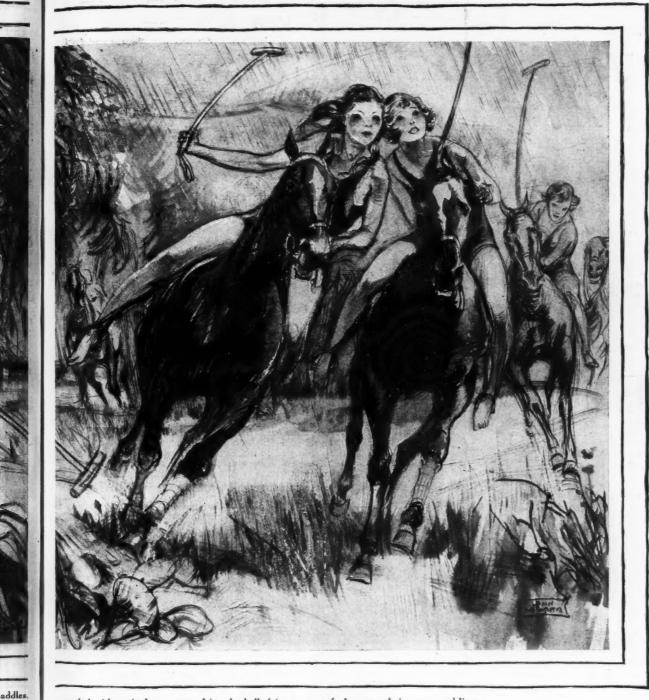
"Why, Kenneth Argyle!" she chided, as she put forth her hand in frank Western fashion. "What are you doing here?"
"Oh, Cherry, I just had to," he pleaded. "I couldn't help it. I had to come. I haven't seen you—think of it!—for four days!"

"Oh, Cherry, I just had to," he pleaded. "I couldn't help it. I had to come. I haven't seen you—think of it!—for four days!" "But you've been running away from your duty, sir," she continued to reprove, as he swung into step beside her on a path that would lead them through the grounds to the house.

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Kenneth Argyle gasped and choked with an incoherent attempt to utter his disgust.



struggled with excited mounts to drive the ball, fair means or foul, across their opponents' line.

"All the young people in your house party," she continued, "and you leaving them—you the young master, after your father, of course, of Aliikalani."

"They are malihinis (newcomers)," he snorted.

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"All the more reason for you, a kamaaina (indigenous one), to

guide their footsteps to easiness in the new strange ways."
"But they are children!" he rebelled. "Babes! Little girls from Wellesley! My sisters always will bring a kindergarten of them back with them in the summer vacation!"

them back with them in the summer vacation!"
"There is Miss Harrison," Cherry smiled provocatively. "I have met her. She certainly appears most charming. Her father, your mother was careful to inform me, with details appended like those of an expert accountant—her father is the New Haven Harrison worth sixty millions, out of acetyline, I believe, or some sort of gas, or maybe it was oil wells."

"She is a fool!" Kenneth proclaimed with flat positiveness.

"Oh, Kenneth! Where is your chivalry? She is a girl, a woman, a young woman."
"She is a fool!" he reiterated with additional emphasis.

"You . . . you are afraid of her?" Cherry queried. "You you are afraid to be alone with her and her . . . her eyes?"

"She is a fool!" he repeated. "She is a . . . I don't know, a 

"An Argyle," Cherry completed for him.
"Well, have it so, to marry an Argyle. We Argyles may not have sixty millions, but at least we have taste and health. That is why I am not at Aliikalani, call me what you will, but here this evening at Anahau. I just had to (Continued on page 148)

#### Ida M. Evans

### Herself Unmarried, Tells Why You Can't Have Your Cake and Eat It, Too, In

## Questions Married Women ASK Me

VERY modern individual, man or woman, is vitally concerned with three things between birth and death.
And these three? Love, money and marriage. The first two are absolutely necessary to life from the

first second to the last.

Money has to be paid, by friends or by the state, for the metal spoon from which a new-born child has its first sup of water, for the cloth in which its body is wrapped. Money has to be paid before a grave-spade leaves the factory where it was manu-No gainsaying this.

Love, no less. Oh, more. No human being there is who does not love. From the cradle to the coffin every individual loves somebody or something; other humans, sins, dreams, a God or gods. No gainsaying this.

But marriage ah, marriage!

That is the wriggling free-will worm of the trio.

One may live to be a hundred and nine, be fat, well-fed, healthy, wealthy, wise, ambitious, pure, kind, just, pious; one may have found much interest in the atoms and in the stars, relished venison in season and out, contributed to science and to the poor, won marathons or Congressional seats, been a missionary or a bookmaker, owned battleships or Zevs, discovered a Pole or a planet, found a world or founded a nation, and yet have had naught to do with marriage.

One may enjoy sunsets and Keats, Ring Lardner and Edna St. Vincent Millay, the felicity of phrases, the tang of pine woods, the gorgeousness of Oriental poppies, the flavor of country sausage, the hypnotic smell of asphalt; the dewy grass of country lanes, old silver, fast cars, Greek sculpture, ocean scenery, Pullman porters and Bach—and yet on an income-tax return

write flourishingly-Single!

One, too, may have known love as deep as Héloïse's, romance as sparkling as Nell Gwyne's, ardor as high as Joan of Arc's, the power of a Tudor queen, the fame of a Bernhardt, or the dedication that was Beatrice's-and yet have never been, nay never, a wife.

Therefore, marriage down the ages has remained the one thing about the absolute good or absolute bad of which man cannot make up his annoyed and torn mind.

And woman's mind is even more torn and annoyed.

It's funny. Many men ask me why I haven't married. They always, too, use the past tense, insinuating much. Oh, much. And usually they put the query with a very benevolent look, implying-well, implying that they're being awfully generous, and tactfully assuming that my choice is under discussion. Not my lack of choice.

When women ask me why I haven't married they generally say, "Do you think you ever will?" Present or future, you see.

To a woman marriage is not bounded by the teens and twenties. Most of the women-askers add, before I can get in a word, "Not that I blame you! I don't blame you!" And they go on hastily, "And not that my husband isn't-well, all right as men go. And of course I wouldn't want to give up the children now that I've got 'em. But—" Temper and discontent, wis ful-

ness and restlessness, oh they hang on that short last-word! It is my opinion that most of these women-askers want to eat their cake and have it, too. And still some old, old instinct in man and in woman cries out for the rights of the individual as against the mass. And two people can be a mass, particularly in these self-conscious and modern days."

There is only one truthful answer that can be given by a

woman (or a man) for not having married.

This is the answer:

The will to marry has not been so strong as to best the inertia that has deferred marriage; deferred it, say, from seventeen to twenty, from twenty to twenty-five, from twenty-five to thirty, and so on. One can acquire a habit of singleness, you know. Nothing is so potent as habit, particularly after thirty!

The difference may have been slight between the two impulses. An infinitesimal fraction. A hair's breadth. But indubitably it

has existed.

This fact removes a lot of martyrs' crowns. From sisters and

aunts and so forth.

A woman may say that she has not married because her parents have needed her, or because a younger brother had to go to college. She may thoroughly believe that she is telling-the truth, and is therefore more or less eligible to a good and warranted-to-wear-until-she-changes-it-for-a-harp martyr's crown.

But it isn't the truth. Never.

Given a strong enough will-to-marry, and she would have evaded or cast away her responsibilities; or she would have set her wits to work to find a means of encompassing marriage along with them. Other women, ah plenty, have done so.
A woman may say the right man didn't ask her.

of wives give onlookers a perfectly good impression that out of a

worldful, they hardly got the one particular right man.

A woman may say (funny, very few of 'em do!) that no man ever asked her. But plenty of women, not being proposed to, have gone forth with tact or a pearl-handled revolver and secured the desired proposal, and like Daddy brought the rabbit skin right home.

A woman may say that she preferred a career. Unless the woman who makes that statement is well past thirty, it is not worth credence. A younger woman, the chances are, is simply secretly deferring the one while she samples the other to see if it is

A woman may say she does not trust marriage. That too is usually a pose. No woman marries because she thinks marriage is a trustworthy institution. She marries from desire or because she wants, in strong if not elegant English, a mealticket.

(And this last mentioned urge of woman is not so blameworthy as it has been twisted to seem. It is simply an age-old instinct to look out for her offspring. Desire may bring a child into the world, but only pure milk and lime water and woolen underwear can keep it profitably there. Modern milk is high-priced, and the all-wool underwear is almost prohibitive, except to folks who have discovered oil. Every woman knows this, whether she wears crêpe-de-Chine or cotton knit unionsuits.)

But women are a social sex. Mark the word. Social. Not sociable. Each one thinks in terms of all, or would like to know by what authority she can't so think? It's born in us. Every one of us knows, and cannot be contradicted on the subject, that each of us is entitled to have as much as any of us have grabbed off the tree of life.

This applies to satin cloches and to moral clews, to material ideas and to spiritual itineraries.

Therefore if any of us has found lasting satisfaction without a husband, that ancient and impelling institution, the rest of us come running to ask questions, to get details, to ascertain if it's a myth or a fact.

Because if one can get along contentedly unmar-

ried, can't all the others?

It is true that the rest of the world does not altogether allow that women quote laws accurately. Natural laws. God did not give women unstinted logic (say men). And perhaps what is good for one, isn't good for all. But women retort: Has marriage been so kind that we must forever kiss its

Men can retort, and often do, that they might

But women are not much concerned with what men may have found lacking in marriage. Men's troubles are their own lookout. Let 'em look.

What a woman wants to know is whether she can ive as well, eat as well, dress as well, and sit in orchestra seats as often when she is single as when she is married. Ah, what a woman wants to know in all sad sincerity, and this whether she be prosaic or romantic by nature, rich or poor, fat or thin, is whether life has as many chances of spontaneous

gaiety in the one rut as in the other!

It is quite true—oh, let the contradictions come as fast as they like—that woman is gayer by nature than man. Man is pretty solemn. Perhaps he can't help it. He takes a good many things seriously that a woman can take lightly, given a chance. (Plenty of wives tell me, with forlorn voice, that husbands don't give you much chance!)

I have a perfectly good anecdote from my own personal experience to illustrate this.

When I was nearly eighteen years old, I almost married a young minister. The only reason I didn't was that he not only did not ask me, but he took pains one long evening to inform me at much length that in his opinion I would not fill acceptably the rôle of a minister's wife. He was extremely hand-some. Byronic style. Born too soon, or how the movie directors would have snatched at him. His salary was nearly four hundred dollars a year, and part of it came as donations from the congregation.

Another girl and I-she was after him, too-let slip to him what a joke we thought it would be for a minister's wife to get up some morning and inform her husband that the Spirit moved her that day and for some time to come to tell the truth and all the truth to all members of his church. For instance: that Mrs. Johnson's parlor was stuffy, that old man Robinson only pretended to be asleep when the (Continued on page 124)



Love Stories by IDA M. EVANS Are Familiar to Most Magazine Readers. Does She Write So Romantically of Marriage Because She is Still SINGLE?

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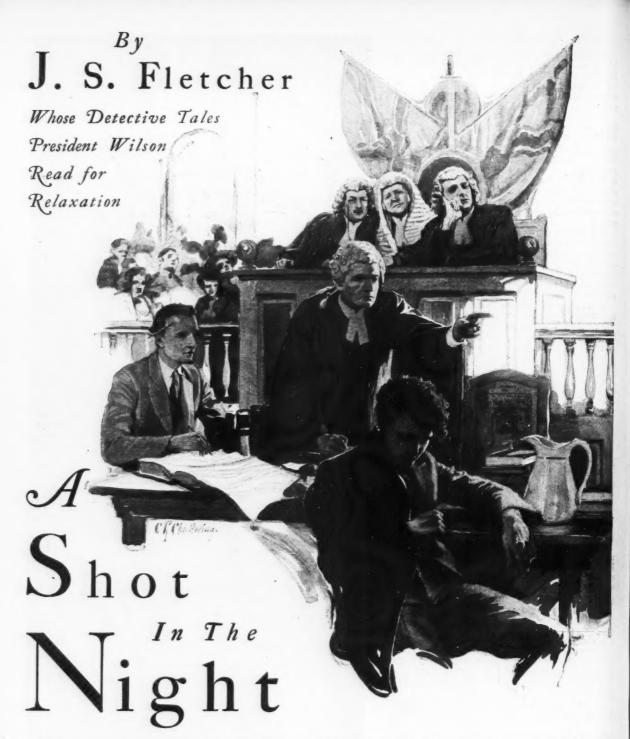
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FTER some unseen hand had thumped loudly and steadily at the panels of his bedroom door for the better part of five minutes, Manson pulled himself out of the seductive embrace of his blankets to realize that the wintry dawn was at hand, and that the moon, just then at its full, was dipping towards the horizon beyond the pine woods in front of his uncurtained window. He slipped out of bed and switched on the electric light at its head all in one action, and as he crossed to the door glanced at the watch which lay on his dressing-table. Six forty-five—two hours and a quarter before his usual time! And who the devil could this be, thundering so persistently at his door?

A man he knew well enough stood there when he opened ita young man of about his own age, who had evidently flung on his clothes in a tearing hurry, and showed signs of strange and unusual excitement. He thrust out both hands and shoved Manson back into the room, closed the door behind them, and began to blurt things out, staccato fashion.

"Thought I'd never wake you, by George!—bother about rousing your servants too! And by George, here's the very devil. I've run all the way from town."

Manson was wide awake by then, and his lawyer's brain was as cold as the wooden parquetry of the floor. He turned away, and thrusting his feet into a pair of wool-lined slippers, reached for a dressing-gown.
"What's the trouble, Campion?" he asked in his most matter

of fact tones. "Something unusual, of course——"
"Unusual!" groaned the other. "Good Heaven, I should say
so. It's Leaver—Dick Leaver! He——"
"Take your time," said Manson. "What about Dick Leaver?
Steady—if you want me to comprehend."

Campion dropped on the lounge at the foot of the bed. He

A Mystery Story Illustrations by Charles R. Chickering Manson faced the witness again, almost threateningly. "Who is this man? threateningly. "Who is this man I demand an answer to my question. puffed out his cheeks as if to blow something away from him. Then he shook himself.
"Comprehend, ah," he muttered. "Hanged
if I can comprehend! Dick Leaver's arrested!

Midnight! He is in the lock-up at Southminster. That's where I've come from. He sent for me d'you see, Manson—about half-

past five this morning. And it's murder—charge of murder, you know. You see—" Manson motioned him to silence, opened

the door, and went out on the landing. Campion caught a

shall be down there in ten minutes." He closed the door again, and passing Campion laid a hand on his clothes. "Now, Campion

-clear talking, if you please. If you want to tell, begin at the

'If you knew the beginning," retorted Campion. He was

recovering his wits and his breath, and his voice grew steadier.

'And some tales begin in the middle, don't they?—this does,

anyway! But I tell you, about five-thirty this morning a policeman came to tell me that Dick Leaver was detained at the lock-

up and wanted to see me at once—of course I'm a pal of his and

our house is near. I went there, quick as I could. And what I heard there, put briefly, amounts to this—and hanged if I

can understand it. You know that piece of common, wild wasteland outside the town on the north side? The Warren,

they call it. There's a wood runs along the east side of it,

"Jane," said Manson, "go down and tell the cook to make coffee at once and to put it in the library with some biscuits. I

glimpse of a housemaid and her dustpan and brush.

Of A Heartless Flirt Who Might Just as Well Have Been The Guilty Party

part of Sir John Bower's

"Well, just before eleven o'clock last night Sir John's game-keeper, Richards, and a watcher who was with him, were in that wood on the look-out for poachers. They suddenly heard a couple of shots, fired almost simultaneously close by. They made in the direction of the sounds. On the Warren, just outside the wood, there's an old sand-pit, grown over with bramble mostly, but with a clear space in it. On this clear space-it was

full moon remember-they saw a man lying and another man full moon remember—they saw a man tying and another man standing close by. They went up and found the standing figure to be Dick Leaver. He'd an automatic pistol in his hand which had just been fired. The man lying in the sand was his cousin, Gerald Paisley. He was dead."

"Quite dead," asked Manson.

"As a door-nail. And of course, Richards, who knew both I course and his coursin well enough at once asked Dick what all

Leaver and his cousin well enough, at once asked Dick what all this meant? What do you think he replied?"
"Tell me," said Manson.

"All he said was 'Good God, I believe this is my pistol.' That was all, and Richards told the police that as soon as he'd said it he turned straight away and marched off towards the town-never even looked round. What d'you make of that now?"
"What did Richards do?" asked Manson.

"Left his man with the body and went off to the police. He told them everything of course. And they fetched Dick Leaver to the police station and after questioning him, detained him. They came for me, at his request—but I told you that.

"Aye, but you haven't told me what he said to you. Now,

what did he say?"

"To tell you the truth, next to nothing. I think he's mad! It was at his request that the police fetched me, but when I got there he'd nothing to say except that it was kind of me to come. The police had told me all about it by then, and I asked Dick if he hadn't better see a solicitor and suggested you. All he answered was that you would do as well as anybody else. So I ran out here.

Manson had finished dressing while Campion was talking, and

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he now motioned him to follow downstairs to the library. He had swallowed half a cup of coffee and munched a couple of biscuits before he spoke again; then he turned sharply on his companion, who, cup in hand, was staring at the fire which the housemaid had just lighted.

"What do you make of this, Campion?" he asked peremptorily. "You've formed some theory, of course."

Campion set down his cup, swallowed a mouthful of biscuit, and shook his head. And glancing at the door, he lowered his voice to a whisper, in spite of the fact that the door was shut.

"Manson—I don't think there's a doubt about it! It's the vicar's girl."

Manson picked up another biscuit and nodded as he put it to

his lips.

"Nancy Millersley, eh? Very likely. Jealousy, you mean?"
"Everybody in the town knows that she's turned the heads of
both those two—Leaver and his cousin," assented Campion.
"It's been talked about—no end. Leaver's been absolutely mad on her ever since she came home from school. Paisley's been pretty nearly as bad. It's known that they were jealous of each The wonder is that they continued to live together in those chambers they had in High Street. But that's it—no doubt of it. Of course, the girl is a born flirt—an arrant flirt."

"Do you know if she favored either of 'em more than the

other?" asked Manson.

"I've seen her with Paisley and I've seen her with Leaver. So has everybody. Sometimes it was Dick; sometimes it was Gerry. I don't know who could know, that is, except themselves. But there's the fact. One thing, however, I do know. Both were in the club last night—billiard room, I saw 'em—and there was a marked coldness between them. They used to be inseparable till this girl came on the scene. Well-there it is! Paisley found dead-shot!-and Leaver standing by with a pistol in his hand."

Manson helped himself to more coffee and pushed the jug

towards Campion.

"Just so," he remarked. "But you know, I don't think Leaver shot Paisley!"
"No," said Campion, "just why?"

"If he'd shot Paisley, it isn't likely he'd have said what he did-as you report it, 'Good God, I believe this is my pistol.' Do yo think a man who'd just shot another would say that?"

"I don't know what to think, Manson! But I think—as I said upstairs—that Dick Leaver's—well, a bit off it. He looks it. Smiled—not quite sillily, but something very like it—at me when I went into the room at the police station. His mind's affected I'm certain. And so-

"That may be, and probably is, shock," said Manson. "Well, let's be off; what's it like outside? Cold?"
"Good Heavens, I never noticed!" exclaimed Campion. "I was too full of this. And I ran all the way.'

A half an hour later, Manson walked, unaccompanied, into a dismal, badly lighted room in the police station, and found Dick Leaver sitting on a hard chair, his hands thrust into his pockets, his eyes staring straight and steady at a blank wall. He glanced at his visitor with lack-luster eyes, almost as if he wondered at his presence. Manson, pulling up another chair in front of him

d sitting down on it, laid a hand on his knee. "Look here, Dick," he said. "You didn't shoot Gerry Paisley,

of course! Now, what were you doing there?" Leaver transferred his steady gaze from the blank wall to Manson's searching eyes. He sighed deeply and shook his head. "Doing—there?" he repeated. "Oh!—I—I suppose I'd just

wandered there." 'From where?" asked Manson.

"Don't know, exactly. I'd been—wandering about."
"Since when? Come, now—you were at the club during the evening. Where did you go after that?"

Leaver made no answer. But his eyes began to shift and his right hand went up to his chin and began to rub it.
"Now, listen," continued Manson. "It's no use your trying to keep names out of it. They're bound to come out-as things are. Especially Nancy Millersley's! Make up your mind to that, Dick. Come now—when you left the club, you went to see her,

Leaver had winced at the girl's name, but he nodded his head in

reply to the question.

"Just so," said Manson. "Where did you meet her?"
"Where we'd often met—at night," answered Leaver with a sudden change to readiness. "In the vicarage grounds-back of the house.

"What happened? Whatever it was, it was-something

Leaver laughed harshly. A flush of color came into his face and his eye brightened.

"Out with it!" said Manson.

"Well, this," replied Leaver. "You see, she'd been-well, it seemed as if she'd been encouraging both Gerry and myself. We'd got jealous of each other—it was getting serious. Especially as we lived together. And—and last night I determined I'd settle it. So I went there—I knew how we could meet—we'd met before there at night—often. And I asked her straight out which it was going to be—Gerry or me?"
"Well?" asked Manson.

"Well, it was a job to get anything out of her. She-she didn't want to say. Then I said that if she wouldn't say, I should just clear out—Colonies, or somewhere—and I guessed Gerry would do the same. Things got a bit heated. And, at last, she said she hadn't the slightest intention of marrying either of us-not the very slightest in the world. I got a sort of look-in at her real self then-damn her."

"Just so," agreed Manson. "That sort deserve to be damned.

Good-and what next?"

"She went off—and so did I. I was mad—angry. I don't know where I went, first. Wandering round—anywhere. Then I got to the Warren—maundering about there. I sat down, doing a think. I saw she'd been playing with us, and I made up my mind I'd have it out with Gerry if I saw him that night, or first thing next morning, and tell him all about it, and put it to him that she was heartless, and that it wasn't worth while letting her come between us. And then I heard either a shot, or two shots fired simultaneously, not far off. I ran in the direction of the sound and I found Gerry in that old sand-pit. He——"
"Be careful," interrupted Manson. "Tell me the exact details."

"As far as I can realize them, yes. He was dead, just dead, I should think. He'd a pistol, grasped in his right hand. I took it out, and I was examining it in the moon light—full moon, you know-when Sir John's gamekeeper, Richards, and another man hurried up. I left them with—him—and went home."
"Why?" asked Manson.

"For one thing, I don't think I quite knew what I was doing; for the other, I wanted to know if it was my pistol that I'd picked up. I felt sure it was; I said so to Richards. It's an automatic that I've had since the war. I kept it in a bureau in my bedroom. Gerry knew I had it there."

"And was it your pistol?"

"Oh, yes, it's my pistol. It's got my initials on it. Oh, yes. He must have taken it out of my bureau-to shoot himself with.'

"Suicide, eh?" suggested Manson.

"What else?" said Leaver.

"You thought you heard two shots, you know."
"That I can't be sure of. If there were two shots they were fired almost exactly together. But I think, on reflection, there can't have been two. There's a deep pine wood behind that sandpit: what I took for a second shot may have been the immediate echo of the first."

Manson remained silent for a minute or two; then he got up and

gave Leaver a friendly clap on the shoulder.

"All right, Dick," he said, cheerily. "Leave it to me—I'll see things. You haven't said anything much to these police to things. "No more than I've said to you. That is, about the actual business at the sand-pit. I said nothing—nothing whatever

about the-the girl."

"All right," repeated Manson. "Now I'll have a word with them." He nodded and walked out, and in the couple of officials with whom he went into the office. "Pretty couple of officials with whom he went into the office. "Case of them." He nodded and walked out, and in the corridor met a obvious, all this," he remarked in an off-hand manner.

icide. I see no reason for your detention of Mr. Leaver."
But the man at whom he looked smiled and shook his head.
"Don't you, Mr. Manson?" he said. "Well, we do. And we don't see that it's obviously a case of suicide. Whether you know it or not-and you must know something, for there's precious little secrecy in a small country town like this-it's well known that young Leaver and his cousin have both been running after that pretty daughter of the vicar's, and that, of late, they've been so madly jealous of each other that relations had become strained between them. Common talk, Mr. Manson, common talk. Leaver and his cousin were seen at the club last night to be on very bad terms-ignored each other's presence and that sort of thing.

p

Paisley was found dead-shot!-and Leaver was standing by with a pistol in his hand.

"Do you think that a man who'd just shot another would make the remark that Leaver made to Richards and his companion?" asked Manson. "I mean—about the pistol?"

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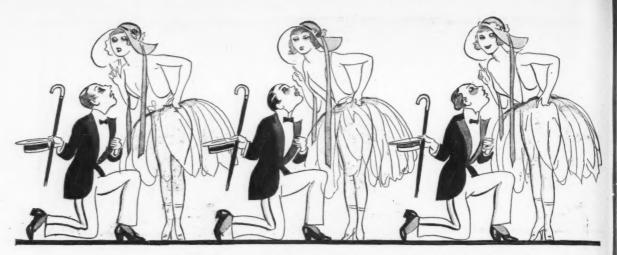
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ney've ecome mmon to be "I don't know, Mr. Manson, I don't know!" replied the official.
"I'm not given to speculations. What I know is that young Paisley was found lying dead, shot through the heart, and that Leaver was standing by him with an automatic pistol in his hand. That's quite sufficient ground whereon to charge him——"

"Mr. Leaver acknowledges that the pistol is his," interrupted

Manson. "And I suppose that when you fetched him from his room, he gave you the pistol—willingly?"

"Oh, certainly—he made no difficulty about that," asserted the official. "We have the pistol here, if you'd like to see it. Here it is," he continued, opening a drawer. "It has Leaver's initials on it. You see what it is—a Cotley's automatic, point 38 caliber, with a carrier which contained seven cartridges. One has been fired; there is one in the breech, and there are five left in the carrier. It is rifled you see, in three grooves." (Continued on page 116)



### The Chorus Boys!

N ALL the world of the theater there is no one at once so tragic and comic as the chorus man. No matter what his age is he is known on the other side of the footlights as "a chorus boy," and about his only dignity is his classification on the program as one of "the gentlemen of the ensemble."

You see him dance on with his property smirk, his painted

You see him dance on with his property smirk, his painted cheeks, his vaselined hair and his almost always ill-fitting clothes. He is just what he appears to be—a pathetic automaton.

Outside of those directly connected with the stage I have never known a person who knew a chorus man. Where do they come from and where do they go?

Their careers are as illusive as the great white spotlight whose luster they seek. Press agent abracadabra has told of many actresses beginning the climb upward in the chorus, but there is not a single record of a truly great actor of the American stage starting there.

The chief requisite for the chorus man is to have what directors call the "juvenile look," and while many of them are youthful there are almost as many who dye silver hair black and camouflage stooping figures with kampus cut toggery. In

one chorus last season there were three chorus boys more than fifty years old. One agency has an application list containing more than twenty past the same age.

Ziegfeld tried once to produce a revue without a chorus man. He did, but he will never do it again. He found them indispensable. Their fawning supplication at the feet of stars adds mightily to the halos of stellar rôles.

The chorus men do their stuff almost unnoticed by the front of the house. No critic ever gives them a line. Fellow players continually prod them with insinuating quips, and even their sisters of the chorus ignore them. Indeed they are generally shunned by their associates. They share no part of the fraternization that takes place back stage. Huddled together in one dressing-room like so many sheep in a pen they emerge only at the cry of the call boy. On the road, too, they live by themselves. They are the most temperate of all the people of the stage.

Chorus men are never seen in Broadway cafés or other

Chorus men are never seen in Broadway cafés or other haunts of the pleasure seekers. Their only known rendezvous is a Broadway Automat where they collect about marble topped tables to be regaled by nickel-in-the-slot fare. They gulp their food and hurry away.

Off stage they are given to fancy clothes just as they are to flowery names such as Donald Duprez and Montmorency Montaigne. Some even appear powdered and rouged in public.

Among their kind is a deep vein of sentiment. A few years ago a chorus man at the Casino stepped to the stage door to cool off after a particularly rapid dance number. The next day pneumonia developed and a tubercular trouble followed. The doctors held out only a forlorn hope—a tent in Arizona. He was penniless and without relatives. Twenty chorus men chipped in a week's salary which pro-

ducers gave them in advance. Each of them gave up eating one meal a day for a period of many months so that the money thus expended might be used to keep their fellow chorus man in comfort.

Benefits are almost weekly events for former stars, near stars, chorus girls and even ticket sellers. But never is a benefit given for a chorus man, although he is always ready and willing to contribute whatever ability he may have to aid others.

tribute whatever ability he may have to aid others.

An agent who supplies many chorus men to Broadway plays said: "In all my experience with chorus men I have yet to hear one utter an unkind word of anyone. I have yet to meet one in a disputatious mood nor have I ever heard one complain of his lot. Jealousy never touches him."

The top salary for the chorus man when he works, and that is comparatively few weeks of the year, is \$50 a week. His stage regalia is furnished by the producer. The chorus man is rarely married. In a census of four choruses there were three men who were married. All admitted their wives had left them for non-support.



"Hey, you perfumed fathead! Can't I drill it into



### MILTERE

The chorus man's habitat is on the shabby fringes of the Rialto-in the brown stone front theatrical boarding-house, up several flights and all the way back. When not working his life is an endless quest for a job. He will sit patiently for days and days in the theatrical agencies hoping against hope that the whirligig of Fate will twirl him into his mediocre rôle. It is a milk and cracker existence from one year's end to the other.

In other impecunious callings men are sometimes likely to stoop to petty crime. But this is not true of the chorus man. The police records show astonishingly few arrests among them. In a year's time only two were arrested—one for smoking a cigaret in a subway station and another for defrauding a boarding-

The late Madam Bartholdi, whose famous Bartholdi Inn was a haven for chorus men and other people of the stage, declared that in all her many years of inn-keeping she had never been de-frauded by a chorus man. "When they found they couldn't afford to live at my place," she said, "they would move out."

The vice squad whose collective ear is attuned to the turbulent currents of the underworld say chorus men are singularly free from the sordid romances of the Tenderloin. As one told me: "They run in a pack, those lads. Women don't mean anything

Why the chorus man sticks to his calling is one of those unfathomable little human mysteries never solved. "Once a chorus man always a chorus man," is a Rialto axiom.

Yet there are many chorus men who are graduates of colleges and are otherwise endowed with qualifications to equip them for more worthwhile endeavor. Unlike many other people of the stage they seldom come from theatrical families.

Producers say that the chorus men never clamor for higher rungs on the ladder. They are content with their obscurity, and when the bulletin board announces a "closing" theirs are about the only eyes not moist.

During rehearsals they are the target for the harried directors' acid barbs as well as the butt of a hundred jokes. They never talk

back. Theirs is the dumb resignation of those who swung for the stars and missed. I have heard the fiery Ned Way burn and the usually mild mannered Edward Royce lash them with a verbal ferocity that fairly shook the theater.

"Hey, you perfumed fathead! You perfect moron, where are your brains? Come out of line there! Can't I drill it into your ivory bean that you twirl on that note. Speak up. Are you paralyzed?"

And the chorus man steps down stage with a meek and humble; "Sorry sir, I'll try to do better next time."

During the brief hiatus that comes to every rehearsal when other members of the company relax and mingle together, the chorus men shrink to the darkened corner again to wait their cues and carry on.

It is hereditary among actors to seek publicity. Frequently they write little puffs about themselves or employ press agents to do it for them. For several years I was dramatic editor of a New York newspaper and in all that time there was not one blurb for the chorus man in my mail.

I know of one instance in which a chorus man had a big moment on an opening night. A dancer at a final rehearsal had twisted a tendon in his leg. This chorus man who had extremely agile feet was permitted to step out of the back line and take the place of the injured player. In stage talk "he panicked 'em"—he ran away with the show.

An interviewer was sent to see him. He was found in a

hall bedroom in Forty-fourth Street.
"Don't say anything about me," he said in a voice that almost carried terror, "I'm just one of the chorus. It might make the producer mad."

This little anecdote sums up more effectively than anything else I can think of the character of these strange and self-effacing creatures of a world that cries eternally for "the spot." The chorus man is the shrinking violet of the theatrical back-drop.



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It wasn't Verbena's wrongs or his infidelities—there were none; his morals after marriage withstood every strain-and it wasn't that James took to drink. Even in his first year out of the Military Academy before ever he had laid eyes on Verbena, in the long, idle, resourceless remoteness of the frontier, he had felt the lure and the joys of whisky to be gaining on

In dread lest it turn him by forty or fifty into the sort of swine that he saw among the majors and colonels here and there, on one grim occasion alone in his quarters at Fort Bidwell, he had shut his hands tight, stood up, muttered, "For the last time, so help me, God!"—and made a riotous night of it, and never afterwards touched a drop of the stuff.

Walla Walla watched the honeymoon pair. You always do.

They were to be seen daily along the parade-ground. "She keeps that yellow head pretty close to his shoulder,"

said Lieutenant Wade. 'Why, he's got a pipe in his mouth!" exclaimed Mrs. Wade.

"Well, a gentleman can smoke if it's his wife he's walking with."

"Mr. Wade, when did you ever see him smoke before?"
"That's so. He used to say it gave him a thirst."

The lady considered for a moment. "She must have insisted

on it because it looks manly.' "Don't you believe it! He does the insisting in that family."
"Well, Mr. Wade, he has shaved off that sorrel-colored down on his lip. Who did the insisting then?"

"He looks better without it anyway," grumbled the man.
"That's what she made him think," declared the winner of

this argument.

Walla Walla perceived that Verbena took deep pride in her husband as a soldier, letting his military life alone; it was the husband as a soldier, letting his military life alone; it was the man that she supervised, and he bowed to it surprisingly, save only in one matter. A few months after the marriage, Mrs. Wade grew puzzled about the pipe. Had she been right? The pipe disappeared for a while, and James was irritable. Then it reappeared, and with it his good temper. Had he given it up to please Verbena? There was so little to talk about in our

"She told me he had a hacking cough," said Mrs. Wade.
"I've never heard him give a hack," her husband stated crossly.

army of the old frontier!

"She says nicotine is a deadly poison," added another lady. "She says his hand isn't steady."

"Let her come to target practise," Wade said, more crossly. "Does she know his score leads the post?" Just before James's troop was transferred to Fort Custer a

solution to her puzzle broke suddenly upon Mrs. Wade. "Don't tell me!" she said to Wade. "That girl is jealous." "Jealous!" It startled him.

FTER the Nez Percés war, it began to be said of James Monk, bachelor aged twenty-three, red-headed second lieutenant of cavalry, and particular about his collars and his boots, that he was the makings of a star Indian fighter; but this was scarcely enough yet to win him a name in our army of the old frontier. His brother officers at Walla Walla regretted that he didn't drink and doubted if he would ever tie himself to wedlock; but if he did become a husband they were sure that his wife would thoroughly realize it.

Herbert M. Stoops

Until Verbena Frankish came to visit cousins at Walla Walla none of them had heard of her; then all heard of her the first day and all declared her the best girl the post had ever entertained; the prettiest, sweetest little thing—and how brightly she could talk when she felt like it!

"She knows how to keep still, too," Mrs. Wade remarked.
Women can understand women at sight. It seems hardly fair

Callers surrounded Verbena at every permissible hour. Each day in the week her unmistakable blond hair was discerned from afar, with some figure in uniform invariably contiguous. Every unwedded officer had his turn for a long ride or a walk.

"I'm Tuesday," said a captain to a first lieutenant. "Which

are you?"
"I used to be Thursday," said the other pensively.
"Cheer up, old man. Never say die."
So the blue-eyed Verbena remained everybody's sister.

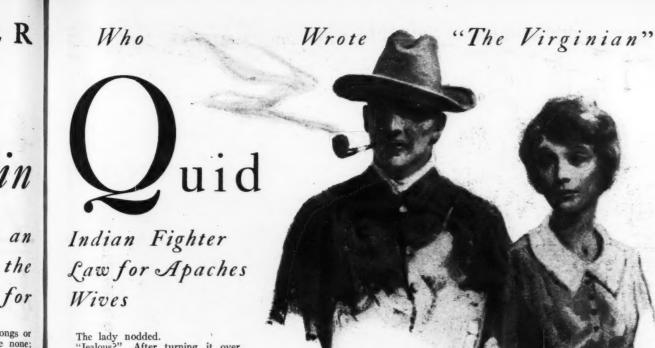
Then James Monk returned from a scout on the John Day river. In one week he was engaged to Verbena Frankish, in four he went East on leave, married her in Caesar Borgia, Kansas, where the family lived, and brought her back to Walla Walla.

"Well, he'll let her know who she's married, all right," her

late brothers all averred.

The second lieutenant, aged twenty-three, was made welcome with his bride, aged seventeen; and even before their first baby they were a boon to local gossipers. By the time of their final baby this couple had long been a topic of ceaseless guessing which at an early stage competed with the weather and ended by putting the weather out of business.

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"He'll let her know

who she's married.

all right," his brother officers averred.

The lady nodded.
"Jealous?" After turning it over
"No such luck,
"the girl he shook his head. Nannie. It would teach the girl her place, but he's crazy about her, damn it."

"A man never sees these things," said Mrs. Wade quietly.
"Well, then, who is it?"

"His pipe.

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an. nner of "Let it soak in, Mr. Wade. You'll see it after a while."
That was at dinner; at supper he had not yet seen it. "Perhaps it's her uncle," he surmised. "Maybe he's what's the matter."

"What does her uncle do, Mr. Wade?"
"Nothing, any more. He's buried. I was in Caesar Borgia when it happened. He ran for a train one day, got into the smoking car and struck a match and dropped dead. The doctor had been warning him he had a tobacco heart. He was her favorite uncle." favorite uncle.

"Well, you'll see it after a while, Mr. Wade," persisted the unconvinced lady. "I'm not sure she knows it herself."

Perhaps she was right. But when you come from Kansas you're apt to think your neighbor sins when he enjoys anything you don't happen to like yourself. Verbena had been heard to say it made the curtains smell. This might account for it. Or you don't happen to like yourself. Verbena had been heard to say it made the curtains smell. This might account for it. Or possibly was she determined to tame her red-headed Indian fighter just to show how much he was hers? Jealousy, the tobacco hearted uncle, enlargement of the conscience, smelly curtains, love of power—any of these, or all, might account for Verbena; but what could explain James?

At Custer, with their honeymoon long over by the almanac, still they were acutely on their neighbors' minds, a topic, a boon already. Neighbors had a terrific chance at you in those old military posts. A few houses in a wilderness, a few husbands, wives and bachelors shut up tight together in empty space for empty moons, not even a shop to divert the female attention— how could they help it?

"I have never seen her look more lovely."

This was Mrs. Hipple, wife of Colonel Hipple, the post com-mander at Custer. The other Walla Walla troops had gone to Yuma. That was army life then. You saw some people every day for a year, and often longer, and nobody else. Then you never saw them at all; they would be a thousand miles away; then suddenly you would be seeing them every day again. So now at Custer, James and Verbena had a perfectly fresh set of spy-glasses turned upon them.

"Lovely," said the Colonel. "Yes, indeed."

"Horace, did you hear when it was expected?"
"What's expected?"

"Mercy, Horace, their baby!"
"Baby? Why they were only married last month."

"I know they act so. But it was in October. Mary Wade

wrote me all about it. Mary said he used to be quite wild."
"Can't believe it. Lions don't turn to lambs that way."
"Well, Mary would know, Horace. And he's wild about her now. And she's looking lovelier every day. I think I'll just go round to the O' eils and find out when it's expected."

Some offspring arrive more punctually than some trains. This one did. But Indians were less regular. Upon a day when Verbena's event was close at hand and she and James had never wanted more to be with each other and to sit together and wait, a glum James rode out of the post northward at the head of his troop. The Piegans were rumored to be preparing for a raid on their neighbors the Crows. There was no help for it; the trouble must be headed off and white settlers protected in their lives and property.

Before the soldiers returned the event was successfully over, and Verbena quite beyond the chance of danger. Moreover, Mrs. Frankish, Verbena's mother, had come from Caesar Borgia well in advance. Mrs. Frankish thought highly of her sonin-law.

"It's an ideal union," she said to Colonel and Mrs. Hipple on the great day that made her a grandmother. "He weighs eight pounds and a half. He's to be James Junior."

"That's right," said the Colonel. "And now that collection

of pipes will have to take third place in the affections of James

"Pipes?" Mrs. Frankish looked vague.

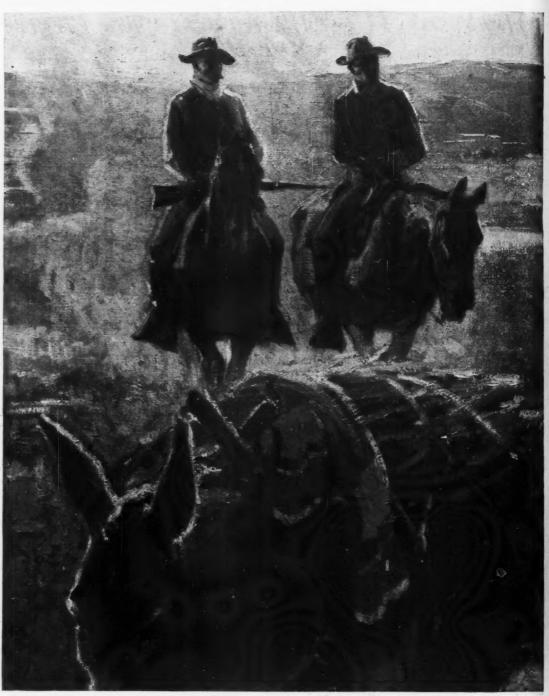
"Why, all those corn-cobs and clays and brier-woods and meerschaums and German students and everything."
"Oh yes! Oh yes!" said Mrs. Frankish hurriedly. "To be

Presently she took her leave.

"Horace," said the Colonel's wife after some thinking, "Did you notice her? She has never seen those pipes. Their existence was news to her."

"Well, it mightn't interest her."
"It interested her very much. Horace, Verbena has locked them up. And that throws a light on something in Mary Wade's letter that I couldn't understand."

After that visit to Colonel and Mrs. Hipple, Mrs. Frankish was very wary. She waited to welcome James home from his triumphant handling of the Piegans, whom he quieted by firmness and sincerity, not a shot being fired; then she had to hasten back to Caesar Borgia. All that Lucretia Hipple could be sure



A dark, slim Indian girl riding a gray donkey came down the trail. She smiled and

of was that two days before James and his men rode into the post, every pipe was to be found on the rack. Lucretia took care to call in and ask to see the baby have his bath, so she saw the

"It didn't look to me as if they were in quite the same position," she said to Horace. "That carved German one used to be in the lower right-hand corner. But he'll just suppose his motherin-law dusted them.'

"I hope he doesn't spoil that pretty girl," said Horace, thoughtfully.

Then James's troop was transferred to Fort Bayard, in New Mexico. Both infantry and cavalry were stationed at Bayard, and between these two branches of the service the heartiest intimacy did not invariably obtain. But the topic of James and Verbena drew them into relations of the most harmonious confidence.

"I consider it an ideal union," asserted Mrs. Dexter, employ-

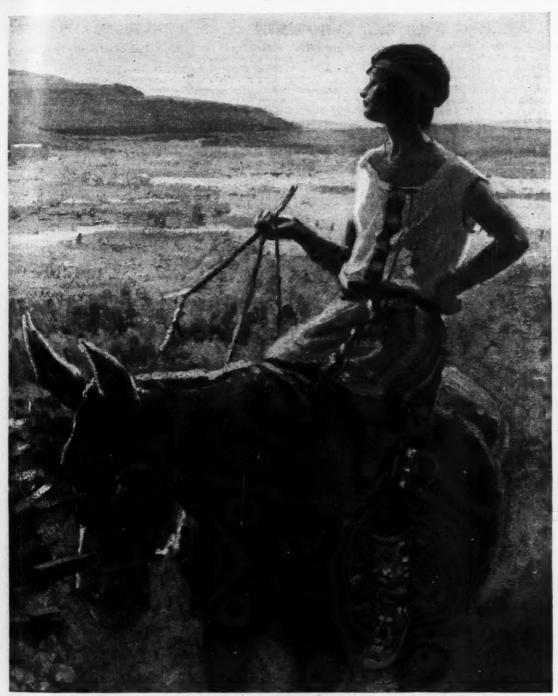
ing this time-honored phrase.
"Now something's coming!" said Major Dexter.

His lady contemplated him for a moment over the billowy Atlantic of her bosom.

"I consider it an ideal union," she slowly insisted. "And I will never admit she is losing her looks."
"Better not," advised the Major. "She isn't. If I were James Monk, I'd want to be kissing her little nose all the time."

"Harry Dexter, if you're trying to make this conversation ridiculous-

"Not for worlds, Maria. I'm trying to fertilize it."
"Well, it's plain she makes him happy," said Mrs. Parminter,
who was anxious to bring the conversation back; she had to go in a little while.



showed her beautiful teeth. "You lucky day," said she. "You kill heap quail."

"Yes, indeed!" a fourth lady explained. "That's a splendid collection of pipes."

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"I'd call him the best looking of the two," said Mrs. Parminter.
"That's because she watches his health so," said the fourth
dy. "And never lets him wear an old shirt."

lady. "And never lets him wear an our singt."
"Wasn't there something about his smoking?" asked a second

It happened to be just what Mrs. Dexter hoped that somebody would ask. She didn't wish to have to lug it in herself; she much preferred to have things dragged out of her; then she could make them hum. She threw on the second lieutenant's wife a look of approval.

"Until that first baby," she stated, "he had always refused to get rid of his collection."

"Oh, then you were there!" said the fourth lady eagerly; but Mrs. Dexter didn't hear that. She paused; then: "It was

her mother who stepped in," she next imparted to them. "Yes," went on Mrs. Dexter after another pause, "and you'd never have thought it, to look at her."
"Her mother?"

"No. Her. She didn't look a day over sixteen then. It was Mrs. Hipple who wrote me from Custer that her mother had stepped in. Mrs. Wade saw them at Walla Walla, and she told Mrs. Hipple it began there."

"Maria, do you know you're not helping me to be quite clear as to what began there."

"Harry, if you've not learned by this time that I am always very careful about what I am willing to repeat, even in strict confidence like this, you're never going to learn at all. Of course he still smokes cigars; not many, but I'm told they're of the best. But who knows when she will draw the line at cigars? After that Christmas pipe at Custer she might do anything."

Mrs. Dexter sat back, and her broad Atlantic rose and fell

serenely. You could have heard a pin drop.
"After the baby was born, Mrs. Frankish—that's her motherwent back to the family home in Caesar Borgia, Kansas. The family home, where the uncle committed suicide with prussic acid in the parlor and Verbena saw him do it. Of course with an uncle like that in the family a queer niece is no surprise. Her mother has always tried to counteract it. Verbena's very smart. You never hear her tell him not to smoke. So when their baby was expected and her mother had come from Caesar Borgia and

he was off hunting—"
"Off hunting? The father? A
fourth lady. She couldn't help it. At such a time?" It was the

Mrs. Dexter took no offense at the interruption; it was a tribute to her narrative powers. "Yes, he was ordered to go. The mother-"Yes, he was off hunting

"The baby's mother?"

"No hers—it hadn't come. Her mother was almost glad to have him out of the house at that time for he was so needlessly anxious and concerned that he would have been in the way and Mrs. Frankish had plenty of experience and ran the house, and after all it's her mother a daughter wants then. But she had no trouble. She was young and her bones gave. Yes. Eight pounds and a half that first one weighed. I've never heard the weight of the second one.

"But the mother had stepped in already. She found his pipes all hidden away when he had gone after the Indians. She was used to him smoking and whistling all day, in and out of the house, so she saw how it was in a flash. Verbena never said a word to him in her hearing, but a woman can always guess right. She wasn't going to have trouble between those two if she could stop it. It's not known what advice she gave Verbena, but when he came back he never knew she had meddled with his pipes.

Here Mrs. Dexter stopped.

"How does she make him?" wondered the fourth lady.
"I believe I have already stated," Mrs. Dexter replied, "that

she takes good care to keep those domestic scenes behind the curtain.'

"Did you say something about a Christmas present?" asked Mrs. Parminter.

"It had happened before it came. When that poor man returned to his home, and his young wife, and the

boy who was going to bear his name
... well her mother ought never to have let him go into the room the first time and see her alone. But who would have intruded upon them at such a moment, and how was she to know that Verbena would be so smart?'

Mrs. Dexter looked at the clock, and once again you could have heard a pin drop.

"I've hardly time to tell the rest," she said. "But there's not much. I know not a word of this will go out of this room. At Christmas Mrs. Frankish sent him a beautiful pipe from Caesar Borgia. didn't let her know. Just thanked her. But there was something in the way he wrote, and she got an idea. Of course she found out. And the next Christmasshesent him a box of cigars. But to look at Verbena, even today, who would have thought it! Now re-member. Not a word!"

It was evident now that Mrs. Dexter had finished.

"Maria," said her husband most incautiously, "you haven't said what did happen.

It was a triumph for Mrs. Dexter. She rose in a stately man-er. "I must go and get ready for Silver City," she answered. 'Since Harry seems to be the only person present who hasn't listened to me, perhaps one of you ladies will tell him over

"Well, I must run along, I'm late already," said Mrs. Parminter. And she hurried away. She never was for mixing herself with a domestic affair, not even a little one like this.

The fourth lady and the second lieutenant's wife looked at each other.

"How old is your son Albert?" one of them asked Major Dexter.

"Twenty-five."

"Can you remember when he was born?"

"Perfectly."

"Can you remember your first sight of him and his mother?"

Harry Dexter dropped his eyes.
"Then think," the lady advised him. "Think back. If, at that time, your wife had asked you to make some sacrifice—think it out."

They left him with this; they deemed it enough. And he stood in the room alone, thinking it out.
"Well I'll be damned!" This was what he quietly said, though

not at once; Harry was not a quick man.

Other details were confided to other audiences in other posts. At Lowell Barracks, hard by Tucson, they knew a part of the Custer incident which Mrs. Dexter had quite missed. Mrs. Frankish had told Mrs. Hipple that when James came back from his Indian excursion he had passed the pipe rack on his way to his wife, replaced the common pipe he had with him among the Piegans, taken his pet meerschaum, and with this in his hand had entered the sacred chamber where his wedded love and his first offspring were waiting to receive him. Mrs. Hipple said that the young father had knelt a long while by the bedside. course, there it was!

Fort Riley had another version: it had happened after the baptism of James Junior. Long before the child came, she had banished his indulgence from the house, and he confined it to the club and to his rides or his walks about the post. Then she had told him that she considered a pipe in public ungentlemanly, so he used to sit in the Indian agent's private room up the river.

Lowell Barracks had been told that James for a year had been allowed no smoking. When he came there from Bayard for a shooting contest, a snare was set for him—Mrs. Day invited him

to supper and bought the best cigars to be had. He came, but before she could lead him astray he pulled out a cigar of his own and asked permission to light it. It gave the veteran lady quite a shock. If James from first to last ever knew how they talked, they never knew he knew it.

"And what are we to believe now?" asked Mrs. Day of Mrs. Slocum when he had gone back to Fort Bayard. Mrs. Slocum was another veteran.

"I never noticed him with a cigar till this evening, observed Captain Slocum, "if that'll help you." "Perhaps that's it," Mrs. Day

it," Mrs. Day mused. "She's got him down to that. Or perhaps it's when he feels safe."



The Apaches were planning to attack the Butterfield stage.

"What's your opinion of Toney?" Captain Monk asked. Jack stared. "Toney, who sells the wood?"

"Do you suppose he ever thinks he made a mistake?" said Mrs. Slocum. "Sometimes he doesn't look a day over twenty-

"Not a day!" assented her friend. "Especially when he laughs. I wonder how long she'll be able to hold him?"

"Do they have children still?" Mrs. Slocum asked.
"Quite regularly, I'm told," said Captain Slocum.

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Day e's got that. 's when "Can he actually be afraid of her?" Mrs. Day inquired.
"Don't you believe he's afraid of her!" asserted Slocum. "Any hard fighter will pay a good deal for peace."
"Yes; but he usually draws the line somewhere," Mrs. Slocum

remarked. remarked.
"One place he draws it," said Captain Slocum, "is at the children. I saw it."

(Continued on page 130)
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#### By Mary Heaton Vorse

# Why I Have FAILED As

FRIEND of mine summed up my life. He said:
"You have failed in the two main objects for which
you've lived. You have failed in bringing up your children. You've failed in your work.'

"What's the matter with my children? They love me, don't

they?" I challenged.

"You've no discipline. You can't even keep them out of your room when you're working. Do you suppose there's a man who would stand for that? You're blind if you can't see they hate

This brought me up short. It threw a searchlight on what had been happening between my children and me. I realized with what intensity one of my children hated my work. All her life nurses and relatives had said to her: "You can't see your mother, she's working!" Now she was old enough to assume some household authority she had an excuse for interrupting me for everything and nothing. Nor could anything I said or did stop her. I hadn't understood it. I hadn't seen she was revenging herself

on the past when she wanted her mother.

It was her profound unconscious revolt against the hated writing which had kept her from me when she needed me all her life and I hadn't understood. She had come into her own and showed her fierce resentment against the thwarting of her inalienable right to bring her hurts and troubles to her mother.

Because I was so hurt, I threw defiantly at my friend:

"I've earned their living anyway."

"Oh yes, you've earned their living!" my friend agreed, "but you've never done the best work of which you were capable, as a man would have insisted on doing."

I could agree with him about my work. The world could

have wagged along without my books.

My story wouldn't be important if it were the story of one woman. -My failure is that of almost every working woman who has children and a home to keep up, whether she scrubs floors, or works in mills, or is a high-priced professional woman. It's nearly impossible to do both jobs well. So most women fail in either or both. Their energy and thoughts are divided.

Behind the great men whose names have starred history there is almost always a mother who gave herself without stint to educating her son. Not in "book-learning," but in drawing out from him the genius that was there. Such women never have for their unwritten epitaphs "Failure." I couldn't give myself without stint to my children. I was an absentee 1 other, away long hours behind closed doors

My ten-year-old showed how much he felt this by saying: "Wouldn't it be fine if you didn't have to work! I wish you could do the cooking like the other mothers around here and we

kids could help you.

He felt shut out too. He missed something the other children he knew were getting. His mother wasn't accessible, sure to be around the house ready to do anything from tying up a cut finger

to answering a question.

My oldest son has a different attitude toward my work-I thought. I remember how he use to come into a room where I was writing, put his finger on his lips and tiptoe out. He seemed to accept writing as a matter of course. He never interrupted me. It was not until he was a big boy that I found out there was a hole in his life I could never repair. He had always wanted what he called "a regular ma." He too had looked with passionate envy on boys whose mothers heard their lessons and shook them out of their lazy spells. He wanted a mother who was there, while I

was often gutted by fatigue, my thoughts forever on my work.

These things flashed through my mind with terrible corroboration when my friend said: "You've failed as a mother!"

I knew far more than he did how much my failure was my own

fault. He thought that a woman couldn't do two jobs and that I and the children were caught in a net of circumstance, since I had to support them. I had other guilty knowledge.

I've always told myself that I began writing because I

wanted to earn money so my husband would have more time for wanted to earn money so my nusband would have more time for his own stories. Later, life said to me, "Earn your children's living," Life says to some women "Scrub!" "Go to the factory!" To others life dictates "Take an office job!" "Go into business if you want your children to be educated." And women flock out of their homes. They have to. Most of us are failures as mothers, so this is no "back to the home" story. There would too often home if women didn't go out to work be no home if women didn't go out to work.

There is another phase to my writing that no one knows but myself. I grew ambitious. Writing "got" me.

I wanted to do good work for its own sake.

From that moment I was lost. I had fallen in love. I had surrendered myself to something outside of myself. There could be no more comfortable days when I could think that I was writing only because this was an honorable way of supporting my children. From that time I wouldn't have stopped if I could.

Maybe my failure began then. I know very well from that moment I found plausible reasons for leaving home to do work. The truth was I lusted for new experiences and new forms of work. Now, instead of merely being absent behind closed doors I was really away. And I liked being away. The relentless details which all women must meet if they would see their houses run well slipped from me like a burden.

Since then I have kept on finding excuses which made me leave the children and which would give me the most material and the best chance to write. We can always find noble reasons for what we want to do. Yet I am a woman who likes the affairs of the house. I am never at war with it, except when it interferes with my work and so interferes with its own existence, since with-

out money I could have no house.

I know I needed to go away as much as I know my children needed me home. It sounds like a paradox to say I found peace in constant traveling which I hadn't known in my quiet house because at home there was a never ending conflict between my two jobs.

I had been faithful to my house and its demands so many years. Don't housewives deserve a sabbatical year? I am sure that all women with imagination, however much they care for their families, however content they are with their work, turn longing eyes to the road that leads to new places. They crave

the experience of adventure as much as men.

I remember a woman I knew very well. She had spent the greater part of her life on a farm four miles from the village. For years she had superintended the work on the farm herself. No one ever heard a complaint from her lips. Yet when she died her private desk was found full of cuttings. There were reproductions of pictures she never could hope to see, cuts of strange foreign cities she could never hope to visit, newspaper accounts of great foreign demonstrations, and of first nights and operas which she never could have hoped to have attended.

While she walked across her fields looking for the nests of turkeys which had strayed from the barnyard, while she was arranging for the planting of winter wheat, the eyes of her spirit had been turning to foreign lands. Her eyes and her ears had searched for beauty which forever was to be denied her. This is no unusual case. What one person wants, hundreds and thou-

sands of others want also.

I am not satisfied with my sabbatical year. I am deeply impatient, almost for the first time, at the interruptions which my children naturally make. I am as indignant at an interruption, now that I have known what it is to be uninterrupted, as a man



"It won't take long," coaxed the photographer. And Mary Heaton Vorse abandoned her work and gazed up at her daughter Ernestine in an attitude of resigned despair. That young lady, perched on the desk, gaily twanged the newest dance step.

would be if his work where held in light esteem. I have felt as men must feel when they know that their wives are sitting waiting to welcome them affectionately. I don't even want the affection of my children when I'm through work. All I want is to be let alone. I often dread to leave my workroom to meet their neverreasing demands. They seem to me like a nestful of birds, their yellow beaks forever agape for me to fill.

Is there any mother who wouldn't escape from the relentless persistency of her children for a while if she could?

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One thing all women want-love, a home, children. They may find a terrible conflict between this basic need and the passionate desire for independence. Who will make the adjustment? Women are going to go on working. They have to. They want to. I know I would go on working whether I needed to or not. I have never wanted to write as much as I do now.

On the other hand I have never realized my children's needs so clearly and have never wanted so much to fill them. Are the two things possible? Must there always be a double failure?

# By Sir Philip Youth Has Its



of fifty-two, prosperous after a hard rough life, but not feeling his age and anxious to spend his money on some of the things he had He had missed England—with an aching pain—in the early days of his "exile," as he had called it, when he had left the little old vicarage at Highfield in Sussex as the penniless son of a country parson. He had missed his Oxford friends with whom he had discussed life and art and women and God without a doubt of the knowledge and wisdom of youth. He had missed most of

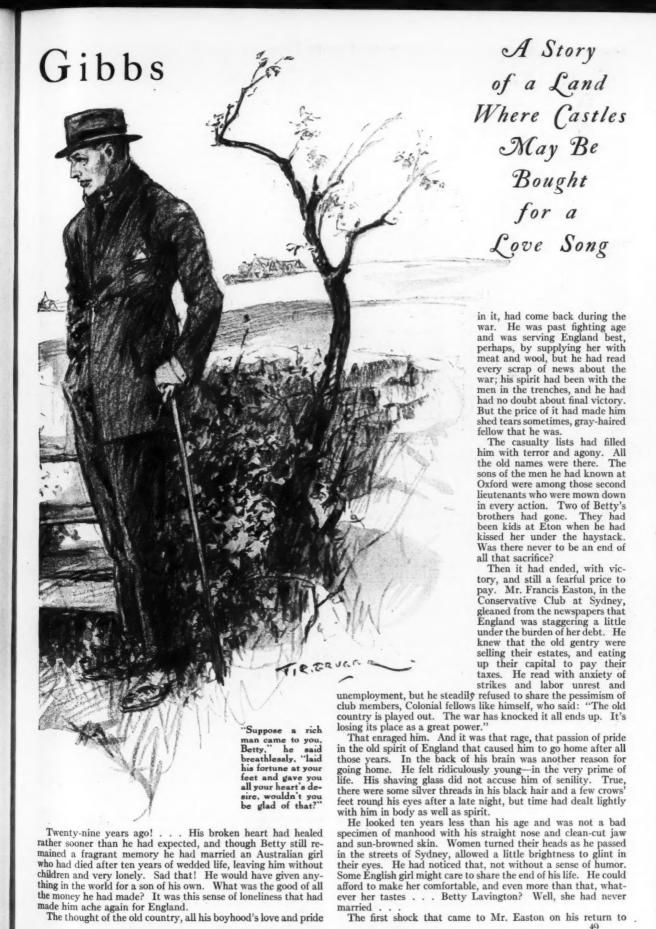
all, for a year or two of poignant self-pity and passionate desire,

the girl who was the cause of his exile, the reason of this Australian

life which he had hated until its strangeness wore off, when he loved it.

That girl was Betty Lavington who lived in the great house opposite the vicarage gates and whose beauty had made him crazy for her. Ridiculous, now, to think that the penniless son of a parson should have had the impudence to propose to Elizabeth Lavington of Highfield Manor! She had kissed him under a hay-stack in a field down by the river, and they had lain in each other's arms, vowing eternal love, until her brother Dick had found them and threatened to horsewhip him. There had been a fight, with Betty intervening on her lover's side and doing hot work with a hay rake which cut a gash in her brother's cheek. Did he still show the ancient scar of that? Anyhow, it was the brother who had the best of it.

Dick had told his father, and General Lavington had gone round to the vicarage in a towering rage and demanded the im-mediate expulsion of the parson's son. "I won't have any damned young blackguard playing round my Betty!" he had shouted. "It isn't as if he had a penny to bless himself with!" That was true, so utterly true that Frank Easton, the parson's son, had realized his own presumption, made a handsome apology to General Lavington, embraced Betty for the last time under the same old haystack-she had clung to him tearfully-and taken the next boat to Australia with fifty pounds in his pocket and a broken heart.



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England was the strangeness of London. It was not the city he had left. There were bigger buildings, immense palaces in Pall Mall and Piccadilly and the Strand which had spoiled the character of London and made him miss old familiar haunts

The people were different in these new streets with their roaring tides of traffic where he stood irresolute, bewildered, almost afraid. All these young women, bright-eyed, queerly dressed, self-confident, pushing past him, were not at all like the girls he had known in his youth. They seemed to him strangely un-English, not quite respectable, very dangerous young creatures

The men were different too. On his first stroll down Piccadilly he had searched for familiar types of faces, those fellows he had known at Oxford, his comrades, some of the old crowd with whom he had talked of love and life and women and God. But these

faces he passed were not the same. Most of them were old and rather

haggard.

He was shocked by the number of beggars in the streets, young fellows for the most part, playing pianoorgans, singing, selling matches, shaking collecting-boxes under the noses of the passers-by, marching in long straggling processions of unemployed, lounging outside Labor exchanges. Some of them begged, sidling alongside, telling tales of hard

luck and war service.

Mr. Francis Easton of Sydney, Australia, whose spirit had agonized for the men in the trenches, who had been proud of their heroism, proud of their pride, was distressed now by all this misery and humiliation. He stood, with this look of distress on his face, watching a procession of unemployed near Hyde Park Cornerthree or four hundred men, shabby, slouching, miserable, walking slowly after a band of fifes and drums playing some doleful tune.

'Disgraceful!" said Mr. Easton, in

an audible voice.

He was overheard by a young man standing next to him on the curbstone who gave a quiet laugh and answered:

"I agree! What about a country fit for heroes to live in, after the jolly

old war?'

He was a young fellow, rather shabbily dressed but well set up, physically, and with a strong, cheerful, confident-looking face. Mr. Easton noticed at once that one sleeve of his jacket was empty. Perhaps that explained his reference to the "jolly old war."

"What's the cause of all this?" Mr. Easton asked, pointing to the unem-

ployed men.

"Damned inefficiency, mostly! The mess made by the Old Men after their sacrifice of Youth. Something ghastly!"

"Are the Young Men going to do any better?" asked Mr. Easton, doubtfully.

"Some of us are going to have a try." answered the young man with the empty sleeve. "If the election goes well tomorrow it

ought to speed things up a little."

"In what way?" asked Mr. Easton eagerly. He wanted to get more knowledge than he could glean from the newspapers about the prospects of the election. Labor seemed very dangerous, very

threatening. The tactics of the Conservatives "Sorry!" said the young man with the empt said the young man with the empty sleeve, laughing at this question which would take a lot of time to answer. He made a dash for a bus and mounted it, leaving Mr. Easton alone

It was the loneliness, the sense of being a stranger in his own country, which hipped him most. If only some old friend had come up to him in the street and touched him on the arm and said, "Hello, Frank, old boy! How glad I am to see you again!" But there was no such welcome. He was reduced to inventing excuses for conversation with people in the Savoy Hotel, and most of them were Americans. He had an almost childish yearning to talk

with someone he had known in the old days, someone who loved England as he had loved it and could tell him all he wanted to know about its present state.

He decided to take an early morning train to Highfield in Sussex, his old home, and then was panic-stricken with sudden fears. Supposing he found himself a stranger there too! His father and mother had died ten years ago. There would be another parson in the vicarage. Most of his friends had been killed in the war. Their children would not know him. Perhaps

even the Lavingtons were no longer living in the old house. To make sure he turned up books of reference in the hotel reading-room and saw, with a sense of relief on being saved from a new and hideous disappointment, the name of Sir Richard Lavington, Highfield Manor, Highfield, Sussex. That was old

Dick with whom he had fought in the hayfield. Born 1874. By Jove! Fifty years old! He had hardly realized that. He had always thought of Dick Lavington as a boy of twenty with a smooth face and blue eyes and a look of arrogant youth. An elderly buffer now, like himself! . . . There was another entry in the book of reference

Elizabeth Lavington, daughter of Sir Richard: Address, 48, Montpelier Square, London, S.W. . . . Betty! The girl whom once he had held in his arms vowing eternal love! The girl whose beauty had made an Australian sheep farm hideous until gradually her vision had faded from him and he had married Alice Grant, the daughter of his boss and for ten years his faithful but rather trying wife, poor dear!

Mr. Easton put on his tall hat, brushed a speck of dust off his morning coat, and gave a careful glance at himself in his bedroom mirror before taking a taxi to that address in Montpelier Square. No, he didn't look utterly senile. Betty would know him again. Queer, how his heart was beating at the thought of meeting her!

The taxi set him down at a little house in a little old-fashioned square with a garden surrounded by iron palings and trees dripping moisture on a dank December day. Mr. Easton felt foolishly emotional as he gave a rat-tat at the knocker and waited for the door to open. It was opened by a neat maid.

"Miss Elizabeth Lavington?" asked Mr. Easton.

"Not at home, sir," said the maid.
"I'm an old friend of hers," he
id in rather a pitiful way. "From said in rather a pitiful way. Australia."

"If you want to see her particularly she's down at the canteen for ex-soldiers, Roberts Street, West-

minster.' The taxi-driver knew Roberts Street, Westminster.

"I used to go there when I was out of work," he said. "Cheap food for ex-service men, and very useful when one's down and

The place looked like an old factory of some kind, and a group of seedy-looking men standing in the yard answered Mr. Easton's inquiry for the canteen by pointing to a ladder which led up to a loft. He climbed it and banged his tall hat against the trap door before stepping into a long shed furnished with deal tables and benches where groups of men like those in the yard below were seated over bowls of soup and plates of rice. They were being served by ladies, young ladies mostly, rather prettily dressed, but wearing bibs and aprons like waitresses

A girl carrying a plate of rice spoke to Mr. Easton in a friendly

way.

"Are you looking for anyone?"

"Miss Elizabeth Lavington," said Mr. Easton nervously.

"Behind the counter," said the girl. "Pouring out cocoa.

Mr. Easton saw a tall, rather buxom, lady, with brown hair,



DO YOU go to church? I thought so. Neither do I. But I used to go, didn't you? Why did you quit? Hard put to it for a real answer, aren't you? So am I.

But I know one man who isn't. That's Rupert Hughes. And as a youth Rupert was almost a fanatic on church-going. He was devout, zealous, scornful of all

who failed to share his beliefs. He'll tell you next month why he quit. Tell you in his own forceful, picturesque way. He is so forceful, in fact, that he may anger you. For he speaks out as few men would dare.

It would be ironical if Rupert's vehemence should irritate a lot of us to the point where we'd resume going to church just to prove to him how incorrect . we think he is. [R. L.]

Mr. Easton rose and stared in amazement. She was the Betty of his dreams.

growing gray so that it looked as if it had been powdered. She was smiling at a girl next to her. She looked very jolly and good natured. A handsome woman with a charming face. But not Betty! Not the girl he had remembered in his dreams, so fresh and young and exquisite, as he had kissed her behind the hay-stack in the springtime of the world. Impossible!

She laughed and called out to a young man at one of the tables near her:

"Now, Bert! None of those swear words, please! The war's

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Yes, it was Betty! It was the sound of her voice that made him

sure of that, and quite suddenly he saw the youth in her face again as he had known it, but changed. Thirty years older, or nearly that. What a fool he had been to forget those years!

nearly that. What a 1001 he had been to lorget those years:
He went up to the counter and spoke her name.
"Miss Lavington! Betty!"
"Miss Lavington, yes. That's me all right. But why Betty?"
"Don't you remember me?" he asked wistfully. He hoped enormously that she would remember him.
She looked at him searchingly with front smiling even

She looked at him searchingly with frank, smiling eyes.
"I seem to know your face. You look like one of those generals who used to make things difficult in time of war."



"Father," she said in a low voice, "You've hurt my arm horribly." Sir Richard spoke sternly to his daughter.

"I'm not," said Mr. Easton, and his voice trembled a little. Miss Lavington laughed in a cheery way.
"Well, you seem to know me rather well. Give me a clue."
"Highfield," said Mr. Easton. "And a haystack down by the

river behind the paddock, and a boy who was the parson's son. Thirty years ago, almost."

Miss Lavington screwed up her eyes in a whimsical way and

"Thirty years ago? My word! That's an age!"
She looked at him again and a light came into her eyes.
"Good heavens! . . . Frank Easton! . . . The boy who went to Australia!" she said, holding out her hand.
"I've come back," Mr. Easton said. "An old man now,

but yearning to find England again, and good friends."
"Not easy to find the England you left," she answered in a
matter of fact way. "It's changed a bit in thirty years. Like you
and me, Frank, eh? Not that you're looking so old. You're
in the prime of life. It's the women who lose their good looks first."

"Not you!" said Mr. Easton. "I should have known you anywhere, Betty."

He did not speak untruthfully to flatter her. It seemed to him now that she was familiar to him again. He had readjusted his mental vision a little, that is all, by thirty years. It was the same Betty, he could see that now, frank-spoken, laughter-loving, beautiful. Yes, beautiful still.



"Send that scoundrel away or I'll put the dogs on him. Come back to the house and go to your room."

"Get along with you!" she said, mockingly. "I'm an old hag now. All the soldiers called me 'Aunty' when I served them in the great war."

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e same loving, "You're serving them still, I see," said Mr. Easton. "That's splendid. I was afraid people were forgetting. All these unemployed—with so much wealth around them."

Miss Lavington looked round at the men in the bare shed, and her eyes softened.

"The casualties of peace!" she answered. "Worse than those of war because rather hopeless. Not their fault either. Not anybody's fault, I guess. Only the price England has had to pay for helping to save the world, and the price the world has had to pay for the bloody ruin of it all."

Mr. Easton was startled by her strong language. In his young days no English lady would have used that word "bloody." He expressed the doubt that had assailed his mind since his first arrival in London.

"There seems a lot of wealth about in spite of ruin, and all these unemployed. That's what I can't understand. Tell me."

She asked him to sit down at one of the tables with her among the unemployed men, and have some jolly good soup and a piece of bread by way of lunch. He sat opposite her, putting his tall hat down on a crumb-covered chair and searching her face again for the ghost of that young girl who once she was

hat down on a crumb-covered chair and searching her lace again for the ghost of that young girl who once she was.

"Betty," he said in a low voice, "do you remember the last time we saw each other? We were (Continued on page 164)

53

# 10,000 Men V

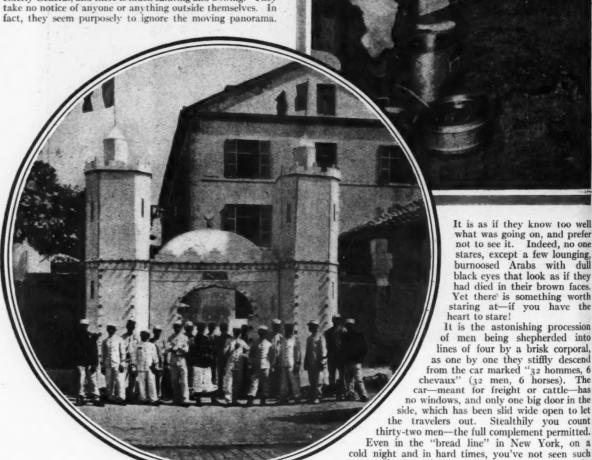
#### By A. M. Williamson

Co-Author with her late husband, C. N. Williamson, of "The Lightning Conductor" and a score of other popular novels

IDI-BEL-ABÉS! The crowded train slows down, stops, and at first glance you are disappointed.
You have come from Algiers. You've traveled all night. You have changed at dawn from the train going on to Oran, into this dull crawler, that has paused, it seems, at every dot on the Algerian map. And now after all, this commonplace station! The place might be a small-sized city in Southern France, despite its reputation as the "little Paris of Algeria;" despite its thrilling secret which has lured you here—the presence, the life of the French Foreign Legion.

Then, in an instant, you cease to regret. You begin to see; you begin to feel. On the platform stands a group of smart French officers—sensationally splendid Spahis, and romantic looking Chasseurs d'Afrique, and with them three or four men whose plain uniform shows them to be officers of the Foreign Legion.

They have come to the train to meet and welcome an elderly General, and there is much saluting and bowing. They



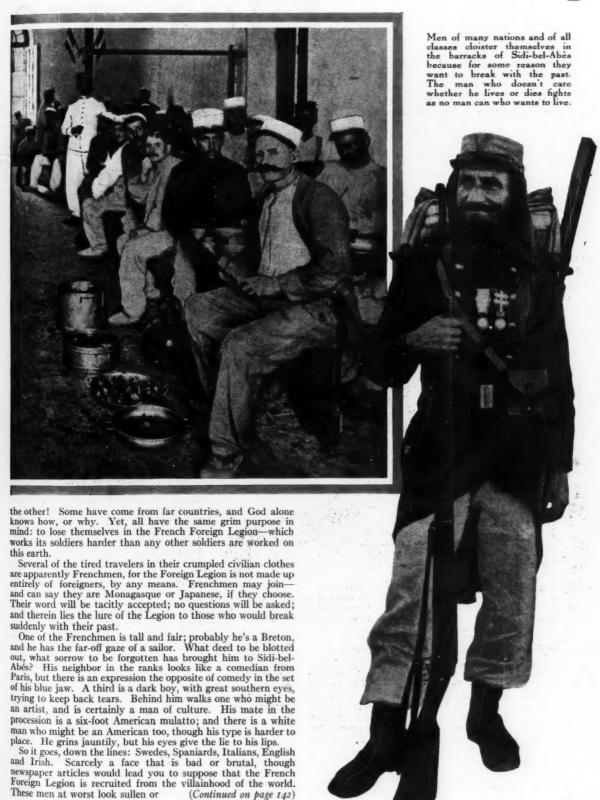
When the recruits pass under this gate, they are lost to the world for five years.

It is as if they know too well what was going on, and prefer not to see it. Indeed, no one stares, except a few lounging, burnoosed Arabs with dull black eyes that look as if they had died in their brown faces. Yet there is something worth staring at—if you have the heart to stare!

It is the astonishing procession of men being shepherded into lines of four by a brisk corporal, as one by one they stiffly descend from the car marked "32 hommes, 6 from the car marked "32 hommes, 6 chevaux" (32 men, 6 horses). The car—meant for freight or cattle—has o windows and no windows, and only one big door in the side, which has been slid wide open to let the travelers out. Stealthily you count thirty-two men—the full complement permitted. Even in the "bread line" in New York, on a

a strange collection of human downs-and-outs as this at the little station of Sidi-bel-Abés in Algeria. They appear to be men of many nations, of all classes, and of extraordinary difference of age. Among the thirty-two, there are thirty-two distinct There isn't a pair, in which one can be said to resemble

# Hold Life Cheap



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## The leasure

By Arthur Somers Roche

> Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

watched Cassenas eagerly. Near her sat a gray-haired man who had been observing her movements with equal interest. Eventually he ventured to address her.

"Another victim?" he asked.

Something about the man robbed his words of offensiveness and the two fell into showed marked apprehension when the stranger claimed that Cassenas was a despicable scoundrel. There was a ring of sincerity and honesty in his voice as he told the amazed young woman that he knew at least seven people who had every right to kill Cassenas for the rat he was. They were three husbands in different European capitals, a former musical comedy star, two former business partners, and, finally, a man whom Cassenas had dishonorably deprived of the Medal of Honor during the world war.

Scarcely had this terrible indictment been finished when Cassenas himself approached the two with this greeting: "Two surprises; one to find you here Terry, and the other to find that you know Mrs. Ripley."

His affability was met with icy words. Into the very teeth of this suave social butterfly Terry threw the same accusations which he had just told Mrs. Ripley, warning Cassenas that a long reckoning was due for a settlement and that his creditors were waiting for him that night at Spray House. Cassenas remained cool under this attack, and when Terry had departed he calmly evaded Mrs. Ripley's eager questions.
"Gene, tell me," she said, "does he speak

the truth. I've come here because you wanted me. I live a lie. I pretend to be married. And is it true that you are going to be engaged to Gladys Gary?"

He put her off. She must have faith in him. He would explain everything at the clandestine meeting which he was to have with

her that evening at one o'clock.

Before this meeting Cassenas gave one of his typical, hilarious dancing parties on board his house boat. When the gaiety was at its height, old General Gary entered with his daughter, Gladys. Calling for silence, Cassenas announced to his guests that he was engaged to marry Gladys Gary. To everyone's amazement General Gary stepped forth and called Cassenas a damned rascal, saying that the engagement was canceled and throwing a glass of wine in Cassenas's face. Burning with anger and indignation Cassenas struck the old man in the mouth. The party came to a



"I came down here because Cassenas asked me to. I posed being married because

The Story So Far:

HUNDRED eyes followed Eugene Cassenas as he walked to the hazard table in one of the most fashionable gambling places in Palm Beach. His appearance was so striking and he was so remarkably handsome that his friends had dubbed him "Beauty" Cassenas. But behind his lustrous, almost feminine, eyes and his regular Grecian features lay a hint of something evil, of something sinister and malign. Yet this creature possessed of the devil's beauty was the favorite of fortune; charming, well born, a remarkable athlete, he was a habitué of fashionable resorts the world over. December, however, always found him at Seminole Lodge, his magnificent Palm Beach home.

On this evening, nervous and ill at ease in the reckless group of pleasure seekers, a girl seated in an obscure part of the room

uyers A New Mystery Novel Laid in Exotic Palm Beach hasty and hideous conclusion; the guests left in disgust. The next morning, when Helen Ripley was hastily packing her trunks at the Hotel Lanthia, she was interrupted by the entrance of Detective Wolters who commenced brutally to ask her about her

relations with Cassenas. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Wellington Wiswell, the social leader of Palm Beach, and the Reverend Thaddeus Workman, evangelist and ex-wrestler, entered the room. They told Helen that Gene Cassenas had been murdered. The girl was horrified. Mrs. Wiswell com-forted her, and the sanctimonious Workman urged her to tell what she knew.

"Sister, come clean," he said, "we want the whole story."

VER Helen Ripley's face surged a color so fiery that it seemed it must scorch the flesh. She put her hands over her eyes. "I've been such a fool, such a wicked fool!" she murmured.

"The fool layeth open his folly, according to the Proverbs," smiled Workman. "Thus the wise man knows how to repair the damage that folly has wrought."

Mrs. Wiswell caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror above the chest of drawers from which Helen had been taking her garments to place them in the trunk. She made a grimace and touched her forehead. "I wish some wise man would come along and show me how to remove the wrinkles that folly has placed upon my fair young brow. My dear," she said to Helen, "am I not a sight for the gods? Imagine me appearing in public with

"Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," said Workman.

Mrs. Wiswell surveyed him frostily. "Of course there's nothing vain about you, is there? Except that you like to tell about having been a champion wrestler and a few things like that, there isn't a bit of conceit about you. Instead of criticizing a

handsome blonde because she likes to pretty up this world a bit by looking her best, suppose you get busy."

The Reverend Workman grinned. "Justly you rebuke me; I should not boast of fleshly triumphs." His merry blue eyes lost

their twinkle; the wide mouth straightened. "Begin at the beginning, Miss Ripley.'

Dr. Workman's merry blue eyes lost their twinkle. "Begin at the beginning, Miss Ripley." His words were a command.

His words were a command. Helen looked at him. Laughable as was his appearance, there was a hard aggressiveness about him that, enlisted on her side, inspired confidence.

Just what do you mean by the beginning?" she asked. Workman settled back in a chair; he crossed his bowed legs.
"When did you first meet Cassenas?" he asked.
"Last June," she answered.
"Where?" he inquired.

"At my home in Glendale, New York."

"A friend of the family, was he?"
She shook her head. "It was a business call. I'm an architect."
Workman pursed his lips. "An architect? You mean a real practising professional?"

She smiled faintly. "Not practising as much as I'd like to, but I studied at Columbia and at the Beaux Arts in Paris. I'm twenty-five, you know."

Mrs. Wiswell emitted a sigh. "My dear, quit architecture for something worth while. Housing the body is all right, but

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housing the soul is better. Why, there's millions in it. You look nineteen. Show me how to look six years younger than I am and I'll pay you anything."

The Reverend Workman paid no attention to the voluble "You have an office in Glendale?" he matron's interjection.

asked.

She shook her head again. "I haven't got that far; but I've planned several houses in Glendale. Not important things; nothing that cost over ten thousand dollars, until Mr. Cassenas came along.

"And how did he happen to come along?" asked Workman.
"He has a farm at Glendale. At least, it was a farm once. Now it's mostly underbrush. He stocked it with pheasants. He hadn't been there for several years until last June. Of course everyone in Glendale was excited at his coming. We all had heard of him for years. He, though hardly anyone knew him, was our link with for years. He, though the great world of fashion."

Workman nodded. "The god of snobbery has his worshipers

"I don't think that's fair," she retorted. "We who live in the little country towns are interested in the gaieties of those who are able to see the world. Remember that I was the only person in Glendale, except the boys who crossed during the war, who had ever been in Europe. Of course they were excited, and so was I. Mr. Cassenas stood for a life known to the rest of us only by hearsay." A look of horror came into her eyes. "And he's dead, murdered!" Her voice rose.

"Stop it! At once, do you hear?" cried Workman. "You're not to be hysterical. You understand?"

Uncouth, even grotesque though he was, there was power in the minister. Physical strength had enabled him to subdue his opponents on the mat; spiritual strength, that hypnotic quality that so frequently accompanies fanaticism, had made him able to win converts at his revivals. Helen felt herself steadied by his strength.

"I understand," she said meekly

"Good!" approved the Reverend Workman. "Tell me how you met Cassenas

"He called at my house."

"You mean the house of your parents?"
"My parents are dead. I live alone, with one servant."

"And you've studied abroad, eh? Your parents left you money, then? This isn't idle curiosity, Miss Ripley. I want to know everything.'

'I have a small income," she told him.

"The house detective said you were not married," said Workman.

"That's part of my story. But you knew it anyway. You've been calling me Miss Ripley all along."
"You didn't deny his charge," Workman reminded her. "But we're wandering far afield. Job says the ravens wander for lack of meat, but there is meat in what you may tell us; we need not wander from the subject. Cassenas came to see you. Why?"

"He told me that he wanted some alterations made in the farmhouse. He said that in another year or two he expected to entertain at Glendale during the shooting season. He wanted the house made habitable for his guests. We had a long talk. He drove me over to the farm. I went over the house. We discussed the matter many times. I finally submitted plans and he accepted them. I engaged a contractor in Glendale and during the summer the alterations and additions were made."

'And Cassenas stayed on at the farmhouse all summer?"

asked Workman.

'No. As soon as we had decided on what was to be done he

left. He came back in October.

"And that was his second visit in several years?" asked Workman.

Her forehead wrinkled. "I'm not sure. People have said every fall for eight or ten years-except in nineteen eighteenthat they had seen Mr. Cassenas. But the farmhouse was never open. A caretaker lived in an adjoining farmhouse. I remember hearing him say in the post-office, at one of the times when Mr. Cassenas was supposed to have paid a flying visit to Glendale, that whoever claimed to have seen him was mistaken." laughed nervously. "I think they were mistaken, too. Because they made a sort of Flying Dutchman or Headless Horseman out of him. It was always stated that he had been seen entering or leaving the Glendale cemetery, about five miles from town. I asked Mr. Cassenas about these reputed visits and he denied

"H'm," murmured Workman. "Well, was he satisfied with the work that had been done?'

"He seemed to be very enthusiastic over my work," "Not only over your work but over yourself?" asked Workman.

The girl looked appealingly at Mrs. Wiswell. The plump matron was gingerly removing the plaster from her forehead. She smiled sympathetically at Helen. "You child," she said, "there's no shame in loving even though the loved one is unworthy." She turned to Workman. "Of course Cassenas raved over her. But can't you hurry up your questions and get to the point?"

"In Proverbs," said Workman rebukingly, "it is written that there is more hope of a fool than of a man that is hasty in his words. Also the good Book tells us that he that can hear, and doesn't, is like a man that builds a house without a foundation. Mrs. Wiswell, before I can build I must have my foundation

laid."

The buxom matron sighed. "Go to it."

"He made love to you?" demanded Workman.

She nodded.

"You loved him?" persisted the minister.

"I thought so," she whispered.

"And how did you happen to come down here, posing as a married woman?" he asked.

"That's brutally put," cried Mrs. Wiswell.
"I am less brutal than the hotel detective was," retorted

The girl's eyes flashed. "I've been a fool. I've compromised But I am not silly enough to take offense at one who is honestly trying to help me. I came down here, Doctor Workman, because Cassenas asked me to. I posed as being married because well, let me go back. Mr. Cassenas made love to me. Not on Then he was brusk and businesslike. But last fall his manner changed."

"It always does," said Mrs. Wiswell dryly. "Over thirty-eight long years I've been watching the boys at work. Yes, my dear,

the time comes when their manners change."

Helen tried to smile, but the effort was not successful. "He had paid me the largest fee that I have ever received. Naturally, I was nice to him. And I must admit that I liked him at once. But that he, a man who knew everyone in the world, could be interested in me, was something that never occurred to me.

"I asked him to tea; we went motoring together; we played a round or two of golf at the Glendale Club. He seemed interested in my work. He couldn't understand why I remained in Glendale. I told him that breaking into New York would be too much for me. Then he suggested Palm Beach. He knew everyone down here, he said. He told me that all of Florida was experiencing a great business and building boom. He fold me that my ability backed by his influence ought to get me more work than I could do. He knew a dozen people who were planning villas and assured me that he could get the commissions for me. Furthermore, he said that he intended extensive changes in his own Palm Beach home and that he would entrust the work to no one else but me

"Then, just before he left Glendale, he proposed to me. He was the most fascinating man I had ever seen. But, although I thought I loved him, there was something that made me hesitate.

I didn't accept him.

"You refused Gene Cassenas?" cried Mrs. Wiswell incredulously.

"My dear, you're the seventh wonder of the world!"
"I didn't say I refused him," Helen corrected her. "I said that I didn't accept him."
"And how," demanded Mrs. Wiswell, "did Gene take that?" "He said that of course I was right to think it over and hoped that his proposal wouldn't interfere with my coming down here. Well, I didn't see why it should. Especially as I did fancy myself in love with him and thought that I'd probably accept him later on. Moreover, architecture is my profession. The fact that he wanted to marry me had nothing to do with my accepting professional commissions from him."

"Certainly not," declared Mrs. Wiswell.

The Reverand Workman shot the matron a warning glance. Mrs. Wiswell nodded understandingly. She would not interrupt again. Workmen spoke encouragingly to the girl.

"A clear statement. And you came down here when?"
"About three weeks ago. He had written and telegraphed me several times urging me to come earlier. I don't know why I didn't come. Several times I canceled reservations for the train and then the next day regretted having done so." She turned to Mrs. Wiswell. "A man might not understand, but a woman would. I—well, I was afraid of him. Afraid of loving him, I mean. Because, as I've said, there was something about him that repelled me. While I was with him I didn't feel this repulsion.

"A woman's heel print," he said. "Too narrow and deep for a man's shoe. What about it?"

It was only after he had gone away and I could think him over, so to speak." She turned appealingly to Mrs. Wiswell. Once again she asked for sympathetic comprehension. "Was that unnatural of me, to doubt a man I loved?".

Mrs. Wiswell broke her tacit promise to the Reverend Workman. "My dear," she said, "every woman doubts the

man she loves. Half of love is mystery, and mystery is doubt."
"Pay no heed to her words, Miss Ripley," said the minister.
"She presents sometimes a hard countenance in order to disguise the softness of her heart." He frowned at Mrs. Wiswell for interrupting, but the twinkle in his eyes belied the frown.

"Finally I wrote Mr. Cassenas that I would not come. He

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called me up on the long-distance teleph one. He pleaded with me and I gave in. Somehow he managed to secure a compartment for me on a train leaving the next day. I think that his ability to do things like this interested me as much as his personality. In a way, he was like a king. His money seemed to make everything possible, and that thrilled me.

"He told me that he would have a room engaged for me at the Lanthia. I arrived here, and he met me at the train. He said that he had registered for me, and so I went directly to my room. He had engaged a suite. Because I had promised to go to tea with him as soon as I could change my clothes, at Cocoanut Grove, I did not speak to the hotel office immediately about taking a single room. I sent for a maid to help me unpack my trunk which I had sent

on ahead. I noticed that she called me Mrs. Ripley. "I didn't bother to correct her at the moment, but I mentioned it to Mr. Cassenas as we were dancing. He told me that he had thought it would be better for me to pose temporarily as a married woman. In the first place, he said, single women in a hotel never had the same liberty of action that is freely granted, without criticism, to a married woman. Also he said that I looked so young that people would doubt my ability. The fact that I pretended to be married would somehow make people think me older than I looked.

"I know, if it wasn't a wrong thing to do, it was foolish. But when I was with him whatever he said seemed correct and natural. Before we had finished tea he had introduced me as Mrs. Ripley to half a dozen people. Later, I saw that it would be



embarrassing for me to explain to everyone that I was not

married. I let the thing go. "Well, these three weeks have nothing of importance to tell about. I met Mr. Cassenas's friends. He entertained me on his yacht and his houseboat, and at Seminole Lodge and at the Everglades. You know, Mrs. Wiswell."

The matron nodded confirmation. The girl continued.

"But in the last few days I came to realize that I didn't love him, that I couldn't marry him. I paid no attention to bits of stray gossip, catty remarks, that I overheard. I just knew that I didn't love him I distract him. didn't love him. I distrusted him; I even began to hate him. I saw that he had deliberately tried to compromise me, that he had no intention of inducing his friends to give me commissions, that he wished me to do no work at Seminole Lodge. But I stayed on in this single room, and when the hotel people told me that my

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bill was paid I insisted that they accept payment from me. It was a matter of pride. I determined to make Mr. Cassenas propose to me again. He had merely made love to me, with no talk of marriage, since my arrival. I determined that not only should he propose, but that he should cause the engagement to be publicly announced. I intended that the marriage date should be announced. And then, when I had proven that I was not what people had a right to think me, his mistress, I would jilt him as publicly and brutally as I knew how. For he was the lowest cad that ever lived."

"Bully for you, sister!" cried the minister.

Sparks flashed deep down in her gray eyes. "And now I'll tell you about last night," she said.

#### CHAPTER VII

"WE HAD an engagement to go motoring at one o'clock in the morning. Oh, I know it was not the sort of thing to do! But I was fighting for the reputation that had been com-One more dubious thing didn't matter. I knew perfectly well what Mr. Cassenas thought my acceptance of such an invitation meant. But I was sure that I could bring him to the point of proposing." She put her hands suddenly before her eyes. "Do I have to go on?" she asked.

The minister looked at Mrs. Wiswell. The matron shook her

"Gene Cassenas's reputation is well enough known, my dear child. We can guess the rest," she said.

The girl looked her gratitude. The (Continued on page 156)

Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull

HAVE to'd this story before. Some of you may have read it. For that matter, the stories of the battles of Waterloo and of Bunker Hill have been told a thousand times. Yet each new telling has found plenty of readers, as must each new telling of any worthwhile tale of pluck and prowess.

It was the gamest fight I have known, this battle of old Sunnybank Lad against overwhelming odds. Not only was it a supremely game fight because of those odds against him; but because he kept it up when he might have turned and fled, and after his wise old brain told him he had not a chance to win or even to survive.

To fight against odds requires courage. To fight when you know the odds against you are hopelessly overwhelming and that death is the only ending you can look for-that is sublime courage.

Lad was old-between thirteen and fourteen-as old for a collie as seventy would be for a human. For many years he had been the undisputed king of all Sunnybank's "Little People. It had not occurred to any of the lesser dogs to dispute his aloofly benevolent rule.

But advancing age had put flesh on Lad; it had dulled his chiseled muzzle and silvered it, and had worn down his terrible teeth and thickened his classic skull. No longer was he able to maintain his former flying leadership of the other dogs in rabbit hunts and lakeside gallops. He was slowing down and growing

heavy. And he slept a great deal.

His young son, Wolf, was at that time a slenderly graceful play-dog; more like his temperamental mother, Lady, than like Lad. As he grew more mature, he developed a staunchness and loyalty and brain almost equal to Lad's own. At the last, Wolf threw away his life, right blithely, to save a worthless cur from death.

I tell you this, lest you be prejudiced against the gallant little collie for his part in my story. He was then at an age when irresponsible wildness of spirit is the heritage of dog and boy alike. That must be his excuse; that and his blind hero-worship of Rex.

Rex was a big fawn-colored crossbreed, the offspring of a chance mating between a thoroughbred collie and a thoroughbred bull-terrier. He was a freak. Larger and stronger than either bullterrier or collie, he was a redoubtable fighter. He had thrashed every neighborhood dog within a mile radius of Sunnybank. Yet, never had he rebelled against Lad's calm mastery.

Lad neither liked nor disliked Rex. For the most part he ignored him. The only dog, in those days, in whom Lad felt any interest, was Wolf. He had trained Wolf from puppyhood, patiently, firmly, wisely; making a decent canine citizen of the harum-scarum youngster. He loved him. Wolf on the other hand was the slavish chum of Rex, admiring and seeking to imitate the big crossbreed's exploits, as a child might copy those of the school bully.



## amest The

One blizzardy Sunday afternoon in early March of 1916, Rex ambled off to the snow-choked forests behind Sunnybank on a desultory rabbit hunt. Wolf, as ever, tagged along with him. For weeks Rex had been increasingly restless and surly. A sort of pre-springtime savagery seemed to obsess him.

An hour later, Laddie went forth to the woods; not on a rabbit hunt, but for one of the stately strolls that were part of his daily routine. The snow lay deep in the forest, and traveling was hard for so old and unwieldy a dog. But a laborer had tramped a path through the snow a few minutes earlier. Into this irregular rut stepped Laddie, moving on more easily than through the deeper snowbanks.

At a curve in the woodland path he came face to face with Rex and Wolf returning from the fruitless rabbit chase. They, too, had sought the easiest pathway made by the laborer's footprints. At the curve they met Lad. Rex was trotting sulkily along in front of Wolf. There was not room for Lad and Rex to pass each other without one of them stepping into the heavy snow at one side.

Accustomed to have other dogs make way for him, Lad continued his majestically slow walk in the trail. This trivial act of superiority seemed to be the climax of Rex's many recent grievances against luck. Instead of moving aside, as usual, to let Lad pass by him, the crossbreed launched himself at the aged collie's throat.

He gave no warning of the attack. It caught Laddie altogether by surprise. Down crashed the old dog with Rex ravening furiously at his jugular. The crossbreed missed this vital spot by barely an inch. His vise-like jaws closed on a little skin and a great mouthful of fur at the side of Lad's neck.

With a mighty wrench, Lad was free, leaving skin and fur in his opponent's jaws. He leaped to his feet, despite his great age; as agile as a cat he confronted his foe.

Now, Lad was the wisest dog I have known. He realized he could not hope to win against this young giant whose weeks of



which did not impede Rex to any extent but which sadly hampered the weighty and panting old Lad. The two huge dogs clashed and tore and rended, their bodies rolling over and over in the heavy snow or caroming off treetrunk and boulder-Lad

A Story

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ever continuing that clever rear-guard action toward home. His slashes and grindingly fierce bites scored only light wounds in Rex's thick hide. Lad himself was bleeding from wounds that were many

and deep.

Once, near the highroad, he reared as usual to meet Rex's charge. This time he crashed to the ground before Rex reached him.

ever more and more wildly excited-had launched himself into the fray. He had hurled himself upon his rearing sire's flank, overthrowing him and driving his teeth into Lad's lower leg.

With increasing difficulty Lad got to his feet, out of the welter of battle, instinctively gaining two or three yards more of ground. Then both his enemies were upon him. And down he went again.

By the way, throughout the whole fight never once did he attack Wolf, the son he had trained and loved. After the battle Rex's skin was found to be slashed and scored with plenteous light wounds. There was not a mark on Wolf.

Even with two to one against him Lad would not run. Ever he fought on, seeking to shoulder aside Wolf's assaults and to do his feeble best to kill Rex. Oddly enough he could travel much faster now in his rear-guard maneuvers. For Rex and Wolf were continuously getting into each other's way as they flung themselves on their victim. Their teamwork was wretchedly bad. Again and again Lad gained much ground during their head-on collisions.

Yet the snow was too deep and he was too weak from loss of blood and from breathlessness and from age to carry out in full his plan. A hundred yards from the house, he fell for perhaps the fiftieth time. And he had not the strength to get to his feet again. Rex and Wolf surged to the slaughter. The game fight was ended-the gamest fight I have known.

By rare luck, one of the people in the house chanced to look out just then. The alarm was given. In another minute Rex was gasping out his life in the snow with the blade of a hunting knife through his insane heart. Wolf was fleeing for the woods. Loving arms were carrying the half-dead Laddie into the house.

There a veterinary labored skilfully over the hero dog, dressing his thirty-six wounds. And there, thanks to an unbelievably strong constitution and to tender nursing, the old collie came slowly back to life and health.

I said this story was worth the retelling. Do you agree with me?

## Fight I've Known

sullenness had so swiftly flared forth into murderous insanity. There was time—if only an instant—for him to turn tail and run for safety. For, in the highroad a furlong beyond, stood the laborer whose feet had made the rough path in the snow. He was talking with an acquaintance of ours who was taking an afternoon trudge along the highway. Lad could have fled to these men for protection. He did not.

Lad had his chance to escape. He would not take that chance. Instead, he went into battle. He did not go in, blindly, as did Rex; but with a clever strategical plan. At Sunnybank were safety and the humans he had served and guarded for so many years. They would save him. But Sunnybank house was more than a quarter of a mile away. The problem was to get there without turning tail on his enemy. And this problem Lad sought

Still facing Rex, the old dog moved backward in a direct line toward the house. (I went over the ground an hour later. His footmarks in the snow formed a straight line toward home. Not once did they swerve. Not once did the old dog turn about with his back to Rex. By instinct, he kept in that chosen line.)

As Lad stepped backward, Rex flew at him afresh. Lad

shifted quickly to one side, eluding the brunt of the rush, and drove his own teeth into the side of Rex's face. As he did so, Lad gave ground, and let Rex's impetus carry him several yards nearer home.

In his prime, Lad had had the crunching jaw-grip of a bull-But his teeth were yellowed and blunted and worn down. With a heave, Rex tore free and whirled madly back to the

Thrice he tried to lunge over Lad's head, to reach the spinal cord at the base of the skull. All three times, Lad reared to block the move; meeting the charge, chest to chest, snapping and slashing and always managing to move a few steps backward.

They were out of the path now, and breast-deep in the snow

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#### By Belle Burns Gromer

# A Story of Diamonds Cut, Fake and in the Rough Jentleman of The UNDERWORLD

Photographic Illustrations by Alfred Cheney Johnston

M-MM, Hm-mm, Hm-mm," the violinist skipped his bow down the scale as he tuned up; the pianist maneuvered the wet end of his cigaret to the corner of his mouth and sprawled his bony fingers across the keys in the opening bars of "Rosie O'Grady"; Sir 'Arry behind the bar polished the last wet glass and set it in the rack; the "Pack Train" was open for another busy night.

The big saloon's almost empty length echoed strangely. From

The big saloon's almost empty length echoed strangely. From their gaudy frames on the walls undraped ladies smiled down upon the bare length of the sawdust-covered floor. Through all the night a surging crowd would come and go by the swinging half-doors, but now there was the calm preceding the storm. In a while would come the raucous clamor of drinking men . . . click of chips and the whirr of the wheel . . . reek of malt and the stench of sweating humanity.

Gold rush days—days of '07.

An hour ago a ship from San Francisco had docked. The dance hall girls flecked on a heavier coating of powder and lounged waiting; the boys at the tables sorted chips and took heavy drags at their cigarets. Any time now and the chechahos, Alaska bound, would flock in for their first touch of Seattle high life; the sour doughs, returning to the Klondike, would arrive for their evening's diversion.

From his corner in the shadows at the end of the bar, "Smiley" Burke the cockney bar boy—boy by courtesy, for Smiley was well on to fifty—sat biting at his broken finger nails. A nondescript little tag of a man he was, with watery blue eyes and a shy smile that was made more pronounced by the jagged scar that lifted a corner of his weak mouth. Later, in the rush hours, the floor back of the bar would need tidying, the bar itself need sopping up, glasses to be washed, corks to be drawn, fresh water in the pitchers, odd errands to do; all that was Smiley's job, and he hated it:

It was a good many years ago since the little man had shipped as mess-boy on an old wind-jammer out of Liverpool. Just a nipper then, he was. When the news of the Klondike gold strike had swept the country the year before, his ship had been loading grain in San Francisco. Smiley was still a mess-boy. He'd jumped his berth with ambitious dreams of golden nuggets beckoning him from the Northland; but Seattle was as far as Smiley could achieve. Seemed them red-belly Mounter P'licemen wouldn't let a bloke into their precious country anyway wivvout 'e 'ad two years supplies tuh live on. That let Smiley out. Almost never in his whole life had he owned more than a quid at one time.

And so circumstances had once more conspired to hold him from affluence. Oh no, it wasn't the first time he'd had ambitious dreams; but they always came to naught. 'Ere 'e was at the old job of moppin' up slop; bein' a bloomin' 'elper tuh Sir 'Arry the barkeep what set 'isself up for a Henglish gent'man. Huh! Him a toff? It made Smiley fair squirm every time he thought of it. There was a never-ending conflict between the timorous little cockney and the pompous remittance man who mixed the poison behind the Pack Train bar. Not a visible struggle, but a struggle just the same. Fellow Britons they might be, but neither was bragging about it.

Tonight Smiley was moodier than usual; the thoughts and dreams that were accustomed to make his lonely hours pass more pleasantly were disarranged. Smiley had no friends; he couldn't read; he'd never had enough money to drink and gamble and show the girls a treat: and so he lived in a land of his own making where, at the present time, his fondest dream was a picture of himself givin' Sir 'Arry a good poke in the nose and then finish in' 'im up proper by paradin' before 'im in a mornin' coat an topper.

The morning coat and topper—that was the nucleus about which all of the small cockney's fancies revolved. It was a suppressed desire that had accompanied him through life; in his adolescent days he had developed a hankering for those outward habiliments of a real toff, and he would never be happy until he had attained his goal. Time and again he had been on the way to attainment, but his little hoard always had been swept away by bad judgment on his part and good judgment on the part of others. Now in the dirty belt that he wore about his waist, Smiley again was hoarding nickel by nickel from his meager pay that barely fed and gave him covering. After work, in his hall room at the dingy lodging house he called home, he would count lovingly his little hoard. The greasy belt was heavier now than it ever had been before. The composition of an order to tailor in Saville Row began to form in his mind. Far ahead his goal was beginning to appear.

But tonight the glories that he yearned for had but a smal part in Smiley's thoughts. A strange thing had happened to him. That afternoon when the steamer from San Francisco had

whistled its bass call in the harbor's entrance, Smiley with every other able-bodied person on the water-front had made his way to the wharf to view the incoming ship and its passengers. Men were flocking from the South on their northward journey to the gold fields and every ship was crowded to capacity.

On the dock, in a group aloof and looking down on the denizers of French Alley in much the same way that the wives of the towatradesmen looked down on them, stood a dozen or more of the dance hall girls from the Pack Train. They had been laughing and giggling over a joke that Diamond-Tooth Gertie had been retailing. Gertie was a slender, black-eyed woman of thirty-odd. There was a certain air of command about her; perhaps it was the way she held herself. She was the balladist at the Pack Train, and the acknowledged leader of the girls. She was valued by the owners of the Pack Train, too; her smooth contralto voice nightly stole a goodly number of the patrons from the other saloonalong King Street. Besides that, men fell for her; she could have her choice of the gang below the Line and not a few above it, but she seemed to have the knack of playing no favorites. She knew how to hold herself a bit uppity, Smiley thought. Danch hall girl she might be, but she was high class. Almost a lady, you might say.

Gertie's one vulnerable spot was her love of diamonds; the sparkling things had a fascination for her that made her desire amount almost to an obsession. Even her nickname had come to her through the bizarre distinction of having a half-carat diamond set in one of her white teeth. When she smiled it shome bravely, which was why she generally maneuvered herself so that

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she faced the long mirror behind the bar; there she fastened her eyes upon the reflection of that scintillating tooth as she went about that part of her nightly work which consisted of kidding the pikers into buying more drinks. Outside of that one fair-sized stone, Gertie hadn't many others. Hard times and small wages had been upon the country for some years and so she had possessed herself only of a few pieces of cheap jewelry set with chips. Smiley sometimes thought she might have had more if she hadn't held the men at their distance the way she did. There was Portson, the town jeweler, now. He was keen on Gert, all right. Once Smiley had seen him flash a ring at her, but it wasn't much to look at; Gert had flung it back at him with that laugh of hers. She wasn't falling for no pikers an' Portson was a tight one.

hers. She wasn't falling for no pikers an' Portson was a tight one.

At last the steamer from 'Frisco was alongside. The lines were made fast and the gangplank shoved aboard; eager gold-hunters, their shoulders bowed beneath heavy packs, jostled sedate tradesmen as they struggled down the narrow incline to the wharf. There was a babble of shouted greetings, of hoarse-voiced newsboys calling their papers. Out of the jam at the edge of the dock, Smiley huddled and watched the wind whip the waves high in the bay. He had lost track of Gertie in the crowd but suddenly he heard her deep voice near him.

"Good Lord!" was what she said.

Sensing something in her voice and seeing the drawn whiteness of her face he turned to follow her-eyes.

Through the crowd near them a young girl made her way; a young girl with a rope of taffy-colored hair and fresh pink cheeks that spoke of wholesome living and the out-of-doors. By comparison the dance hall girls suddenly appeared sallow and vicious-looking; Smiley was a bit startled at the change.

The youngster had almost reached them. She was glancing from face to face as if in search of someone; the heavy telescope bag she carried pulled at her childish arms and bumped clumsily into the closepressed throng who surrounded her. As she passed the group of Pack Train girls the old telescope struck one of them. The girl was Mamie, a quicktempered Spaniard who with a shower of invective turned to face whomever had jostled her. The child's manner was a pitiful blending of apology and fear under the lash of Mamie's tongue; tears were very close to the blue eyes. Mamie's fluent tirade was cut short when Gertie's fingers sank into the flesh of her forearm and she was swung away.

"Shut your filthy mouth, Mamie," she snapped and faced the young girl.

The child—she wasn't more than fifteen or sixteen at the most—had stared blankly at Gertie; then a slow recognition had begun to dawn. She swallowed and hesitated.

"Are—now—uh—could you tell me where I could find the Pack Train theater? I'm looking for my aunt—Mrs. Douglas, her name is." Then she had lost the schoolgirl poise. "Oh, ain't you my Aunt Gert?" she cried. "It's so long since I saw you, but I have your picture and I'm sure you're Aunt Gert. I'm Maisie's girl. They say I'm like her. I'm Maisie too, you know. You ain't seen me since we came to 'Frisco from England, have you? I was little then, wasn't I?"

Smiley crowded to a closer vantage-point. Something going on here, to judge from Gertie's face. The dance hall girl spoke rapidly and in a low voice. Smiley couldn't hear what she said. Her companions had drawn a bit aside and were staring curiously at the two.

"But Aunt Gert"—the young voice was a little hurt. "Gramma died a long time ago like I wrote you. You never answered me, though. I rented the cottage to the Brewsters an' I lived with

them for the rent money. I was awful homesick for my own people, Aunt Gert. Miz Brewster was good to me, but I wanted to come to you. We're all that's left, you an' me. Mr. Brewster, he gave me two months' rent in advance and I took the boat an' came. Ain't—ain't you glad to see me?" The wistful note in her voice caught at Smiley's heart.

Homesick already, he thought. So this was Gert's niece. Lor', but she were a pretty thing, that kid. Smiley couldn't take his eyes from her face. All the women that he had ever known had been water-front scum—the drabs of the dance halls and the like. Gorblimme, but this one was different.

Then as the small cockney had edged his way through the crowd, he had inadvertently stumbled over the feet of a tower-

ing figure in a wide-brimmed soft hat and sombre Prince Albert. Instantly the big man grasped the back of Smiley's collar and jerked him about. "What do you mean by stumblin'

over a gentleman that way, you runt?" Pale eyes like oysters sneered at the frightened bar boy; wet lips drew back from teeth that were like those of the man-eating figer the little cockney had once seen in a circus. The iron grasp on the back of his collar was choking him. Goramighty, but he was in for a go; he was terrified.

The man had shaken him like a bundle of old rags; Smiley had given up hope when he felt the grasp loosen. He darfed frightened eyes about and saw the girl standing at the big man's elbow. His glance met hers; she knew how it was; 'adn't she just got into a mess 'erself through no fault of 'er own. "Please don't," she pleaded. "I

"Please don't," she pleaded. "I

—I saw that man stumble in the
crowd. Really, he couldn't help it."

The wide-brimmed hat came off

with a flourish.

"Well now, Miss Maisie"—Smiley turned startled eyes to the ingratiating voice that now issued from betwixt those tiger teeth—"if you ask it, of course I won't give this feller what's comin' to him. Do I get a knock-down to your aunt, Miss Maisie? I take it this is your aunt?"

Smiley had still stood there. He saw the worried expression that crossed the girl's face. Somehow—perhaps because he understood it so well—he had sensed that the girl was afraid of this man.

"Why—why, yes," she stammered.
"This is my aunt—Mrs. Douglas.
This is Mr. Calhoun, Aunt Gert. He came on the steamer."

The newcomer's eyes had appraised

Gertie; she had stared back with a half-defiant, half inviting glance; at the end of a split second Smiley knew that there was no doubt but that the man understood Gertie's status in the community.

He showed that understanding in his manner.

"Yes, Miz Douglas," he had been saying as Smiley made his reluctant way up the dock, "Miss Maisie an' me got to be great friends on the trip up. Hope I'll see a lot of you while I'm here. I'm Dawson bound but not for a week or two at least. Buyin' supplies an' an outfit here; that takes time. Your niece tells me you're an actress?"

Smiley had seen the girl's expression as he had turned away. She was scared of that there bloke as 'e was 'isself. Wot's more,

she didn't 'ave no use for 'im.

And so, his duties suspended until the rush of evening patrons should commence, Smiley sat in the shadows at the bar's end and brooded. Below Seattle's dead-line wasn't no place for a young girl, nor yet was Gert no fit guardian. She were Henglish, that kid; she were 'is country-woman. For the first time in his timid life he felt a desire to protect someone. It were like as if she were 'is kid sister, he told himself. The kid sister 'e'd never 'ad. He wished that he might talk the situation over with Sir 'Arry; they were Britishers both; together they

(Continued on page 126)



MARGARET SANGSTER

ARTHUR McKEOGH, who was adjutant of the Lost Battalion, tells me that during the World War about two men in every squad had little books of one sort or another in which they got confidential with themselves—and wrote poetry. Terrible stuff, most of it, of course. Only for their own eyes, you know.

Except when someone came upon it to be sent home with the effects.

There's a lot more interest in poetry than most of us think. So next month we plan to give you a story in poetry. An exceptional story. About a Chinese girl and a young missionary. It's by Margaret Sangster, whose verses are far better known than I'd supposed—estimating her age. And this poem rings true because she has done a great deal of missionary work herself. [R. L.]



The Story So Far:

First, she met Lee Purdy. Now Lee had just been shot at by a self-confessed gunman, Bud Shannon, and had only managed to turn the tables and wound Bud by sheer nerve; and Gail witnessed the aftermath of this encounter. She concluded that Lee was a cool desperado; an opinion that was reinforced when Lee told her the Box K manager, Ira Todd, was in the hospital, hurt by Chan Hock, Chinese restaurant owner, in a quarrel over Lee

this morning.

Perforce, then, having no one else to meet her, Gail accepted Lee's invitation to go to La Cuesta Encantada, the Enchanted Hill, Lee's ranch. There she met Hallie, Lee's charming invalid sister, and revised her estimate of Lee. He was a romantic character, she found, son of an old New England family who pre-ferred ranch life. Some of his neighbors, he admitted—notably,

Ira Todd—hated him as a "dude."

Next morning Lee showed himself a man of resourceful courage. When a mob of Todd's friends, led by his range boss, Jake Dort, came to lynch Chan Hock, Lee calmly invited them to breakfast and then routed them with a machine gun. Gail was for firing Todd at once, until Lee told her she could not—the Box K owed him too much money. Lee then unfolded to her a surprising The cattle ranches throughout this country were in situation. the grip of the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation, which had acquired land and chattel mortgages during a bad year. were in a position to foreclose on the Box K at any time, through Todd's bad management. He, Purdy, had been shrewd enough to avoid a similar tight situation on his own ranch. He offered

the Cuyamaca Reserve. Arriving at the Box K (which Gail discovered was a discouragingly lonely and unkempt place) Lee, acting for Gail, ordered her cattle driven out on the government summer range so that the loan corporation

could not collect them easily for foreclosure.

Jake Dort angrily refused, and challenged Lee to fight it out. They did—and Lee's superior science won, whereupon he appointed Pete Howe range boss in Jake's place, to carry out his He and Gail returned to La Cuesta Encantada, where, orders. in a luncheon conversation, Lee made it plain that he had hidden enemies in this country who had tried to drive him out; he retained his grazing permit only because Hallie had written to the President about it, referring to his citations for bravery. He had, he said, a slightly shady record which his enemies had tried

to use against him.

Meanwhile Jake Dort went to Ira Todd in the hospital to get back his job. Gail, warned over the telephone by Pete, went to see Todd also. And there she received a shock. For Todd, lying in his cot, told a long, straightforward, circumstantial story of the infamy of Lee Purdy: how he had been a cattle rustler on the Mexican border, saved from a conviction only by a hung jury and a promise to get out and join the army; how he had brutally murdered a harmless ranch hand; how he had been a Texas Ranger who killed first and arrested afterwards; how, according to Todd, he was suspected here of stealing unbranded cattle.



Moreover, said Todd, the cattle loan corporation would not foreclose on her mortgage; and he handed her a telegram which proved it. Lee, he said, was engaged in a plot to freeze her out and acquire her ranch at a low price. There was nothing for Gail to do but place her affairs again wholly in Todd's hands and promise to leave La Cuesta Encantada.

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> Lee Purdy, it happened, was in the hospital at the time, having just submitted to a blood transfusion to save the life of the gunman who had tried to kill him—though Gail did not know this fact. Gail went in to him. Directly, she told him Todd's specific accusations; one by one, he admitted their substantial truth. Gail left, feeling that she had lost her belief in Santa But before she left, Lee had deftly abstracted from her hand-bag the loan corporations' telegram.

> Gail went back with Tommy Scaife in the airplane. Tommy was one of the men Todd had implicated with Lee. Gail now

his silence branding them ridiculous, she would have been moved to ascribe Todd's words to idle gossip. But that her host was a human anachronism she could no longer doubt; and presently, reacting from the sadness and disappointment incident to her discovery that he was an anachronism, her alert mind began to seek evidence of the extent of his anachronistic tendencies.

On each side of the fireplace stood five rows of shelves filled with books. Gail, rising, scanned the titles and discovered that in his literary tastes-for every volume she examined bore his book-plate—Lee Purdy was unusually catholic. Ancient and classical literature mingled with the most modern; the "Autobiclassical literature mingled with the most modern; the "Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini," General Grant's "History of the Civil War," Darwin's "Origin of Species," Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People," "Gulliver's Travels," Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," "The Oxford Book of Verse," a special edition of the poems of T. A. Daly and a volume of Ernest Dowson's—these shouldered "Underground Timbering" by Ford, "Philipping Forestry" by Ahern beaud editions of the "Loured". "Philippine Forestry" by Ahern, bound editions of the "Journal of the Hereford Cattle Breeders' Association of America," Pro-fessor Piper's "Swine Husbandry," "Breeding and Training of

Cavalry Mounts" by somebody whose name was obscured by a blotch of ink, and a "Monograph on the West Highland Terrier"

by Holland Buckley.

Gail continued to read the titles in the amazing list. There was "The History and Development of Internal Combustion Engines" by Pugh, Grassette's "The Semi-Insane and the Semi-Responsible," a priceless original edition of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," "Clinical Notes on the Treatment and Prevention of Intestinal Toxemia" by Lieb, Department of Agriculture bulletins on such diversified subjects as cotton farming, the boll-weavil, immunization of hogs against hog cholera and hemorrhagic septicemia, and bovine tuberculosis; there was Daniels on "Landscape Gardening," the "Drummer's Joke Book," the Family Bible, The Koran, the "Analects of Confucius," and—Gail abandoned everything in favor of this—a "Genealogy of the Purdy Family, of Worcester, Massachusetts."

"Despite his busy life of crime," Gail reflected, "he has had time to read all these books, for they all seem to have been read. Still, he might be a patron of second-hand book-shops."

She composed herself under the reading lamp and in the "Genealogy of the Purdy Family, of Worcester, Massachusetts," sought eagerly for confirmation of her vague, preconceived hope that in a family old enough to possess such a bulky genealogy she was bound to uncover some refutation or explanation of Lee

Purdy's dual nature.

It appeared that the record of the Purdy history commenced when one James Purdy, an archer, having lost his bow and arrows at the battle of Hastings, had without previous experience performed right well with spear and battle-ax. At any rate that day he started up the military heights and as captain of a company of archers some years later he foolishly accepted a challenge to fight a duel with rapiers. Returning from the field of honor feet foremost, he had been duly buried with public and religious rites—the first Purdy to lift himself and the name out of the level of mediocrity.

His issue had married and fathered many children; they had lived undistinguished lives, fighting for their king or against him as the humor seized them. Some had died peaceably of old age; others in battle, two on a gibbet. Thomas Purdy had against his will emigrated to America. Condemned as a traitor, he had been sold into slavery to a Virginia planter. Thomas had solved his problem by refusing bluntly to remain a slave in Virginia, on the broad general principle that Britons never should be slaves. He ran away. Eventually reaching an inlet on the North Carolina coast, he came upon a pirate craft careened on the beach for painting, calking and repairing. A pirate was, in the opinion of

Thomas Purdy, several degrees higher in the social scale than a slave. Moreover, Thomas owed His Britannic Majesty a grudge. So he joined the ship's company, rose to preeminence in the business of piracy, accumulated worldly goods and, as so frequently happened in those days, eventually was pardoned for his crimes and given a commission as admiral in the King's navy.

In his early fifties the ex-pirate had wed Sarah Pennington, of Providence, Rhode Island, who had borne him three sons, the eldest of whom, Benjamin, eventually had settled in the neighborhood of what is now Worcester, Massachusetts. The record from Benjamin on was that of the average early American family—a recital of marriages, births, deaths, Indian fights, service in all of the wars of the United States, election to town councils, gradual rise to importance in the social, business and financial life of Worcester. Four generations of one branch of the family had pursued the business of textile manufacturing in Worcester; the present head of that particular branch, Jonas Isaac Purdy, father of Hallie and Leland Purdy, was the owner of the Purdy Mills.

He was sixty-six years old, according to Gail's computation, and had married, at twenty-six, Miss Abigail Monroe. Four children had been born of this union—David, now thirty-eight, Norris, now thirty-six, Abigail, thirty-four, and Leland, thirty-two. At his birth Lee Purdy's mother had passed away. Ten years later his father had remarried, taking to wife Hester Ambrose, the eldest daughter of a wealthy old Revolutionary family. Hallis, now approaching her twentieth birthday, had been the sole issue of that marriage and her mother had died when Hallie was five

years old.

So Lee Purdy was a half-brother to Hallie! Gail thought she could detect a reason for their devotion to each other. David had married at twenty-four, Norris at twenty-one and Abigall at nineteen. Concerned with their own domestic establishments and their own babies, they had not had time or opportunity to develop toward Hallie anything approaching the measure of affection which her relationship to them demanded. Lee had been about thirteen years old, however, when Hallie was born; he had been eighteen when her mother died and the lonely, delicate little thing had got closer to his heart, probably, than had the other members of the family. Then he had gone forth into the world, to return at infrequent periods, with the glamour of adventure upon him. In Hallie's romantic eyes he had doubtless been a hero always.

In the very year of its establishment a Purdy had matriculated at Harvard University. Lee Purdy's grandfather and father had graduated from Harvard, but not Lee Purdy. He had broken the family tradition by attending a school of mines in Colorado. No further record of the master of La Cuesta Encantada came under Gail's eager searching eyes, but in a large linen envelope pasted by the gummed flap to the reverse of the last page in the Genealogy, Gail found copies of all documents relating to the rhost's service in the Great War.

never moved from his squatting position.

Joaquin struck match after match—he was an inveterate cigaret smoker—and

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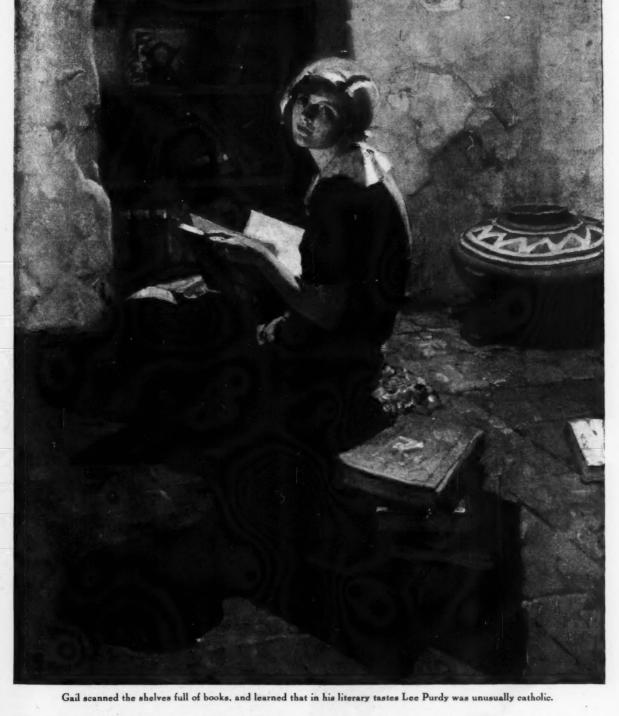
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Britannic Majesty, King George V; he held the distinguished service cross with a cluster of oak leaves, proving that he had won it twice; the Portuguese, Italians and Belgians had each decorated him for gallantry in action; and he had been tried, convicted and sentenced to dismissal from the service for conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman—to wit, publicly thrashing his superior officer.

This sentence had, upon the recommendation of the Commanding General of the Army, been disapproved by the President and a severe reprimand, published in general orders and read at retreat formation of his unit, together with a fine of one month's pay, had been substituted for the sentence of the general court-martial. A memorandum, apparently in Lee Purdy's

handwriting and pinned to this unsavory military record, explained that he had thrashed the Major in a moment of passion, superinduced by the inexcusable action of the latter, who had abandoned him in a dog-fight!

abandoned him in a dog-fight!
Gail closed the Genealogy. She understood her host now. He had bred back to his first American ancestor, Thomas Purdy, the pirate. Kind, affable, courtly, polite, with a certain measure of good breeding and refinement, an alert intelligence and a becoming sense of his responsibilities as a citizen Lee Purdy might be, and undoubtedly was, until aroused. Thereafter he could with ease develop into a bold, bad, cruel, scheming, murderous devil. In a word he was a curious mixture of good and bad—a latter-day Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Had not his

piratical ancestor died in sanctity?....Yes, Lee Purdy was a throwback.

#### CHAPTER XIII

FOOTSTEPS echoed along the patio porch and down the hall, pausing at the door of the living-room. Gail looked up and found Tommy Scaife standing in the entrance, hat in hand, his face troubled and apologetic.
"Beg pardon, miss," he said.

"I thought I'd take a quick look through the boss's library an' see if he's got anything on poison."
"I'm certain he must have," Gail replied. "He has everything else. What sort of poison are you interested in?" She had risen to replace the Genealogy and her bright eyes were

already busy scanning the titles.

"I don't know," Tommy confessed. "Rory's poisoned, I think. Anyhow he's got froth on his lips an' he's having a convulsion."
"Poor fellow! What has he been eating? Why don't you ask him?" "Rory's an Airedale terrier, "Oh! The symptoms incline me to think he has been given strychnine. Give him raw eggs and milk and follow with an emetic—mustard and water—a few minutes later." Somehow, Lee, Main Street don't appeal to me tonight; street fightin' in the dark

"Thanks, miss." Tommy bowed and hastened away. Once outside the patio he ran to the bunk-house, routed out Joaquin, the Mexican cook, and demanded raw eggs and milk. "Por que?" Joaquin demanded. Like all of his le

Joaquin demanded. Like all of his leisurely kind he required always a substantial reason for bestirring himself, particularly after hours.

Tommy cursed him and bade him in Spanish to talk less and do more. Then, while Joaquin drew on his trousers and boots, Tommy explained that, having heard Rory barking furiously a couple of hundred yards from the house and over in the direction of the hangar, he had concluded the dog had crossed the trail of a skunk. Rory had a habit of nocturnal prowling. Skunks have this habit also and not infrequently Rory's barking at night had been but the prelude to his ignominious return, a disgrace to dogdom and an outcast from the free and easy society of the bunk-house until the odor of his encounter should have worn Fearful of the customary annoyance, therefore, Tommy had whistled to Rory, who thereupon had ceased his uproar and five minutes later had come to the door of Tommy's cabin and scratched. Tommy had opened the door and Rory had fallen at his feet in a convulsion.

"This is an old tale on La Cuesta Encantada," quoth Joaquin.
"Tomitito, there are enemies abroad." He buckled on a belt and six-shooter and went with Tommy Scaife to help the latter carry the dog to the kitchen for treatment. But they arrived too late. Rory lay outstretched on the floor of Tommy's cabin; as they entered his stumpy tasseled tail beat the floor feebly, and when Joaquin knelt and stroked the rough head with a kindly "Pobre perrol" Rory licked the swarthy wrist, essayed to get up, failed, sighed and died.

goin' feel preety bad, I theenk, Tomitito, no?" said the cook sorrowfully. Madre de Dios! Eef I catch me those fella he's got the mean heart for poison one poor dog because he don' like the same man like the dog, I tell to you, amigo, I keel it." Joaquin and Tommy looked at each other. "Mees Hallie he's

"Some day, Joaquin—some day!" Tommy Scaife replied hopelly. "I don't so much mind what they do to Lee. He can stand it, but every time somebody sneaks up here and slips a meat ball with strychnine in it to one of our dogs, it sets Hallie Purdy back a month. May God damn that fiend's foul soul to the deepest hell!"

"I theenk mebbeso you better tell small lie, eh, Tomitito mio? You tell to the Señorita, Rory she go weeth Tony to the Cuyamaca. When Tony she's come back you tell to the Señorita theese ol' fool Rory he's run away for leeve weeth the coyotes-you tell to him somtheeng—I don' care one leetle dam what he is—so mebbeso Mees Hallie she don' cry like leetle baby."

"That's not a bad idea, Joaquin. I'll have to warn Miss

Ormsby not to tell her the dog has been poisoned.

He hastened down to the hacienda, entering the living-room just as the telephone in Purdy's office across the hall rang

—three long bells and two short.

"Somebody callin' over the Forest Service line,"
Tommy informed Gail. "Wonder what's doing. Strange,

at this hour o' the night-

He went to the office and answered the telephone. Gail heard him say, at the end of five minutes' silence: "Very well, Jim. We'll be on the watch. Purdy's away. Tommy Scaife talkin'. You needn't mind ringin' up on this

matter again, Jim. Sabe usted?"

He paused again at the door of the living-room. "Rory's dead," he informed her. "Please do not tell Miss Hallie. When she asks for Rory I'm going to lie to her. Good

night, miss.

He returned to his cabin, where Joaquin was still sorrow-ing over the dead Airedale. "Just had a telephone message from Jim Presbery, the Assistant Supervisor at San Simeon," he told the cook. "He tells me Steve MacDougald was bushwhacked up on the Middle Fork of the Rio Hondo this morning. They found his body about sunset. Hondo this morning. They found his body about sunset. Joaquin, I'm not going to leave the boss in Arguello all night. I'm afraid. Come on over to the hangar and help me run out my bus."

Joaquin swore feelingly in English and Spanish and followed after Tommy. At the door of the hangar the latter

"I'm going to put a new padlock on this door tomorrow," he declared, "and when I do I'm going to file the number off the padlock. Whoever knows the number stamped on a Yale padlock can always buy the corresponding numbered key to fit it, and whoever slipped Rory his medicine was

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fallen aquin a belt arrived cabin; feebly, with a ssayed lie he's

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Rory's Hallie. Good

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at him. Now, what was he doin' here, I wonder? Did he come to poison dogs or jim up these ships? Or did he figure to poison the dogs first so they wouldn't give him away when he came back

Tommy Scaife, still growling under his breath, opened the hangar and turned on the electric lights, supplied from huge storage batteries into which a two-horsepower gasoline motor pumped "juice." In the hangar were three airplanes, two of them two-seaters and one a single-seater—a combat plane. Tommy went carefully over the ship he had been flying that afternoon, testing all the wires and controls, examining the igni-

atternoon, testing an the wires and controls, examining the ignition and connections on the motor.

"Guess she's all right, Joaquint," he remarked and walked out to the end of the right wing. He struck one of the spruce struts a smart blow with the flat of his hand, paused, considering—and struck it again—harder. "Something doing here," he muttered. "She gives a little!" He ran his palm up and down the strut, then flashed a pocket torchlight on it. Satisfied with his examination, he went carefully over all the other struts while Joaquin nation, he went carefully over all the other struts while Joaquin stood by, watching him owlishly.

Tommy passed on to the next machine and examined that with equal care. Then he inspected the single-seater.

"O. K.," he announced. "We'll push out old Red Belly here," and he indicated the second plane he had inspected. Humming and its indicated the second plane he had inspected. Trumming a tuneless improvisation he moved briskly about, filling the motor with oil and the tank with gasoline; when he was ready to roll the ship out of the hangar he stepped outside, looked toward the east and noted a mellow radiance in the sky. The full moon would soon be up.

He returned inside the hangar, closed the doors, and with a crook of his finger summoned the Mexican.

"Joaquin," he said, "we've had a visitor in this hangar. See here!" and he indicated the ship he had been driving that day. 'He has sawed the two end struts on both wings practically twothirds through and filled the crack made by the saw with beeswax, which is almost the same color as this wood. If I hadn't inspected the ship very closely I wouldn't have noticed the job. It's mighty neat."

"He do thees t'ing tonight?"

room habitues, either."

"No, by Judas, he didn't. He did it yesterday, and we've been flying this ship all day!"
"Madre de Dios!"

(Continued on page 178)

(Continued on page 178)

## My Own True Spy Story

By the Man Who Has the Best Right to Tell One

### Winston S. Churchill

First Lord of the British Admiralty During the War

HERE is a well defined class of people subject to "Spyomania." Their minds are peculiarly affected by anything in the nature of espionage or counter-espionage. The war was the heyday of these worthy folk in every country. No suspicions were too outrageous to be nourished, no tale too improbable to be believed, and the energies of thousands of amateur and irregular detectives reinforced at every moment and in every district the stern and unsleeping vigilance of the public authorities.

There is no doubt that these voluntary activities, although they led to the discovery of innumerable mare's nests and often inflicted unmerited sufferings upon individuals, constituted on the whole an important additional element of security. eyes followed everybody's movements; long ears awaited every incautious expression in the streets, in public conveyances, on railways, in the theater, in restaurant or tavern; tireless industry unraveled to the third and fourth generation the genealogy of all who bore non-British names or who had married foreign wives.

During the air raids, when national excitement was fanned by anger and alarm, no match could be struck which was not noticed, no chink of light could escape from a carelessly curtained window without instant complaint and swift information to the Police. Thus did whole communities protect themselves against the subtle peril which dwelt privily in their midst.

In the higher ranges of Secret Service work the actual facts in

many cases were in every respect equal to the most fantastic inventions of romance or melodrama. Tangle within tangle, plot and counter-plot, ruse and treachery, cross and double-cross, true agent, false agent, double agent, gold and steel, the bomb, the dagger and the firing party were interwoven in many a texture so intricate as to be incredible and yet true. The Chief and high officers of the Secret Service reveled in these subterranean labyrinths, and amid the crash of war pursued their task with cold and silent passion.

There has been disseminated by spontaneous efforts of the public press from time to time the theory that John Bull, especially under Liberal administrations, is a simple sentimentalist, without care or forethought, and a ready dupe for continental craft and machinations. This too perhaps had its utility. In fact however it is probable that, upon the whole, during the war, the British Secret Service was more efficient and gained greater triumphs, both in the detection of spies and in the collection of information from the enemy than that of any other

country, hostile, allied or neutral.

I remember one case in the first year of the war of which I was

told at the time by the Intelligence Department.

In the measures which we adopted at the Admiralty to cope with the original submarine campaign against merchant ships in February, 1915, there was included a project for constructing a great wire net across the Straits of Dover. The scheme was perfected to the best of our ability at that time, and a large quantity of material and labor had already been applied to its partial execution. It was found, however, that the physical difficulties far exceeded expectations and during the Spring the partly completed work was laid aside.

The Germans at that time possessed in England a much trusted spy, who was in fact a still more highly trusted agent of the British Government. Working in the closest harmony with the British Naval Intelligence, this gentleman supplied the enemy with such information as the Admiralty thought could be spared to maintain the confidence of his German employers without of course affecting important naval interests. After a while the

Germans apparently found the diet somewhat thin, and they requested their agent to visit them in Berlin for direct consultation.

Such a summons is of course the supreme test for a man in this position. Not to respond is to forfeit instantly all credit; to go, on the other hand, is to put oneself in the jaws of death, and to do this without knowing what information lay behind the summons. No pressure was put by our Intelligence upon the agent, but this brave man determined for himself to comply with the invitation,

He went in due course by the circuitous routes which were open, but he went not unprovided. He took with him as a piece of information of immense consequence and unimpeachable authenticity the whole of the designs for the Straits of Dover

anti-submarine net.

In Berlin this was decisive. His credit with the German Intelligence was raised to an unexampled degree. Compliments and thanks were reinforced by the payment of several thousand pounds. Our agent re-crossed the German frontier in perfect safety and a few days later the head of the British Naval Intelligence received the price that had been paid by the German Government for an obsolete scheme. But this was not all—the more the design of our plan was studied in Berlin and Wilhelmshaven the more formidable it appeared; and a few weeks later orders were issued by the German Admiralty that in consequence of the serious obstructions to be met with in the Straits of Dover, all German U-boats were to go north about around the coast of Scotland rather than face the perils of the Dover passage. For several months this prohibition continued in force and was a sensible relief to us in all our cross Channel convoys.

I must now relate my own true spy story, and the only one

with which I have ever been directly concerned.

In September 1914 the state of our northern war harbors caused us lively anxiety. In all our Channel ports there were anchorages secured by moles and breakwaters, and the gates to these were closed by nets and booms capable of resisting not only the entrance of a destroyer or submarine but of stopping a torpedo fired through from outside. But the fleet had now moved to the north; and since Rosythe was not yet completed, it used in general the enormous anchorage of Scapa Flow in the Orkney Islands, or alternately Cromarty Firth a little to the southward.

Up to the outbreak of the war the only danger which had been apprehended in these northern harbors had been an attack by destroyers, and against such an attack temporary booms and improvised batteries, rapidly called into being in the early weeks of the war, were held to be a sufficient defence. But now in September the fear of the submarine actually coming into the harbors and attacking the sleeping ships laid its pressure on every responsible mind. Once this idea had been formed it was insistently magnified in everyone's consciousness. Alarms were raised by night and day without foundation. Periscopes that never existed were seen, and more than once the whole Grand Fleet proceeded to sea in order to find on the broad waters that assurance and safety which it had lost in those places of rest where above all it ought to have been able to feel secure.

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At this time, therefore, while measures of netting the Northern harbors with devices for submarine destruction were being pressed forward with feverish activity, the Grand Fleet was encouraged to change its anchorages at frequent and uncertain intervals. Sometimes in the north, sometimes on the east and sometimes on the west coast of Scotland the great vessels which were our safe-guard and on which the issue of the whole war depended, found a y one

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A butler appeared. "Tell your master some Admiralty officers wish to see him at once." I said.

series of temporary habitations. Their safety consisted solely in the fact that no one enemy should know where they were and that they should not remain in any one place long enough for anyone to find out. We were therefore passing through a period of exceptional anxiety.

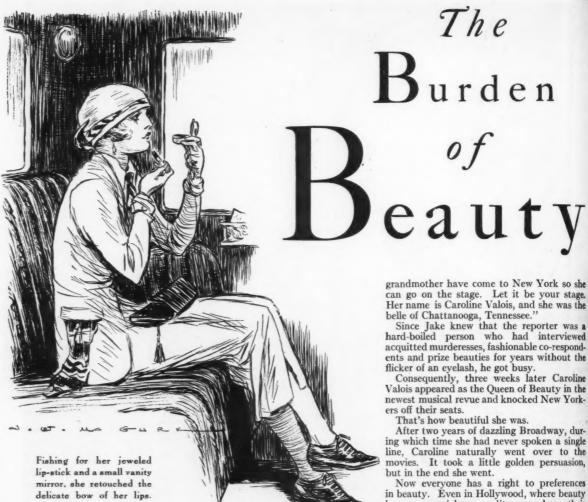
I had occasion to visit the fleet in order to discuss personally with the Commander-in-Chief these and other urgent problems, and (one evening in the middle of that trying September) I traveled from London in a special train with several high officers and technical authorities from the Admiralty. Our train pulled up at daylight at a wayside station somewhere in the Highlands, and from here a motor trip of fifty or sixty miles would take us to the bay on the west coast in which the Grand Fleet was at that moment sheltering—one cannot refuse to say "hiding" from a

danger which however imaginary was also terribly real and potentially fatal.

We started off by motor in a clear, delicious autumn morning, myself, my Naval Secretary, the Director of Intelligence and a Flotilla Commodore now of high renown. It was a charming drive through the splendid scenery of the Scottish Highlands, and absorbed in the topics we were to discuss with the Commander-in-Chief, to which swift motion, cool air and a changing landscape were an agreeable accompaniment, we said little to one another.

Suddenly the Flotilla Commodore, who was sitting in the back of the car with the Director of Intelligence, said so loudly that I could hear him, "Look, there is a searchlight on the top of that house."

(Continued on page 108)



HE big car pulled up to the curb and stopped. Before she got out, Caroline Valois opened her smart flat bag and took from it an exquisite vanity case of pale pink cloisonné. She stripped back one dainty white glove and, fishing for her jeweled lip-stick, retouched the delicate bow of her lips by the small vanity mirror.

As she stepped from the car and turned to give an order to the

chauffeur, she was smiling just a little.

It was the first time she had ever gone to look for a job. Not that she was exactly looking for a job now. They had sent for her, of course. To herself, she admitted that she wanted to get back to work and the more quickly she signed a new contract, the better pleased she would be.

But even to pursue a job as far as the studio was more than she had ever done before.

Previously, jobs had come to her, as it were on silver platters borne by powdered lackeys. From the day that she first put her dainty little foot upon the sidewalks of New York until that time a few months ago when her five-year contract with Allied Artists expired, jobs had besieged her.

She had not even had time to reach a manager's office, after she and her grandmother settled in the respectable hotel on a respectable side street where grand na a had gone in her youth. A reporter, one of the most enterprising of his breed, busily hunting down a murder clue, had seen her cross the lobby. That was enough for him. Five minutes later he was on the telephone speaking to the press agent of a musical comedy institution that made a living by discovering young and beautiful girls, especially those whose youth and beauty hadn't been too obviously dimmed by life in a great city.

To the press agent he said something like this: "Jake, old boy, I have just seen the original of all these beautiful girls from the country. Don't try to be funny-this is too good to be true. She is peaches and cream, Cupid and valentines, wild roses and blue grass. And the clerk at the hotel tells me she and her grandmother have come to New York so she can go on the stage. Let it be your stage. Her name is Caroline Valois, and she was the

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belle of Chattanooga, Tennessee."

Since Jake knew that the reporter was a hard-boiled person who had interviewed acquitted murderesses, fashionable co-respondents and prize beauties for years without the flicker of an eyelash, he got busy.

Consequently, three weeks later Caroline Valois appeared as the Queen of Beauty in the newest musical revue and knocked New Yorkers off their seats.

That's how beautiful she was.

After two years of dazzling Broadway, during which time she had never spoken a single line, Caroline naturally went over to the movies. It took a little golden persuasion, but in the end she went.

Now everyone has a right to preferences in beauty. Even in Hollywood, where beauty is a commercial commodity, men have their likes and dislikes. Only last year a preference

for a buxom and rather Turkish style of pulchritude cost one producer over half a million dollars. There is not necessarily anything personal in these preferences. They are too expensive, and after all, business is business.

About Caroline Valois there was never any difference of opinion. She had it. Certain people might claim that it didn't appeal to them, might feel her a trifle too cold or too sweet for their taste-but no one ever disputed that she was beautiful, on and off the screen. There are not three women in Hollywood at out whom the same can truthfully be said.

Therefore it was to be expected that after two years' training as leading woman for the biggest male star in the business, she would be pror oted to stardom herself. In Caroline's case the

oves in the gar e were purely automatic.

For five years she r ade pictures for Allied Artists, concocted reely of marshmal ows, whipped cream and ladyfingers. Actually, they were a light and appropriate setting for endless exquisite photographs of Caroline, displaying her great, radiant blue eyes, her softly waving hair—it was real gold, the color of an ber glass with the sunlight through it—and her perfect smile, the parting of a Cupid's Low over two rows of even little pearls.

Secretly she was a little surprised when Allied did not renew her contract. But she didn't give it r. ore than a passing thought. Besides, she was rather glad. For nine years she had worked very hard. Now she wanted to play. So she went to Palm Beach and then dashed over to Paris and stayed in New York on her way back long enough to see all the new plays. Altogether, it was a delightful and triumphant time.

Now, as she went into the Russell studio, she glanced at herself approvingly in the swinging glass doors. She was wearing a new sports suit she had bought in Paris. Very smart and severely tailored. A new shade of rust brown that put a thousand tones of red in her lovely hair, under the tight-fitting hat ornamented by an impudent golden feather. She had put on a little weightoh, nothing to worry about! Five or ten pounds. Most becoming,

## Adela Rogers St. Johns

The Story of A Screen Idol's First Taste of FEAR.

Illustrations by J. W. McGurk

she thought. Under the tight little coat, arom one pocket of which swung a diamond fob and from another a brightly colored silk handkerchief, the curves of her figure showed delicate and rounding. Her feet were so small she could actually afford to wear the new mannish sport shoes that were all the rage.

The little crowd around the door parted to let her through. Crowds always parted for Caroline. The way she carried her The way she carried her chin and the slight elevation of her black eyebrows had something to do with it. But the fact that she was really an extremely pretty girl, extremely attractively gowned, had more.

just in the doorway she bumped into Leon Annesley "Hello," he said, stopping short, his face lighting with surprise. "I say, I didn't know you were back, Caro. How perfectly stunning you look! Paris, I suppose? Well, I'll wager they'd nothing over there that could hold a candle to you, old dear. How's the grandmater?"

"You ask so many questions," said Caroline, with her pretty laugh, "I don't know which to answer first. I'm back, as you see. Yes, the rags came from Paris. Not bad, are they? I've had the most gorgeous time of my life—did you ask me that? You should have, you know. And grandma is awfully well. She had a better time than I did. She'd adore to see you."

"And you?" Leon Annesley laughed down at her. He was very tall, very thin, very distinguished. Not young exactly, but he had the nicest ways. He looked straight down into your eyes and laughed in an intimate way most men don't dare attempt.

"Oh, you don't come to see me, anyway!" said Caroline, smiling brightly, but there was just the finest possible edge to her tone. "You come to see grandmama, like half my beaus, I We're at the Diplomat."

"I'll be there. And I shall send grandmother some roses, to welcome her back. Are you working?"

'No-not yet.'

Caroline had an odd, unfamiliar feeling as she said that-a little twinge of some sort. Probably because she'd heard so many



"Stop that!" he yelled sharply. "Pull yourself together and hurry up about it. I'm not going to fool with you.'

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herself a new everely ones of ted by ightoming, other girls say it, and felt sorry for them. It wasn't nice not to

be working.

"I'll look in soon then, if I may," said Annesley and was gone.

Caroline Valois went on with a little frown of annoyance on her pretty face. As a matter of fact, her heart was beating a good deal faster than usual, which made her very angry with herself. Why should Leon Annesley have that particular effect upon her? She liked him, of course. She had liked him from the time when he first began to appear at Hollywood dinner parties, fresh from the London stage and so entirely different from most of the men

No one could say that Caroline had made a play for the good-looking English actor, with his well groomed head, his easy, delightful manner and his close-cropped little black mustache. That wasn't her way. It had never been necessary for her to make a play for any man. They rather flocked about. Caroline didn't care much for men, anyway. As part of an adoring public, as escorts, as conquests, very well. But her heart didn't beat any faster when they besieged her. That was

why she was so annoyed with Leon

Annesley.

Because he certainly didn't flock. Evidently he liked her well enough. But quite as evidently, that was as far as it went. He came to her house now and again, but usually he established himself in the library with some of her new books, or fell into endless talks with grandmama. What on earth those two found to talk-and laugh-about for hours at a time, she didn't know. But she admitted to herself that she wished he would show a little more devotion to her. And yet she had a feeling, a vague feeling, that her beauty stirred him. Once or twice there had been something in his eyes, in the way he moved toward her, that she sensed had thrilled him even more than it thrilled her.

When she reached Gilbert Russell's office, she deliberately dis-missed Leon Annesley from her mind. Not a bad business woman, Caroline Valois, able to drive a shrewd bargain. Outside the door of his private office she stopped a minute, took out the little pink vanity case and glanced carefully at herself in the mirror. A curl had come loose. She needed a touch of lip-stick. Caroline knew well enough that it was her looks that counted and she was apt, in consequence, to think of them first

A pleasant office. Walls done in ivory, with mahogany panels inlaid. Soft, deep carpets of royal blue, and over-stuffed, luxurious furniture of the same tone. The long French windows looked out on the studio grounds, the well trimmed lawns, the white picket fences covered with On the flat honeysuckle and ivy. table a big bowl of fresh pink roses,

still glistening with dew.

The man behind the desk gave her a sharp, appraising look and then followed her gaze to the rose bowl. A big man, magnificently built, with a layer or two of easy fat just beginning to over-lay his strong, elastic muscles. His curly each strand standing up

separately, was beginning to gray; but the amazing, magnetic, brilliant blue eyes were eternally young.

"I brought those roses from the house this morning," he said, smiling at her.

Smarter men and women than Caroline had yielded to that smile, had trusted in it to their own undoing. A frank, open, reassuring smile, and yet Caroline knew well enough what they said about Gilbert Russell. No one had ever got the best of him in a business deal yet and he had outwitted some of the sharpest

men in the business.

"How's Ellen?" asked Caroline pleasantly. She liked Mrs.
Russell, a boyish sort of young woman with a keen, quick mineries over They faced each other, the necessary social preliminaries over. In Hollywood you were always doing business with people you

saw every day socially. "How'd you like to work for me?" asked Gilbert Russell,

beaming.

The star elevated her eyebrows a quarter of an inch. "I suppose I should like it. I like you. Besides, I like working for anyone, when things are right. I'm very easy to get along with." I want you to play the leading rôle in Blenheim's new picture." Caroline looked at him blankly. He had actually surprised her. "Isn't Blenheim going to make his own production any more?"

"In that case how would you be able to star me?"

"I couldn't. Wait a minute,
Caroline. No, I couldn't star you,
that's true. But this star stuff is
going out of fashion anyway. It's a big part—all-star cast—big-time booking. I'll pay your salary."

Caroline began to laugh good-naturedly. "Why, Gil, you know I couldn't possibly do that. I haven't played in anything but star pictures for five years. If I started now, everybody would expect me to do it.'

"It's a great part," persisted the an. "An English divorcée who who goes to South America and gets mixed up in a murder-

Caroline Valois got up abruptly. She had been quite patient, but surely no one could blame her now for being a little indignant with Gil.

"I think you're a little absurd, Gilbert," she said severely. "I shouldn't be apt to do a part like that. Why—the woman must be thirty."

Just." "Yes. Caroline shrugged. "Well, I'm glad to have seen you anyway, my dear," she said. "Give my love to Ellen and tell her I'm dying to see I've something rather ducky for her in my boxes, from Paris.
I'll send it over. Good-by."

She sauntered out into the hall, giving a very good imitation of Madame la Duchesse leaving the party flat. An odd experience. Not at all what she had expected.

Well, as Leon Annesley would say, that was that.

Grandma Valois lay in her big four-poster bed listening to the sounds from the room beyond. She was rather an old lady, that was true, but her hearing was remarkably good. In fact she always said that when she died she expected to die all at once, and not in pieces.

Mamie was getting Caroline ready for bed. Their voices murmured constantly-Caroline's light, high, nervous; Mamie's deep and soothing, the guttural melody

ole th

of the negro. As though the wall were glass, Marie Valois could see the steps of that nightly ritual. The hair-brushing. The massage. The ice-packs. The exercises. The bath and shower. For ten The ice-packs. The exercises. years, in varying degree, they had paid such tribute to the beauty from which came their fame and fortune.

Caroline's grandmother turned over in bed with a little sign.

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Caroline r voices Caroline's ie's deep l melody

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ttle sigh.



For the first time in her life Caroline had forgotten how she looked. "I'm hiding," she said, "and I wish you'd go away."

Uncomfortable things, these hotel beds, the best of them. At first, before Mamie came from Louisville to join them, the old lady had done all these things for Caroline herself. One of the real joys of her life had been to brush the long, soft masses of golden hair that glistened under her loving, gentle old fingers. Even when Caroline was a little girl, grandma had taken the greatest care of her hair. What a pretty little thing she had been then, so bright and happy! A sunbeam, with her golden hair and her dimples. People always stopped on the street and

in the stores to admire her and grandma allowed it with a well

assumed indifference.

And in the old days, those getting ready for bed hours had always been happy ones. They had laughed together so much, Caroline flushed and rosy from her bath, grandma fussing and puttering about, adoring this one idol of hers.

Now they were different. That was why Grandma Valois lay in her bed, silent and restless, listening to sounds from beyond the wall, instead of sitting tucked

(Continued on page 118)

## By Irvin S. ( Master Grub, Enter Mister Butterfly

A Story of a Boy Goin' On 14

EITHER then nor afterwards did it occur to Juney Custer that the significant events took place, all of them, in the compass of a single day. It never even occurred to him that they might have been significant. Least of all did he see any kinship between them or among them. He was accustomed to take things as they came along. And usually they came along on their own steam, so to speak, without deliberation or prior connivance on his part.

Life was built up of unpremeditated changes; that was what helped to give zest and tingle to it. That he should make group classifications of separate happenings, stringing them together, like tokens on a bangle, as cumulative reminders of a yet greater

change, was no part of his adolescent régime. His system was without any system; his philosophy taught him to squeeze the last possible drop of juice from a pleasure, to extricate himself as quickly as might be out of a difficulty or a dilemma. It did not teach him to frame hypothetical summaries or draw mathematical conclusions. The annalist trusts he has made it plain in the preceding papers that Juney Custer neither was an abnormality nor an exotic, but merely an average boy in average surroundings.

The pregnant day began for him when his father, rising from breakfast to go downtown and take up business cares, said across the table to his mother:

"Well, I guess this young customer here has

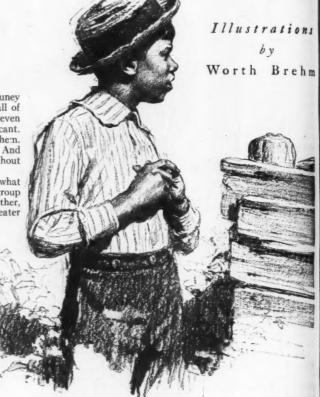
"Well, I guess this young customer here has paid the price for his latest piece of freshness . . . Yes, I know I told him, when I found out that trick he'd played on poor little Parson Hemingway, that he had to stay in the yard for two weeks. But I guess one week is enough—considering. Let him loose this morning. But mind you, young man"—he pivoted on the disciplined party—"I don't want to hear any more bad reports of you for a spell, anyhow. If I give you this chance do you think you can behave yourself and leave other people's surprise parties be?" Under his mustache the corners of his mouth twitched.

With a more or less successful effort to bear himself as one

With a more or less successful effort to bear himself as one chastened and purged, Juney gave his pledge, and shortly after his father's departure he made an advent into freedom via the alley gate. He did not know exactly where he was going or what he would be doing for the next few hours, nor did he particularly care-during his term of purification he rather had lost touch with current issues. The main point was that he was absolved and could go whither he listed.

One detail, only, was certain: for a somewhat later part of the forenoon, doings of a processional character were scheduled. He purposed to view these. So his mind, for the instant, dwelt reviewingly upon the general subject of public pageantry. Less than a fortnight had elapsed since he with enthusiasm viewed a most notable street parade—Mr. P. T. Barnum's, no less. Today's affair he might enjoy as a spectacle, but his principles forbade that he should applaud it.

By the further association of ideas his thoughts traveled on back to yet more distant turn-outs. There had been the excitements of comparatively recent campaigns. Again he saw his



father advancing toward him in the front formation of a serried phalanx and wearing a tall white plug hat-Juney subsequently had fallen heir to that plug hat—and carrying a new broom of his shoulder and chanting at intervals: "Sweep the rascals out!"

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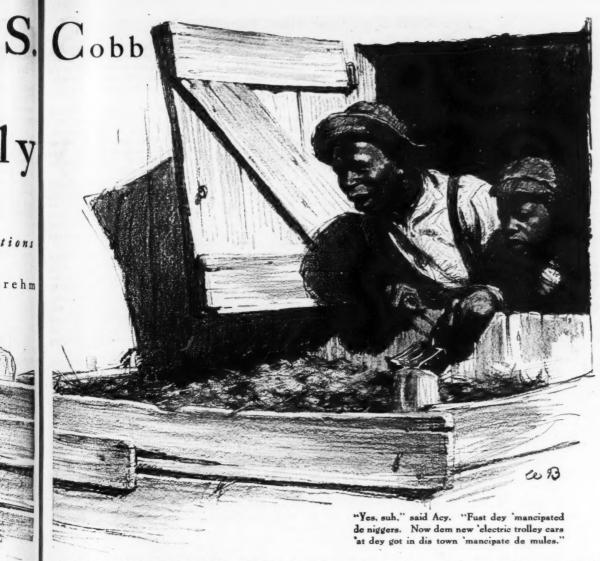
int

Again he saw his Uncle Paul-but this picture was a night-Again he saw his Order radii-but this picture was a ingui-time picture—swinging past, a red oil-cloth cape over his shoul-ders, a tin helmet on his head and in his hands, carried like a lance, a gasoline torch with a mouthpiece fixed in its handle. And when the grand-marshal gave the command: "Blow, flambeaux, blow!" the nodding, dancing buds of flame all hissed out and up into tall jets and gushes, and by their light the copings of nearby buildings sprang forth in stippled relief and the upper windows turned rosy bright as though the buildings were on fire within; and the flanges of the helmets and the bulges of the slick red capes were foiled with blazing dots and dashes.

And, finally, there was the time, away back yonder, when there had been a special slogan for the marchers: "Burn, burn, burn this letter!" and Juney himself had voiced the doctrine that was strong within his then diminutive person by the frequent repetition of a certain quatrain. All of a sudden now he remembered it and it seemed fitting that once more he should sing it,

which he did:

"Jim Blaine is the waggin, Black Jack is the hoss, Thurman is the driver-And Cleveland is the boss!"



"Huh, boy, you's late," said a railing voice right alongside him. Slightly startled, he looked about. Acy Gholson, the oddjobs man of the Custer establishment, was grinning at him out of a window of the stable. Acy had a curry-comb in one hand and a smouldering corn-cob pipe of an exceeding great fragrancy in the other. A second head bobbed up alongside Acy's where it was cased in the square framing—a somewhat smaller head than Acy's, but dark and woolly, as his was. It appertained to Archibald, nephew to Aunt Mallie, the cook.

"Yes, suh," said Acy. "Trouble wid you chronic Dimmer-

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crats is, you's always too early wid yore jubilatin', else you's too late. I'members w'en de onliest way you could ratify wuz befo' de lection, 'cause de day afrer wuz yore hour of sorrow. Well, dem times done come back. Glory hallelujah to my soul, dey gwine keep on comin' back!"

"Huh, you needn't think you are so smart-old Black Radicals!" sneered Juney. The tag of his retort was designed, not as a slur for Voter Gholson's skin pigmentation, but referred to the

principles of that citizen's political sponsors.

"Tha's right, go ahaid," chortled the job-master; "better call em Linkinites and Ab'litionists, too, whilst you's about it. knows who you is quotin' after: dat grandmaw of your'n suttin'ly is a mouty onfurgivin' ole w'ite lady. Naw, suh, hard names don't hurt us Republikins none when freedom is done come to stay. Fust dey 'mancipated de niggers. Now dem new 'lectric trolley-cars 'at dey got in dis town done 'mancipate' de mules."

He whooped over his joke, then adroitly turned the dialogue into safer grounds. Acy was a stalwart, but partisan discussions only led to ill-feelings.

"Lawsy, boy," he commented admiringly, "you suttin'ly is in'lly done decided to start in shootin' up in de air, ain't it so? Turn my haid to spit yere lately, an' look back ag'in an' seem lak

en de meantime you is done growed 'nother ha'f inch in both directions. You keep on dis way, 'twon't be so long 'fore we'll haf' call you Young Boss, fur to 'stinguish you frum de ole reg'lar boss-man.

He laughed at his conceit and Juney, over his shoulder, winked up at Acy. Only a few days before, they had been "prizing" down at the warehouse and he was there skylarking about, and while the loosened hoops and staves of the hogsheads fell clatter-ing and the air was filled with the clamor of hammers and the singing of the floor-crews and with the freed smell of tons upon tons of the compressed brown leaf, the black foreman had yelled at him: "Hey, Little Cap'n, git out of de way!" His father was

Big Cap'n, of course.

Little Cap'n, then, and pretty soon now, by the prophecy of this household seer, he would be the Young Boss! He reared back and was cocksure as he moved down the alley.

"Say, Juney," Archibald called after him, "does you mind ef

I goes with you a lil' ways?"
"Stay yere, chile," said Acy reprovingly; "stay yere wid yore own cullur."

There was a wistful yet a reconciled look in Archibald's eyes as he ducked down out of the window. The day had been, and not so very long before, when Archibald would not have sued for permission to accompany Juney; as a matter of course he would have gone along with him. This pair often had played together, had fought and striven together on equal terms and the one who excelled took the credit for it.

But within the past six months or so, by a sort of mutual unspoken understanding, they had been drawing farther and farther apart. Nobody, in so many words, had told either that the hour of their cleavage had struck. Without being told, somehow they both had known it and both had accepted it. This did not mean they would cease to be friends; it meant merely they would be friends in a less familiar fashion, with an invisible but unbreachable wall between them. In time to come, Archibald might shave Juney or might wait on him at table, might sweep out his store or his office for him, if there was to be any store or any office to be swept out. And almost certainly he would beg Juney's second-best clothes away from him, possibly borrow small sums of money of him, inevitably would know a good many of his patron's secrets. But Juney never would know Archibald's: Archibald belonged to the race which is all the more inscrutable and secretive for seeming outwardly to be not in the least so.

Near the mouth of the alley, Juney saw a red-headed woodpecker hammering with vigor at the tin cornice of an outbuilding in the Edgar yard. Nesting cares were over; the woodpecker was a snare-drummer in a piebald uniform and a jaunty crimson cockade. In the gravel underfooting the boy found a good "sailin'-rock" and sped it at the mark. The debonair bird flirted aside—not that it was in any real peril—and its tricky loping flight carried it away. From behind the intervening fence there arose a sharp jingling crackle, as of breaking glass. Old Mr. Edgar had a hot-house where he grew flowers and early garden truck. Also, possibly by reason of heavy bills for reglazing, he had a living feud with all stone-throwing boys.

Juney bent low and scudded out of that venue. He did not abate his canter until he had put a considerable distance between him and it. Then, first glancing about him to make sure he was unobserved, he drew from his pocket a formerly double-bladed knife, opened the one blade remaining, and on the smooth bark of a water maple at the edge of the roadway he carved the design of a plump heart with two sets of initials coupled within it.

Like this:



He stood off and admired the creation—the pattern of it and its sweetly sentimental implication. He would be overcome with blushes when persons of his acquaintance discovered this work and gibed him about it, as most surely they would; but privately he would be tremendously tickled, too. If charged with inscribing it he hotly would deny the soft impeachment—still, he desired to be so accused, desired also that his bashful repudiation not be credited. Which was why he had chosen the most conspicuous shade-tree upon a populous sidewalk, a favorite trysting-place of lovers, for his blazonry.

At the gentler passion Juney was a novice and most inexpert in

At the gentler passion Juney was a novice and most inexpert in its wiles. As its devotee he had indeed much to learn; the prospect of learning daunted him and yet it allured him. His sweethearting impulses had been conceived in travail. Their labored accouchement dated from that fateful Friday afternoon in May, a matter of three months before, when, having skidded along a Via Dolorosa into a Slough of Despond, he had for a condign offence been condemned to don a girl's sunbonnet, the property

of one Milly Hollister.

By rights, it would seem that because of this he thereafter should hate this Milly Hollister, who not only was an enthralled witness to his humiliation but had, in a way of speaking, been accessory to it. Strangely enough, the outcome had been different. It was as though wearing her preposterous headgear under duress was a beginning of suitorship; as though that sunbonnet of hers was to make a common bond between him and her.

Even so, his love stole upon him unawares. One later day he had been practising the deaf-and-dumb language—not the awkward two-handed code but the smarter sort by which, with swift play of the fingers of one hand, silent communication might be carried on with a fellow adept. He had memorized this better method from a thumbed chart card which was included among Clabbor Hewlett's most valued chattels, it having been part and parcel of that same packet of literary treasures which—as the reader may recall—Clabbor Hewlett had aforetime purchased at the incredibly low cost of one dime of a philanthropic mercantile house in New England.

All at once he found himself spelling the letters of Milly's

name. Why, he could not say. Another day soon thereafter, in an effort to relieve the tedium of a grammar lesson, he was playing a surreptitious game of tit-tat-toe under cover of his desk-top—his right hand arraigned against his left—when without conscious intent he began writing out her name on his slate, over and over again.

Then, on the very last day of school she signally had honored him—she asked him to fill a page in her plush autograph book. The promptings of his soul bade him make at least a pseudo-avowal, but native caution and diffidence and fear of ridicule stayed him. He fell back upon a non-committal formula: "You ask me to Write in your Album I hardly know how to Begin for there's Nothing original in me except original Sin."

And she, 'the adept little flatterer, had pretended a pleased surprise at his knack for versifying, had behaved as though she had not heard this stilted propriety a thousand times before. In age she was younger than he by perhaps a year but in affairs of the heart almost old enough to be his mother. She knew how to deal with them—how surely she knew! Coquetry was hers, not as as

acquirement but as a birthright.

Thereafter, when opportunity served, he haunted the vicinities where she was likely to be, skirting like a vagrant comet on the outskirts of her personal firmament, seeming to ignore her presence but constantly showing-off for her benefit. Until now he had only contempt for those members of his own sex who openly courted the objects of their favor. To him it had seemed that any squire of dames must be a weakling, enervated and softened by an unnatural languishing. But lately his contempt had turned to a carking envy. He wished he had the little tricks of gallantry which those zealots possessed.

Well, at least he had made a start. Here, scored deep in this firm trunk was his first quasi-public confession. He studied it. It seemed to lack something—the feat touch which distinguishes interpretative artistry from mere manual dexterity. So he cut in the design of an armorial arrow transfixing the graven heart—an arrow well-fletched at the butt, well-barbed at the tip, with three small pendent gouges to denote drops of blood. He put his knife away then and resumed his random journeyings. Some-body soon would be sure to see the inscription and taunt him with its authorship, and he had a yearning, part desire, part dread, to hear his name bracketed with Milly Hollister's. He must ape the conventional indifference to it, but inside him he would be vastly pleased.

Almost immediately he had his wish. He came to a vacant lot where four friends of his were playing a spirited game of Sow in the Mush-Pot. At sight of him they left off to unite in a

teasing refrain:

"Juney's sad
And we are glad,
And we know whut'll please him:
A bottle of wine
To make him shine,
And Milly Hollister to squeeze him!"

"Aw, shuckin's," he countered, "you kids make me tired! Whyn't you think up somethin' new onc't in a while?" But to himself the emotionalist smiled inwardly. He was all aglow with

romance.

From a rubbish heap in the weeds he unearthed a proper staff—the handle of a worn-out broom—and joined in the sport. As the latest comer the rules required that he be "It," and so, by fencing nudges and strokes, to shepherd a battered tin can into a central hole in the earth, overcoming the circled attacks of the rest who strove with sweeps or jabs to drive the "sow" out of bounds and yet each retain individual possession of his own hole, standing guard against the common foe, as well as against treachery from other defenders.

It was a sport which required that a player have eyes at the back of his head. Juney seemed to have extra eyes there. He had stolen a hole left for an instant ungarrisoned and Freddie McGowan was "It"; and Juney, with aid from the others, was making life a burden for this boy when, thinly and from far off, they heard martial music. The parade must be coming; so they all dropped their cudgels and went hot-foot to meet it. But nobody was gladder to go than Freddie McGowan was.

There could be no doubt about it, Mr. Al Martine was an optimist—the original Mr. Al Martine, that is, sole proprietor of Al Martine's Mastodonic Uncle Tom's Cabin Company, traveling on its own private cars, two in number, summer dates under canvas, winter dates in halls. As for that, all managers and owners of perambulating theatrical enterprises must have a constant sunshine in their souls. Beyond the lowering financial

His four friends left off playing Sow in the Mush-Pot to unite in a teasing refrain: "A bottle of wine to make him shine, and Milly Hollister to squeeze him!"

clouds which may dim the present, they must be able to discern the silver-lined rifts; else would they be seeking out more stable fields of endeavor. But Mr. Al Martine, a nobby dresser on and off, playing the silver cornet in his own band, which he led, and able on a moment's notice to undertake any part in his presentations-always excluding the parts of Little Eva, Topsy, Miss Ophelia and Eliza-was more sanguine even than the generality of his clan. Observe how sanguine he was:

He knew the Bloody Chasm was bridged over; that the ancient Boundary was now a genteel sash of honor stretched on the bosom of a reunited country. He had read statements to that

effect in the papers, had heard promulgation of the gratifying fact from the lips of orators. Sectionalism was dying out—so he reliably had been informed. It must be good and dead, then, in the areas lying just below the border. Thus Mr. Al Martine reasoned.

So when he found competition keen in the familiar reaches of Michigan and Indiana and keener still after he wildcatted down and across into lower Illinois, he decided on a daring step.

As a pioneer he would open up the virginal territory lying below and adjacent to the Ohio. Into the farther South he would not venture yet; there he must allow for the healing ointments

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Juney had not meant to go along, but a street parade is a street parade. And there was the genuine Siberian bloodhound

of time to soften the last scabby sores of reconstruction. But certainly he might with pleasure and profit skirt its edge, charting out a route for future exploitations and building up a reputation and a clientele against fat years to come.

We must admire the pluck which actuates our pathfinders but sometimes we may deplore their lack of judgment. Mr. Al Martine might better have done as I sometimes think all amateur Arctic explorers should do—send the relief party on ahead to establish the rescue camps and get all settled down and cosy and comfortable, there to await the arrival of the major expedition.

This, then, promised to be a great day for Mr. Martine and for his troupe. For it was the day which marked the launching of his campaign of infiltration. It had set in auspiciously. It was progressing without hindrance or signs of hostility on the part of the populace. There had been no great pother or delay about procuring a license; unmolested, his advance agent had circulated the advertising matter. The start-off of his street parade had been in the nature of a triumph at each forward step into and on through the colored quarter; the proofs of a cordial approval from the inhabited yards and burdened front fences of small cottages along the line of march had warmed his heart cockles. Certainly these good people were welcoming the friendly invaders. And a black man's half dollar was just as good as anybody's half dollar, wasn't it?

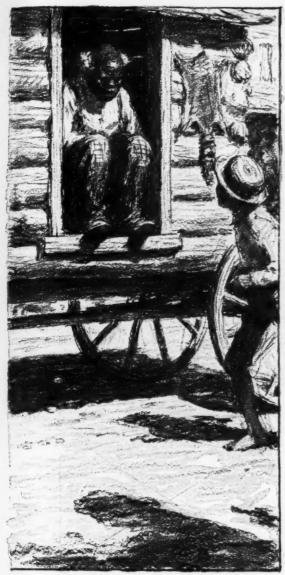
The caravan had moved on into the main residential district; it now was penetrating the business center—the uniformed band

in front; Little Eva, with her flaxen curls, in a chariot drawn by two Shetland ponies; Marks, the white-spatted Lawyer, in his donkey-cart; the Genuine Siberian Blood Hound, traveling under leash and muzzle; and, sitting at the door of a property log-house mounted on wheels, good old Uncle Tom in white wig and burned cork. The visible citizenry looked on with seeming placid interest.

A northern-born American probably would have been incredulous had you told him that among these silent watchers from store doors and house windows and pavement curbings, not one in twenty ever before had seen epitomized in the flesh any single one of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's brain-children; that not one in ten ever had read the classic work upon which the dramatic version was based. One decade later, or, to be on the safer side, say two decades later, there might perhaps be a different story to tell in these parts.

But Mr. Martine was ahead of his times. How was he to know—and he a native son of Scranton, Pa.—that here stood a town which still remembered it once had borne—and had been proud to bear—the name of Little Charleston? There were ever so many things about public feeling in this community—its prejudices and its taboos—which Mr. Al Martine did not know. His ambition—or was it his ignorance?—made blinkers for his evers.

Mark a second mistake on his part, a mistake not of the heart but of the head. Very appropriately the band of which he was director and the most shining ornament, had been favoring the attentive throngs with a medley of Southern Airs—Dixie first,



and good old Uncle Tom in white wig and burnt cork.

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then My Old Kentucky Home, Suwanee River, Arkansaw Traveler, Maryland, My Maryland, Carry Me Back to Old Virginny. his fingers flitted upon the keys of his cornet, Mr. Martine searched his mind for still another typically Southern air-one which, by subtle indirection, might pay graceful homage to some sister commonwealth as yet uncomplimented. Ah, he had it! He gave a signal and at that there blared for th the opening strains

of Marching Through Georgia!
Standing on the sidewalk in front of Boyd and Wash's saloon, old Colonel Powhatan Beck, late of the Orphan Brigade and still, after the passage of twenty-odd years, entirely unreconciled to the outcome of various negotiations which had taken place under a small apple-tree at Appomattox, Va., gave a tremendous snort. His white goatee suddenly stood from his long lean chin like a burgee in a fair breeze. He snatched off his black slouch hat the Colonel wore a black slouch hat even in August, when practically everybody else was under a straw thatching-and cast it on the earth, and made as though to advance, single-handed, upon the approaching band-leader. Had Mr. Martine flung a sidewise glance he might have been pardoned for assuming that an elderly gentleman had desired to halt and congratulate him upon his happy choice of state songs. But certain of the bystanders labored under no such illusions. Three or four of them blocked off the impetuous old soldier. They entreated him to remain calm. "Don't be starting any to-do now, Colone, pleaded one. "That's right, Colonel, you'll spoil everything," said another; "just wait-

"You ask me to wait, when these infernal scoundrels are actually daring to perpetrate that—that—insult—right here on our principal street?" sputtered Colonel Beck. "You expect me to endure that? Why, by Heavens, gentlemen——!" Language to endure that? Why, by Heavens, gentlemenfailed him; apoplexy seemed to threaten him. He ceased to struggle. He suffered himself to be drawn into Boyd and Wash's.

As he vanished through the swinging-doors he was heard to As he vanished through the swinging-doors he was heard to make reference to the camel's brittle back and to the final straw which had broken it. The barkeeper within caught the words without getting the application. He put two straws in the drink which speedily he mixed, and the Colonel, accepting the tall glass with a clasp which trembled, continued to gurgle and snort passionately as he sucked up the soothing compound, so that the surface of his diminishing julep was speckled with a continuous rosary of small bubbles arising from the bottom.

Juney Custer had never heard the tune to which the venerable war-horse had taken exception; because of local aversions, it lay under embargo and ban. Its stirring martial notes beckoned to something in him, though. He sped along—he and the rest of his group-keeping blithe step to its uplifting measures. They had intercepted the parade as it turned into Franklin Street; they had not exactly meant to accompany it; but, after all, a

street parade was a street parade.

An arm reached forth and a hand plucked Juney out from among his friends and held him while they passed on. It was his Uncle Paul who had detained him, and his Uncle Paul had

an enigmatic smile on his face.
"Hold on there, kid," he said, "don't you know your grand-mother would just naturally snatch you bald-headed if she caught you following that outfit yonder-to say nothing of what your

mother might do to you in the line of a dressing-down?"
"I wasn't followin' 'em, honest I wasn't," said Juney. "I just sort of happened to be goin' the same way." He deemed it wise to express his true attitude; in part he quoted what he had heard from parental sources. "Old Yankees comin' down here

heard from parental sources. "Old Yankees comin down nere to act out a pack of lies and stir up race-rows and ever'thing—dag-gone 'em!"

"That being the case, I don't suppose you'd care to see the show this evening?" said his uncle.

"No, suh!" declared Juney stoutly. He appeared to ponder, then spoke with less fervor: "Well, not unless popper'd let me go

—I reckin it wouldn't do any harm just to look on. Only, I know he wouldn't."

"Well, suppose I was going and I took you along with me—as my guest—what then?"

"Oh, gee! But popper might—"
"Never mind that. I'll take the responsibility," said Uncle Paul. "You needn't say anything about it at home . . . Here, wait a minute, though." He hailed a nearby adult: "Say, Breck, you're sort of running this shindig-how about letting this nephew of mine in on it, if I vouch for him?"
"Think he's big enough?" asked the other man doubtfully

"Of course he is. He's big enough to raise his share of Cain whenever he gets a chance—I'll say that much for him," stated his Uncle Paul. "And I bet he's got a better throwing arm right now than either one of us has got. He's the champion pitcher

of his ball-team and they're the champions of Locust Street."

He addressed his kinsman: "Now, listen, kid. You're elected to go on our little excursion-probably there won't be any other boys of your crowd along, either. Reckon you can keep mum about it beforehand? . . . Good! If your daddy raises a fuss about it afterwards I'll take the blame—but I don't much think he will. You just slide out, quietly, all by yourself, when you get through with your dinner and meet me at the side-door of S. K. Purdue's commission house. The side-door, remember? We load up and start from there. If you don't see me when you first get there and anybody tries to head you off, just you tell 'em who you are and say I'm going bond for you. But keep your mouth shut in the meanwhile. And whatever you do, don't bring any of your gang with you. Understand?" And while Juney did not understand, he said he did.

Under a skimpy markee the matinée was well along and going To a reasonable extent-and Mr. Al Martine was very reasonable in this regard—the patronage was gratifying. His tarpaulin theater might have held a larger audience than now it held; then again, there had been times when it had housed a much lesser number of paid admissions. The space at the rear, roped off for persons of color, was packed to the strangulation point and those who packed it had been generous in their applause and most enthusiastic in their comments. For awhile it had looked as though the rows of camp chairs in the reserved seat section fronting the stage, might be shy of tenants; only here and there was this area sprinkled with human shapes. But just before the curtain went up a considerable party of Caucasians —mainly recruited, if one might judge by their appearance, from the business and professional classes—had entered, practically in

To the promoter, counting up the house through a handy peep-hole in the back-drop, this influx of solid citizens augured finely. If the turn-out for the afternoon was so satisfactory, how much better things might be expected for the night engagement. bade his actor-staff put snap into it. They certainly did. Eliza never had crossed with better effect on the ice-dry-goods boxes covered with white cheese-cloth and studded about, at intervals convenient for skipping, on the surface of a blue cloth scalloped with painted waves to represent wintry waters. Nobody could claim the Siberian Blood Hound was

being badly supported.

The scene was the scene where dear faithful old Tom and the despicable Legree hold the boards for one of the most moving episodes of the play. Well down stage, almost under the proscenium arch, the hapless bonds-man was crouched. Above him flickered the cruel black-snake of his grim taskmaster. For this occasion Mr. Martine was himself reading the lines assigned to the brute overseer. Shortly after the parade, his regular Legree had succumbed to overindulgence in those insidious but powerful beverages known hereabouts as sweet'nin' drams; too many long toddies temporarily had spoiled a firstrate villain. But the Uncle Tom was the official Uncle Tom.

The latter reached the point where he makes the historic reference of the tenor that, while the oppressor may do the very possible worst on his enslaved body, his soul nevertheless is the exclusive property of God. He began the speech but fate had it that he, in this presence at least, should not conclude it. A lengthy gaunt man arose from his place in the front row of seats and gave a signal. And at that a plump squashy tomato-one of the softest and pulpiest tomatoes of the over-ripened store requisitioned from Mr. S. K. Purdue's produce-houseimprinted itself on the lowering Legree right between his eyes. But the next tomato caught Uncle Tom full in the chest, and painted there a drippy de-

sign of a red starfish.

And now the air was full of pelting fat tomatoes. There were a hundred of them in flight at once; there seemed to be a thousand of them; to Uncle Tom and Simon, smothering in a veritable Red Sea of tomatoes, gasping in a high and dashing tidal wave of tomatoes, swept to the rear before a wide besom of tomatoes, there probably seemed to be a million of them. It was as though each sagging coat pocket was a bulging bottomless reservoir of tomatoes. Tomatoes arched high, describing parabolas, and descended with moist splashing Tomatoes whizzed like sounds. scarlet meteors, each spraying behind it a tail of seeds and oozy juices. It was impossible for any bombardier to fail of a perfect percentage of hits, because if he missed either or both of

his chosen targets he scored on the scenery or on some confused and milling member of the orchestra. Even a scientist might have been hard put to say offhand whether the last luckless musician, scuttling up over the footlights and fleeing in behind the wings, whither his splattered mates already had flown, belonged to the animal or the vegetable kingdom. It was past time for supper when Juney got home. He was all dusty and hot and feeling a trifle fagged out after his unhallowed service with the vigilantes, but generally well-content. After supper he sat awhile with other component units of the family on the wide front veranda. His father and mother rocked in porch chairs, his father mechanically slapping a folded newspaper at buzzing winged pests, his mother fanning herself with a palm-leaf fan bound in edgings of black tape. His two little sisters bickered in a hammock where they were cradled; after a little they cuddled down together and fell asleep.

Juney was humped in his favorite perch on the piazza's top step, watching for the first lightning-bug to show its illuminated tail-piece. The twilight closed in; then, almost with the abruptness of a snuffer blanking out a candle flame, the darkness came

down and everything was pitchy black except where the fireflies danced their lantern dances under the trees. From down the street came the sounds of laughter and singing; a party of the town belles and their beaux were starting off on a hay-ride. There was an enhanced smell of dust in the languid air; overhead the limp leaves all hung in thick motionless clumpings; the moon wouldn't be up until pretty late tonight. There was a distant mutter of the unsubstantial heatthunder of August.

All at once Mr. Custer broke the immediate silence. Juney jumped and stirred, for the first words proved he was to be the subject of conversation. What was coming? In advance of any accusation it behooved him to

mould his alibis.
"Did you happen to notice this young man here at supper?" his father was saying. The guilty one fluttered internally. There was a gory-looking smear on the blousiest part of his shirt-waist; he had carried his ammunition supply hidden there and it had leaked its pinkish essences on him and had soaked through the But he had been flattering goods. himself that he concealed the stain by an artful disposal of a crooked arm against his side.

"Well, for one thing, his hair certainly needed combing," said Mrs.

Custer tartly.

"I wasn't thinking of that," said her husband. "All at once it's dawned on me that he's actually beginning to get taller. His legs are beginning to stick further and further out of those breeches-legs of his and here, just in the last month or so, his neck's getting sort of a skinny, stretchy look to it, seems like. I'm glad of it. My people have always been fairly good-sized and I hated the idea of having a runt in the family-a runt not much taller than knee-high to a grasshopper, too. Maybe it's this hot weather that started to bring him out; it's been a great season for making the saplings grow. Well, it was high time the youngster took to sprouting. Let's see, you'll be fourteen in about a month from now, won't you?"
"Three weeks and four days, not

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countin' in today," said Juney, much

relieved

"Huh!" grunted his father. "Getting to be particular about your sums

in arithmetic, I see, where they have a personal application. Well, I suppose you're beginning to bank on what you'll get from your mother and me?"

"It's that Flobert rifle that he's been plaguing both of us about for I don't know how long," stated Mrs. Custer, before Juney could say anything. "His mind just (Continued on page 147)



LL never forget the night of my first arrival in New York. I was on a Cincinnati newspaper at the time; I had my two weeks' holiday and I was realizing an ambition in coming to New York.

Something happened to the train 'way out by the Harlem River. The passengers were transferred to an "L," carried to Forty-second Street and dumped out.

I should have been bewildered, frightened, awed. I wasn't. I felt as if I'd got home.

I've always felt that way about New York. It's home to me. After I came here to live, I had an interval of seven years' residence in Chicago. I gained some of the finest of friends out there: I made more progress in my work than I'd ever made before; but I never felt at home. I never felt settled. New York still was home to me.

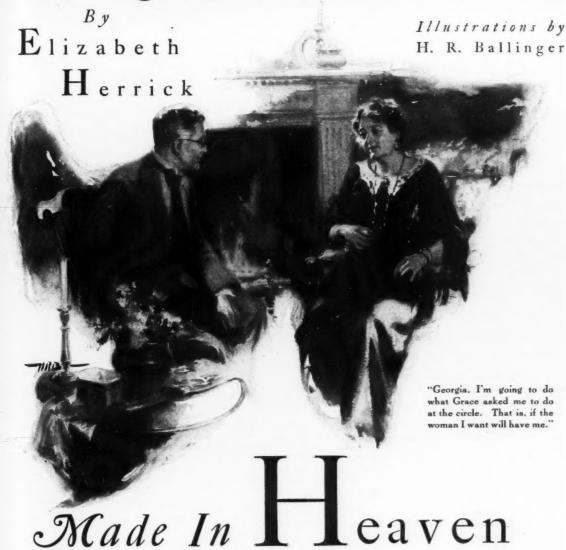
That's the way a lot of us feel about the old town. But we are those who came with youth and enthusiasm. It was a goal to us.

There are others-many of them-who live here but long for elsewhere; many whose roots were in natural soil back in some smaller place, but never take hold

here.

They are the unfortunates who have 6,000,000 neighbors but no friends. Irvin Cobb tells about one of them next month in a story so human that only Irvin could have written it.

## A Story of a Lonely Girl and a Match-Making Medium



ARRIAGES, goes an old saying, are made in Heaven. But if they are, an all-powerful Providence had been strangely neglectful of Burton Spaulding's hardworked little stenographer. Yet who shall say it was not Providence that brought her, a timid, unobtrusive little figure, with her sorrows and lacks buttoned up as tight in her heart as her trim little figure in last winter's coat, through the hospitably open door into Madame Tyne's "circle" in the apartment house where they both lived?

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Mildred had looked at the medium from afar for many a week, an opulent, abundant figure-why are mediums always physically so abounding?—as upon a Ceres capable of endowing even Burton Spaulding's down-trodden stenographer with the fruits of plenty, but until the fateful evening when the door stood wide and the expectant circle, with one chair vacant, was humming in cheerful anticipation of the psychological minute, she had not dared lift her voice to the lady. To a timid stenographer a medium is an august and rather terrifying personage—more Argus-eyed, even, than any Burton Spaulding; clearly alive to all one's physical and spiritual deficiencies, likely to know not only about that letter which should have gone out today and which, still in notes, was lying smuggled away in the bottom desk drawer waiting for a less fagged tomorrow, but that last year's coat was not really new to one even then, but a relic from a better-to-do sister-in-law.

Mildred settled the outworn bolivia on her shoulders a bit more fashionably and slid through the open door into the empty chair. Madame Tyne, who had just spread her ample proportions in her own chair, a big, old-fashioned ebonized rocker that was, so to speak, the keystone of the arch, looked across and gave

the intruder a friendly nod and smile.
"How d'do?" she said affably, quite like an old acquaintance, and the timid, lonely little stenographer's heart went straight out to her in a gush of warmest gratitude. Madame Tyne was kind.

Mildred was right. Madame Tyne was kind—most mediums

are. In daily touch with so much of the world's sorrow, their hearts seem built to match their physical frames. Madame Tyne was big-hearted. For some weeks she had kept a psychical as well as a physical eye on her lonely neighbor, and had more than

once spoken of the girl to her son.

"Looks half fed, Jack!" she had confided. "I'd like to ask her down to a good sirloin steak and custard pie."

Her son, a handsome boy, with his mother's kindly brown eyes,

looked up from his sirloin curiously. He could understand that,

"Why custard pie?" he inquired.

"Don't get eggs and milk enough!" said his mother tersely. "But I suppose she'd take it as an imposition-me asking her. She shies past me in the hall like I was something catchin'. Lots of folks, though, are scared of mediums that way."

Yet here the girl was in Madame Tyne's living-room, though seeking, not physical, but spiritual sustenance. With a warm outrush of her psychical superabundance, Madame Tyne made up her mind, as her eye roved speculatively over the circle, to give that girl at least full measure, pressed down and running over the spirits, of course, being willing. And Madame Tyne had always found them very complaisant in cases of the sort.

Mildred had never been at a séance. It was all very mystical and wonderful to her. There were four red candles in black wrought-iron candlesticks on a little mantel-shelf and these were lighted and the electricity switched off when the séance began with "Jerusalem" on the phonograph. At the conclusion of the record a rather distinguished-looking gentleman in tortoiseshell spectacles rose and said, quite as in a prayer-meeting:

"We will continue our services by singing 'Under the Guidance

of Angels.' Everybody sing, please!" So Mildred, rising with the rest, sang heartily, though she had to guess at the words after the first line and forgot she was a stranger.

> Under the guidance of angels, We are progressing today. All of the past and its failures Are stepping-stones on our way.

It was a new thought, and the tired, depressed little stenographer caught at it eagerly. Stepping-stones: the low salary, the shabby clothes, Mr. Spaulding's temper and unfairness not stumbling blocks, as she'd been thinking, but steppingstones for Mildred to rise on. A certain ease of spirit began to replace its restlessness and stress. She felt an impulse of elation, almost as if she were actually mounting toward the stars.

The hymn ended, the gentleman in the glasses read a chapter from St. John's Gospel, then offered a brief prayer, at the con-clusion of which he asked those present to unite in singing 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.'

Mildred could sing the words of that. It was a hymn of inheritance. Grandfather and grandmother, who had never gone to a spiritualist séance, used to sing it. And father and mother. Mildred felt more than ever as if she were at a prayer-meeting.

### Still, through my dreams I'd be Nearer, my God, to Thee!

Well, why not? Maybe a trance was a sort of a dream, in which one saw things come true. Anyhow, Madame Tyne had closed her eyes during the singing and her face, pillowed on the cretonne head-roll of her rocker, was taking on the fixed rigidity of a dreamer's. One hand, though, was wakeful—the right hand. It turned and twisted the little gray linen handkerchief it held. At the end of the second verse that hand too was still.

### Nearer, my God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!

The music ceased. Out of the sudden tense stillness of the darkened room a new voice came-not Madame Tyne's, but from Madame Tyne's lips that were moving-a rather high, rather plaintive, very sweet voice.

"I want to go to the gentleman by the door."
"Me?" the tortoise-shell spectacles man asked alertly. "Yes. There's a lady and a gentleman back of you-a father and a mother."

The tortoise-shell man spoke composedly, though "Yes." Mildred felt sympathetic creeps down her spine.

'And there's a wife comes to you, too-she comes very beautiful. And there's a little child-would you recognize Robert?'

"My son." "Is he in the spirit?"

"Yes."

"He passed into the spirit about fifteen years ago-very sudden. I get a condition here." The medium touched her throat. She gave a little strangling cough. "Was it diphtheria?"

"The tortoise-shell glasses man was not quite so com-"Poor little kid! He—he choked to death. It was "Yes." posed. awful!"

But he says: 'I'm all right now, daddy! I can breathe "Yes. so easy. And I can run and play. Tell Evelyn so!'

"My second daughter." "She's on the earth plane?"

"Yes.

"And do you know Lilla?"

"My fourth daughter." "And Ruthie?"

"The between little girl."

"But there's a condition about the children that worries yo You're not quite satisfied about them—about where they are "You're right!" There was real agitation in the man's voice

Mildred's heart quickened with sympathy. He was certainly good man-to care so much for his children.

"Yes, the lady tells me so. H'm!" the medium sudden snapped her fingers. in the earth-plane." "She's Grace! And there's a Grace, to

"Yes. My oldest daughter-fifteen."

Fifteen! Yet he looked so young—oh, well, maybe there we little gray around his temples in the curling chestnut his Mildred became suddenly clairvoyant herself to the point perceiving that Grace resembled her father. The pale little stenographer visualized a strikingly pretty girl with chestne curls caught back under a tortoise-shell pin on the nape of neck, then blushed hotly in the dimness, remembering that the man was a stranger and a spiritualist. The sweet, high, plainting voice wandered on.

'And I want to say that there's a disturbed condition about the children-a mixed condition, for the lady, your wife, is hard ing you mixed flowers. Some you want the children to com and some you want them to stay. But I want to say, gentleman that that mixed condition is going to clear up and you're going to have the children with you and someone—some good ladyto look after them. Gentleman, do you mind my speaking plain?"

"Certainly not! Speak out!"

"Then I want to say she, Grace, your wife, wants you to many again-for the children."

"Do you see the lady?" the tortoise-shell glasses asked, rathe too eagerly, Mildred thought. But of course he had those little children in mind.

The medium's head turned a little on the cretonne cushion if she were searching.

"They don't give it to me plain. They say—Grace says will be shown you, a lady with the heart of a mother. Thou the lady's hands haven't been busy with children, her heart h Grace says. And she says, God bless you! And go on with the great work of spiritualism you've started in with. It's a blessing and comfort to you.

"I find it so. I thank you!" And the tortoise-shell glass

subsided. Mildred's heart was beating rapidly. Why, it was wonderful How could Madame Tyne, of herself, know all these thingsnames of the children and his wife's name and the problem the was disturbing him? He looked a man'that loved his hearth and who, when its light and warmth went out, had come here is The stenographer fel warm his chilled soul at a spiritual fire. proud of her metaphor-it was almost literary. There was c tainly something of uplift in a séance. She had never worded thought so beautifully before. She came back to present per ception with a start, for the medium was introducing a so shot through the head "over there" and a drowned man, drippi wet, both of which rather gruesome specters were eagerly claims by a man and a woman present. Then there was somebody Aunt Mary, who had something the matter with her hand something like paralysis. And somebody's grandmother, who sat in a rocking-chair and wore a little plaid shoulder shawl, as

a lace cap with lavender ribbons on her head. "I made that cap myself." Mildred's next neighbor claim the grandmother in an awed voice.

"And her hands were always busy knitting or sewing, becau she says she kept her hands busy not to think so much. H'nd She had a lot of trouble, didn't she, lady?"

"Yes, grandmother did. My grandfather "Wasn't always kind to her. And then he went out and broke his neck on his race-horse," went on the medium. "But he says he sees now and is sorry. And there's some property of theirs tied up somehow so you never got your share.

"No!" said the lady, with a trace of rancor.
"Well, it's coming to you," the medium assured her. "Your Uncle John got it, but he's passing into the spirit soon, and your grandfather and grandmother are going to fix it so you get your

share. They're working for you."
"I hope so!" said the lady, with feeling. "Thank you!"
"You're welcome!" The medium continued to hold her face, placid as a sleeper's, the eyes calmly closed, still in the direction of the last speaker. "I want to go now to the lady beside you. of the last speaker. "I want to go now to the lady besic Lady, there's a mother behind your chair. And a father."

Mildred strained her eyes towards the woman on the left of the woman who had answered, but nobody spoke. The medium's voice lifted again, a thought querulously.

What couldn't be said in the theater, he said on the way home—a happy way lit by stars and sweet with the hope of spring.

"Won't the lady please answer so I can get her vibration?— the little lady sitting next?"

The woman beside Mildred nudged her elbow.
"Madame means you," she whispered.
Mildred's heart was pounding furiously. She could hardly hear her own scared voice above its turnult.

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"Yes, you! Your mother and father come to you and your

grandmother. They come to you very beautiful and they say, lady, 'Don't you be discouraged!' All the time you are so tired, aren't you? And your hands are so busy! Do you work, lady?" "Yes, I do," Mildred breathed.
"Because I see a big office—a factory office, with three desks in it, you, lady at one of them. And I see a typewriter on it and oh, so many letters—so many letters! They keep you busy all the time, don't they? And they show me a cross-looking man of

with a very red face and bushy black scowling eyebrows and a scar like a new moon across one cheek."

"Mr. Spaulding!" Mildred's awed voice was scarcely even a whisper. This was certainly necromancy! How could the medium know about that silver-white scar-like a new

moon? But listen-

"And I see the spirit of a little child, oh so beautiful! right in the air beside you. No, it's not a blood tie. I don't think it belongs to you in any way, lady, for I know you're not married, but it's very beautiful. And it stretches its little hands to you, lady, and now other little children come and they reach their hands to you. They come, little spirits, to your spirit, because you love little children!"

"Oh, I do!" Mildred said simply.

"And I want to say that it's very beautiful. For Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me.' Lady you oughtn't to be come unto me.' Lady you oughtn't to be working. You'd ought to have a home—a home with little children in it and somebody to look after you. Never mind! It'll come!" The medium's voice rang with a certainty that sent the blood becomingly into Mildred's "You'll have both-a home and pale cheeks. children."

All eyes were on Mildred. Especially she felt the probe of the tortoise-shell spectacles. But of course he would sympathize-this

father of Grace's little children.

"You won't be so tired then, lady!" the edium encouraged her. "Things are going medium encouraged her. to straighten for you. But they, your father and mother, want you to build yourself up. You're not very strong. Drink a lot of milk and egg-noggs. Would you know Lucy?"
The medium shot the question with the startle of a sky-rocket.

"My sister. She died when she was a baby.

I never knew her."

"That don't make any difference. She knows you. She's grown-up now-they grow up in the spirit sometimes. She's nineteen." Mildred caught startled breath.

"She would be nineteen-in May.

"Yes, that's what she says. And she says who's Mildred?" broke off the medium

with another of those sky-rocket whizzes.
"My name's Mildred."
"She says, 'Tell Mildred it's all going to come right.' And she says, 'There'll be a home and flowers and little children.' Lady, you've got a guide yourself. I see him standing back of your chair with Lucy. He's an Egyptian—very wonderful.
There's a red light around him. And he says the spirits are all helping you and not to be discouraged, for the way'll be opened to what's best for you. Have you a question, lady?"

"Am I going to lose my position?" Mildred's voice of appre-

hension sounded scared of itself.

The medium again turned her head slightly, this time as if listening. "Yes!" she said, with decision. "But you're going to have a better one. I want to go now to the third gentleman in back."

Mildred, tensely forward on the edge of her chair, sank limply back. Lucy. Her mother. Her father. The spirits of the little children. And an Egyptian guide, whoever he might be. was too wonderful, almost, to be true, yet too circumstantial not to be-witness Lucy's name and age-her very age! And if the medium had sat for Mildred's four years with anxious eyes on that red face with its semi-lunar scar, she couldn't have drawn it more accurately. How did she know? But, knowing these things, she must know too about the position that was going to be lost. And even the equally sure prospect of a better one couldn't allay the panic in Mildred's mind. She had just eighteen dollars bank balance; and when the first of the month-only four days off-came around with its rent, she wouldn't have even that. But as if a friendly hand had patted her shoulder, she became conscious that the medium was again speaking to her-soothingly as a mother.



"I want to go back to the little lady—yes, to you. And I want to say, just as they give it to me, 'You're worrying because you think you've not got money enough to tide over losing your position. But it won't be for long. Don't worry! they say. 'We are fixing it right.' That's what they say. Don't worry about the money! You won't need much. There's what's worth a lot more to another person-a gentleman-than money. And you've got it."

After which, of course, Mildred couldn't follow the other readings. She sat with her mind in a whirl. And when the control left the medium with a polite 'Good night!' to which everyone present responded with the same courtesy they would have accorded a material being like themselves, and the candles went out and the electricity went on, Mildred dropped a precious quarter into the shell-shaped china bowl the tortoiseshell spectacle man passed, with no greater parting pang than if it had been a pin and she had a paper full at home on her dresser.

The tortoise-shell man paused a minute as Mildred's quarter chinked rims with a dozen others in the bowl.

"Did you get anything, sister?" he inquired solicitously.

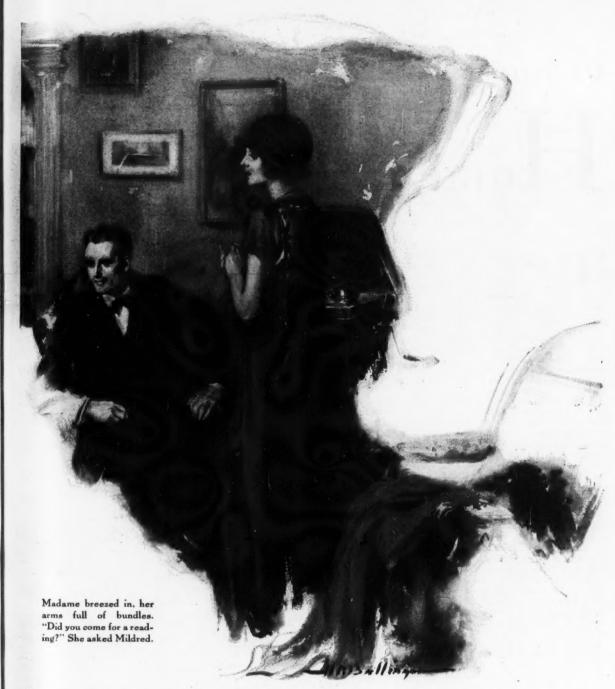
She raised awed, exalted eyes-really beautiful eyes, the

tortoise-shell glasses noted appreciatively.
"Oh, so much!" she murmured, really exquisite, if too pale, lips lightly apart like flower petals opening to the breath of a spring wind. Burton Spaulding's insignificant stenographer could be beautiful in moments of uplift, and this was one of the

"Madame Tyne is wonderful," he agreed. "She has never made a mistake with me and I've been coming here a year now. You should hear her Indian control—Little Wild Flower. She's

one hundred percent O.K.

Everybody was rising. Mildred rose too. The medium stood by the door as her patrons passed out. She shook hands warmly with each. Mildred and the tortoise-shell glasses man were the last. The medium held Mildred's hand a trifle longer than she



had kept the others. And she pressed it a trifle more warmly. "I hope you got something," she said. "I wasn't feeling very good tonight, so maybe you was disappointed."

"Oh, no!" said Mildred, in the deep voice of one profoundly stirred. "You are marvelous!"

The medium gray Mildred, a smile that implicated has learn.

The medium gave Mildred a smile that irradiated her large,

rather coarse features into transient loveliness.

"Thank you! But it wasn't me, you know. I just say what they tell me. And I don't know a thing I've said afterward. But I'm glad you was pleased. I wish Little Wild Flower had come. She never gives me anything wrong."

"So I was just telling Miss—Miss—" broke in the tortoise-

"Lasell," Mildred supplied, smiling. She was feeling very much at home with these people. Their kindliness and interest and their seeming close touch with her own lost—yet now apparently

not lost—people, warmed her heart.
"Miss Lasell!" The tortoise-shell man bowed ceremoniously over the name. "Why, Little Wild Flower has told me things

only the wife and I know-things that happened years ago when we were first married."

The medium flashed her smile on him.
"Mr. West," she observed, "is struck on Little Wild Flower—
if she does tell all his secrets!" Then, at Mildred's quick glance of alarm down at her sister-in-law's coat, "Don't be afraid!" she added heartily. "She may tell me, but she won't let me tell anybody else anything that shouldn't be told. Good night, dear! Come again!"

"I surely will!" Mildred promised girlishly. "Good night, madame!" and passed into the hall, Mr. West following her.

They walked to the elevator together. "I'm way up top," said Mildred.

"I'm two streets away, up top too," confided Mr. West affably. "It's the best I can afford with the kids to take care of. I want them to have things right, especially Gracie. She's at an age, you know, when a girl has to have things—in high school and with parties and clubs."

He spoke simply and sincerely, with (Continued on page 110)

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## W. Somerset Maugham

Understands Why Men Rove and Why at Last

## They Come ne From The

Woodcut Illustration By Walter Buehr

HE farm lay in a hollow among the Somersetshire hills, an old-fashioned stone house surrounded by barns and pens and outhouses. Over the doorway the date when it was built had been carved in the elegant numbers of the period, 1673, and the house, gray and weather-beaten, looked as much a part of the landscape as the trees that sheltered it. From the gateway to the trim garden there was an avenue of splendid elms which would have been the pride of many a squire's mansion.

The people who lived here were as solid, sturdy and unpretentious as the house; their only boast was that ever since it was built from father to son in one unbroken line they had been born and had died in it. For three hundred years they had

farmed the surrounding land.

George Meadows was now a man of fifty, and his wife was a year or two younger. They were both fine, upstanding people in the prime of life, and their children, two sons and three girls, were handsome and strong. They had no new-fangled notions about being gentlemen and ladies; they knew their place and were proud of it. I have never seen a household which was more united. They were merry, industrious and kindly. Their life was patriarchal. It had a completeness which gave it a beauty

was parnarchal. It had a completeness which gave it a beauty as definite as that of a symphony by Beethoven or a picture by Titian. They were happy and they deserved their happiness.

But the master of the house was not George Meadows (not by a long shot, they said in the village); it was his mother. She was twice the man her son was, they said. She was a woman of seventy, tall, upright and dignified, with gray hair, and though her face was much wrinkled her eyes were bright and shrewd. Her word was law in the house and on the farm, but she had humor: if her rule was despotic it was also kindly. People laughed at her jokes and repeated them. She was a good business woman. You had to get up very early in the morning to best her in a bargain. She was a character. She combined in a rare degree an alert sense of the ridiculous with good humor.

One day Mrs. George stopped me on my way home. all in a flutter. (Her mother-in-law was the only Mrs. Meadows we knew: George's wife was only known as Mrs. George.)
"Whoever do you think is coming here today?" she asked me.

"Uncle George Meadows. You know, him as was in China." "Why, I thought he was dead."

"We all thought he was dead."

I had heard the story of Uncle George Meadows a dozen times, and it had amused me because it had the savor of an old ballad: it was oddly touching to come across it in real life. For Uncle George Meadows and Tom, his younger brother, had both courted Mrs. Meadows when she was Emily Green, fifty years and more ago; and when she married Tom, George had gone away to sea.

They heard of him on the China coast. For twenty years, now and then he sent them presents; then there was no more news of him. When Tom Meadows died his widow wrote and told him, but received no answer, and at last they came to the con-clusion that he must be dead. But two or three days ago, to their astonishment, they had received a letter from the matron

of a Sailors' Home at Portsmouth.

It appeared that for the last ten years George Meadows, crippled with rheumatism, had been an inmate; and now, feeling that he had not much longer to live, he wanted to see once more the house in which he had been born. Albert Meadows, his great-nephew, had gone over to Portsmouth to fetch him.
"Just fancy," said Mrs. George, "he's not been here for more

than fifty years. He's never even seen my George who's fiftyone next birthday.'

"And what does Mrs. Meadows think of it?" I asked.

"Well, all she says is, he was a good-looking young fellow when he left, but not so steady as his brother, that's why she chose my George's father; but he's probably quietened down

by now, she says."

Mrs. George asked me to look in and see him. With the simplicity of a country woman who had never been farther from her home than London, she thought that because we had both

been in China we must have something in common.

I found the whole family assembled when I arrived: they were sitting in the great old kitchen with its stone floor; Mrs. Meadows in her usual chair by the fire, very upright, and I was amused to see that she had put on her best silk dress, while her son and his wife sat at the table with their children. On the other side of the fireplace sat an old man, hunched up in a chair; he was very thin and his skin hung on his bones like an old suit much too large for him; his face was wrinkled and yellow and he had lost nearly all his teeth.

I shook hands with him.

"Well, I'm glad to see you got here safely, Mr. Meadows." "Captain," he corrected.

"He walked here," Albert, his grand-nephew, told me. "When

we got to the gate he made me stop the car. He wanted to walk."
"And mind you I've not been out of my bed for two years.
They carried me down and put me in the car," said the old man. "I thought I'd never walk again, but when I saw them elm trees—I remember my father set a lot of store on them elm trees—I felt I could walk. I'd walked along that drive fifty-two years ago when I went away and now I've walked back again."

"Silly, I call it," said Mrs. Meadows.

"It's done me good. I feel better and stronger than I have for ten years. I'll see you out yet, Emily."

"Don't you be too sure," she answered.

I suppose no one had called Mrs. Meadows by her first name

for a generation. It gave me a little shock, as though the old man were taking a liberty with her. She looked at him with a shrewd smile in her eyes and he, talking to her, grinned with his toothless gums. It was strange to look at them, these two old people who had not seen one another for half a century, and to think that all that long time ago he had loved her and she had loved another.

I wondered if they remembered what they had felt then and what they had said to one another. I wondered if it seemed to him strange that for that old woman he had left the home of his fathers, his lawful inheritance, and lived an exile's life.

"Have you ever been married, Captain Meadows?" I asked. "Not me," he said, in his quavering voice, with a grin.

know too much about women for that."
"That's what you say," retorted Mrs. Meadows. "If the truth was known I shouldn't be surprised to hear that you'd had half a dozen black wives in your day.

"They're not black in China, Emily. You ought to know better than that. They're yellow."

"Perhaps that's why you're so yellow yourself. When I saw you I said to myself, why, he's got jaundice." "I said I'd never marry any one but you, Emily, and I never

have."

He said this not with pathos or resentment, but as a mere statement of fact as a man might say, "I said I'd walk twenty miles

and I've done it." There was a trace of satisfaction in the speech. I talked a little with the old man about China.

"There's not a port in China that I don't know better than ou know your coat-pocket. Where a ship can go, I've been. I could keep you sitting here all day long for six months and not tell you half the things I've seen in my day."

"Well, one thing you've not done, George, as far as I can

drawn: I was surprised for Mrs. Meadows liked the sunshine. "Time enough to live in the dark when you're buried," she always said.

"How's Captain Meadows?" I asked her.
"He always was a harum-scarum fellow," she said. "When Lizzie took him in a cup of tea this morning, she found he was



The whole family was assembled in the great old kitchen. Near the fireplace sat a very old man, hunched up in his chair. He was thin and wrinkled and yellow.

see," said Mrs. Meadows, the mocking but not unkindly smile still in her eyes, "and that's to make a fortune."
"I'm not one to save money," he said. "Make it and spend it:

that's my motto. But one thing I can say for myself: if I had the chance of going through my life again I'd take it, and there's . not many as'll say that."
"No, indeed," I said.

I looked at him with admiration and respect. He was a toothless, crippled, penniless old man, but he had made a success

of life for he had enjoyed it.

Next morning I thought I would go and ask if the old man would like to see me. I strolled down the magnificent avenue of elm trees, and when I came to the garden I saw Mrs. Meadows picking flowers. I bade her good morning and she raised herself. She had a huge armful of white flowers.

I glanced at the house and I saw that the blinds were

"Yes. Died in his sleep. I was just picking these flowers to put in the room. Well, I'm glad he died in the old house. It always means a lot to them Meadows to do that."

They had had a good deal of difficulty in persuading him to go to bed. He had talked to them of all the things that had happened to him in his long life. He was happy to be back in his old home. He was proud that he had walked up the drive without assistance, and he boasted that he would live for another twenty years. But fate had been kind: death had written the full-stop in the right place.

Mrs. Meadows smelt the white flowers that she held in her

arms.
"Well, I'm glad he came back," she said. "After I married Tom Meadows and George went away, the fact is I was never quite sure that I'd married the right one."

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The Characters in the Story So Far:

John felt that his case with Rhoda was lost. He set his jaw.

HODA McLANE, the "Shame Child" who refused to testify in the court where her mother and father were getting their divorce and flooding the front pages of the newspapers with the scandal their lawyers brought up in evidence. Convinced by her own bitter experience that great wealth can bring only evil in its train, she is the unhappiest young woman in the world. She is engaged in relief work among the striking coal miners of West Virginia.

JOHN GRAHAM, of New York, the richest young man in the world, who met Rhoda as a small boy and again years later at a social lecture where for the first time he heard himself and his Rhoda at first sight. But the great wealth that he will some day inherit seems fearful to Rhoda. John is between the devil and the deep sea, as he is President of the Mid-West Coal Co., where a strike is practically being fomented by the girl he loves.

CECILY COUTANT, of Greenwich Village, tall, blonde and beautiful—a regular valkyrie, frankly using her personal charms to angle matrimonially for a rich old man.

Toto, John's sweet-natured invalid sister, incurably crippled by infantile paralysis, to whom Mrs. Graham devotes most of her time.

DITTY, John's pretty younger sister, a flapper who is just beginning to rebel against family discipline.

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Mr. Pepperill, the trusted old lawyer who has devoted himself to the legal interests of the Graham family for years.

THORNTON JUNIOR, a student at Harvard and roommate of Rhoda's devil-may-care younger brother, Ranny.

LUCIE BEVIN, pretty granddaughter of old Tom Bevin, caretaker of Thornton's Adirondack camp-a child of nature who gets her knowledge of the outside world entirely through the silver screen. At Ranny McLanes's invitation, Lucie ran away from home to join the movies in New York—and thereby nearly precipitated a disastrous scandal, as Thorny was suspected of having brought her to the city, until John cleared the matter up.

#### CHAPTER XXVI

E FORGET precisely how the Jack of nursery lore slew his giants, but had John been able to slay Giant Shiras and Giant Levi in like manner, other giants, by virtue of the laws of inheritance, would have arisen in their stead. And this could go on forever! of men perpetually dependent upon the whim or prejudice of an invalid, a paranoiac, or a moron!

Illustrations by W. D. Stevens

## The Richest Young Man Woman in the World

Our Jack the Giant Killer had yet to learn that it is harder to hack one's way through a swamp of alders than a stockade of oak; and that stormy as is the sea of passion and prejudice, it is far easier to cross than the smiling ocean of inertia, where the ship drifts helpless in the bland doldrums of amiability and of polite indifference. So with blithe confidence he strode around the corner to beard great-uncle Shiras in his den.

He mounted the gray stone steps and rang the bell. Henri, the French valet, the only man-servant, answered. Mr. Graham, he said, had already dressed and gone out—to see a lady. But he would be dining at Mr. Levi Graham's at eight o'clock, and

Mr. John could catch him there.

"He is not very well," sighed Henri, who had been with Shiras thirty years. "He is not at all a strong man! He is getting old. Sacré nom! Why not? Eighty years, and still to run around like a boy! It is his head that is bad. It whirls around. And by and by maybe he thinks there is somebody else in the house. He start up and look around very quick—comme ça. 'Are you there, Tinkaire?' I do not know this man—Tinkaire—or who he was. But my master often speak to him like that, and always so kind! 'Are you there, Tinkaire?' It is sad to see him that way! I love him very much, Mr. John. But he is not happy! Non! He is not happy!"

Jack descended to the sidewalk, his first enthusiasm some-what dashed. He had overlooked the obvious truism that you must find your giant before you can kill him.

No window shone in the house of Levi that evening. No crack of light gleamed beneath the heavy curtains. The shrouded panes reflected the electricity of the avenue in a dull, repellent glare. Even by day the blue shades were always drawn. Yet as John dimbed the brownstone steps and faced the inhospitably closed outer door, he knew that hidden away somewhere behind its grim facade there was light and warmth in the old house, save only that light and warmth was never permitted to escape

He was admitted by a maid, who told him that the gentlemen He was admitted by a maid, who told him that the gentlemen were still in the dining-room having their cigars, and that he could go right in. He knew the way well enough. As a little by he had been afraid to go alone through the long, narrow passage containing Homer's collection of death-masks—his bobby—which connected the front hall with the extension. Even now the rows of dim, chalky white faces with their closed eyes gave him an uncanny feeling. How colossal some of them were! And how shrunken others after death! Like men's reputations! Outside the dining-room door he paused for a moment with his hand on the knob. He could hear the clink moment with his hand on the knob. He could hear the clink of glass, the loud tones of his great-uncle Shiras, and Levi's shrill cackle. What was he going to say to them? What excuse was he to give for breaking in on them in this way? Then without answering the question he opened the door and stepped

An electric cluster in the center of the ceiling threw a garish ight upon the table below, at which sat his two great-uncles, old Shiras's crony Bellamy Wing, and his own cousin Homer. The white cloth with its shining glass, the white heads of the old men and their white shirtfronts were spot-lighted against the mahogany wainscoting, with its wall-paper of imitation Spanish kather, like a Rembrandt. But if the lighting was that of Rembrandt, the composition was that of Hals. At the opposite side of the table Levi was scrunched like a half-closed jack-buile in his great high-backed chair, the skin of his flabby neck



hanging in a red dewlap between the spreading points of his high collar. On his right inclined Mr. Bellamy Wing in a deferen-

tial attitude, induced in part by a lack of equilibrium. Both were listening to Shiras, who with his hair awry and his collar sprung was pounding on the table with one hand and gesticulating rather wildly with the other.

At the zenith of his peroration he reached suddenly for a small stone jug labelled "Jeroboam," and in doing so caught sight

of John.
"Hello!" he bawled. "Where the devil did you come from?"
"Zackly!" echoed Mr. Bellamy Wing. "Where the hup—jew kuffrom?" Homer, who was sitting with his back to the door, turned

and with a sickly smile extended a clammy hand over his shoulder.

"Greetings!" said he; then to Levi: "It's John, father."

"Dear me! So it is!" cackled his great-uncle. "Come in and siddown, Johnny."

John's resolutions faltered. Surely no occasion could be less propitious for presenting his plea for a more conciliatory policy;

and yet it would be his only opportunity before the meeting.
"I just dropped over for a minute to have a little chat about the coal business," he said as pleasantly as he could. "How do you do, Mr. Wing? How are you, Uncle Levi? Howdy, Homer!"

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"Better'n could be expected!" declared Shiras, pouring out a couple of fingers from the Jeroboam and shoving it toward his great-nephew. "Have a nip, Johnny? That's the Royal Blend. Your grandfather imported three hundred cases himself straight from Glasgow.'

"Straight-hup-from Heaven!" amended Mr. Wing, intercepting the Jeroboam and transferring a portion of its remaining contents to himself. "Can't get that sort of stuff now!"

"I suppose not," said John, drawing up a chair. "You know there's a meeting of the Mid-West Coal Company tomorrow." "Lessus take no thought for the morrow," urged Mr. Wing earnestly. "Le' the morrow take care of things—hup—for

"That's the talk, Wing! Let's forget all 'bout business! little brown jug! Brown jug! Brown jug!" chanted Shiras O little brown jug! Brown jug! Brown jug. Collection in his deep bass. "Let's have another little brown jug, Levi!" have another little brown jug, Levi!" begg in his deep bass. "Please, Uncle Shiras! Listen to me for a moment!" begged

John. "The coal company-

"To the devil with the coal company!" exploded his uncle.

"I won't talk business, I tell you!"
"Rotten ole business!" said Mr. Wing mournfully.

"I'm netting less than two percent on my buildings!" asserted Levi from his end of the table. "All the rents go in taxes and repairs. Real estate agents are nothing but crooks nowadays!
"Where's 'nother Jeroboam?" demanded his brother.

Mr. Wing bent solemnly toward Shiras with an air of imparting

information of great moment.
"I'm a ferret for liquor!" he announced with unexpected volubility. "All you got do is put my nose to it and say sick 'em!"

With this he placed the feature referred to upon the tablecloth and, as if following a scent ran it cautiously toward the Jeroboam. Gazing at the latter fixedly, he continued: "I'm a stag hound! And there's the hup stag!" He waved at the antiered head blown on the side of the jug. "The stag hup at eve had drunk his fill!"

drunk his fill'!"
"I haven't!" announced Shiras. "Not of this pre-war stuff!"
"I haven't!" announced Shiras. "Not of this pre-war stuff!" "The war changed everything!" wailed Levi. "There was improvement in the 'eighties, but everything went back again afterward. I was a fool not to sell out and go into industrials

"If you had you'd be bellyaching now just the same!" retorted his brother. "With the present labor situation! This foreign scum from southwestern Europe—they're worse than niggers!"
"Niggers!" shrilled Levi. "I can remember during the draft

riots in 'sixty-three, when the niggers were dangling from the lamp-posts on Fourth Avenue thick as blackberries!'

John made an involuntary movement of surprise; and Shiras

looked at him sharply. Levi's words had evidently acted upon him as a sort of "pick-me-up."
"That's true, Johnny!" he affirmed. "We used to stand in the window and watch the mob chasing the niggers across Washington Square. As Levi says, there wasn't a Fourth Avenue lamp-post that didn't have a dead nigger hanging from it. No joke, I tell you! If it hadn't been for Colonel O'Brien and the Eleventh New York Volunteers the five thousand rioters might have burned the city. As it was, they made it a hell for three days."
"O'Brien!" Levi's voice cracked with excitement. "It w

awful what the crowd did to that man when they caught him away from his troops. The women dragged him by the heels through the streets, mutilated him, and threw his body over his own back yard fence. They were more fiendish than Indian

squaws.

"I—hup—saw it!" said Mr. Bellamy Wing. "Made me sick!"
"You voted for Seymour!" Shiras shot at him. "He was to blame for it! If we hadn't had a coward in the Governor's chair at Albany the police would have had proper support from the first. If Seymour had asked for troops the riots could have been put down in twenty-four hours. But he was scared to support the draft."

He drew heavily on his cigar.

"Well, I don't much blame him!" piped Levi. "Seymour was a pretty good politician in trying to sidestep the draft. Why, most of New York City was rank Secessionist from the first. I can remember in 'sixty-one-early in the year, I think it waswhen Mayor Fernando Wood proposed a resolution in the Common Council that New York should secede from the Union and become a free and independent city under the name of 'Tri-Insular'

John was astounded at this generally overlooked tidbit of history. For the moment he forgot the purpose of his visit. Shiras smashed his fist down among the glasses, so that they jumped.

"The scalawag! He ought to have been taken out and shot!"

"Well, Seymour wasn't the only Copperhead," said Levi "You know very well that nobody around here was very enthusiastic about the war."
"True! True!" Shiras's

Shiras's face had lost its unnatural flus

Again he addressed his great-nephew.

Might surprise you to know, Johnny, that the war damned unpopular here! Even when Lincoln issued his thin call for volunteers, there was little response. We were shy, think, over eighteen thousand on our quota. When the draft was put through in 'sixty-three there wasn't a soldier in the citythe troops were all facing Lee at Gettysburg. The Irish were bitter against the draft, and so were the foreigners. They always are! So are the criminals. Well, they made New York a hell Before the riots were put down twelve hundred of 'em had ben killed."

"You can imagine how unpopular the draft was," commented Levi, "when the Common Council voted two millions and a h out of the city treasury to pay for substitutes for poor men when were drafted and had no money of their own!"

'I paid for mine-hup-out of my own money!" declared Mr. Wing, with pride.

"Bah! And you can sit there and boast of it?" roared Shirns.

Mr. Wing shrivelled.

Tut, tut, Shiras!" quavered Levi. "Bellamy wasn't any different from anybody else. They all did it. You paid for substitute yourself! I knew his name once-Tucker or Tinkham or some such thing as that!"

Shiras's chin fell forward upon his shirt-front, his feature

twisted with emotion.

"I don't boast of it!" he muttered. "And, anyhow, I didn't

vote for Seymour!"

Even with his collar rampant behind his ear and his black the stringy—the old man had yet something majestic about him-the majesty of a shattered and ruined temple. John stepped back and opened the door by which he had entered. Silence had fallen upon the other two octogenarians—the one drunk and the other bordering on senility. Homer followed him out and closed the door behind them.

"Old Bellamy's got his usual bun on!" he said in his graveyard voice as they paused in the dimly lighted passage lined with its silent rows of plaster faces staring up from their cushions of black velvet. "And Shiras is pretty full, too. Although sometimes I've heard him even kind of pretend he went to the war, when other people were around who didn't know any different.'

John hardly heard him. He was disgusted at the spectacle he had just witnessed, shocked at the thought that such senile old men had it within their power to exert a determining influence

upon the lives and destinies of others.

They were like rotten trees, still standing but gone at the to They were so old that "the war" meant the Civil War to them. Yet their palsied hands still held the levers that directed the machine of industry. It was cruel—criminal! Yet was it any more cruel or more criminal than if those same levers were held by younger men whose ideas were equally atrophied-equally archaic? In a flash he realized that he would never succeed in inducing his great-uncles to change their point of view. were set-like plaster casts.

"Well, I am afraid I must be going," he said to Homer. "Don' let your father forget to come to the meeting tomorrow, will

you? Good night.

The door closed. Once more John stood on the steps, the rost of the traffic in his ears.

#### CHAPTER XXVII

A LAS for our would-be slayer of giants! Sleep fled his eyes that night; and ten forty-five found him tense in his seat at the end of the table in the board-room. At five minutes to the hour Lathrop, his private secretary, entered, brief-case in

"Good morning," he remarked cheerily. "I'm afraid we're not going to have a quorum. After all, there's not muchwith

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No quorum!'

"Why, sir, you see, almost everybody's away," went on athrop. "Mr. Pepperill is in Newport, Senator Krass has gone Lathrop. to Nevada, Mr. Kayne is in Europe, and most of the others are on vacations. We need seven and the most we can surely count on is five-unless you can persuade Mr. Shiras and Mr. Levi to come. They don't usually, you know."
"Please call them up and ask them both as a special favor to

me-to the company-to get down here as soon as they can.

"Certainly, sir."

With a shriek Shiras seized the bust and hurled it at the apparition.

The secretary smiled genially and departed, leaving John sick with foreboding. Lathrop returned almost immediately.

"The butler at Mr. Shiras Graham's says that Mr. Graham is still asleep and that he cannot disturb him; and the maid at Mr. Levi's says that he is not at all well this morning. She has had to send for the doctor. Mr. Homer Graham cannot leave

Why had he not thought of this possibility before? It had never occurred to him that his plan could be thwarted by a mere failure on the part of the directors to attend the meeting-yet of course it could be—quite as easily as by active opposition. If he did not get the resolution passed, Rhoda would go to Bitumen without him. If he abandoned his post to go with her, any chance to secure favorable action from the directors would be gone forever and one phase of the industrial battle would be irrevocably lost.

Two or three of the directors had come in by this time, and were standing idly about as if they really did not expect that there would be any meeting. John looked at his watch. It was already sixteen minutes past eleven. The situation was

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "there is no use keeping you any longer. I understand that it will be impossible for us to get a quorum today. I shall call another meeting for Friday morning, and I ask particularly that you will make no other engagement that might interfere with it. A matter of great importance to

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"Please go. Leave me!" he cried hoarsely, waving her

the company, demanding instant attention, has arisen-involving its entire future. Good morning!"
The meeting dissolved.

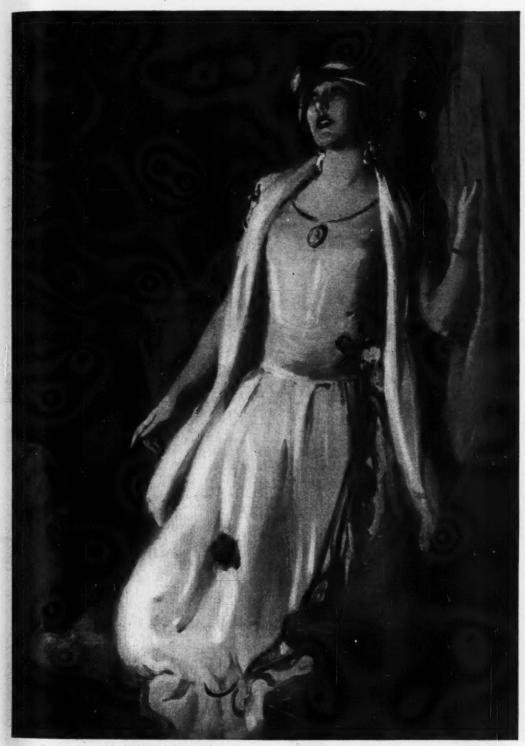
Never did unhorsed champion, lying prone like a backed beetle, feel a flatter fool! His case with Rhoda was lost. How could be expect her to believe that he had been unable to secure a sufficient number of directors to hold a meeting when a meeting had been called?

Her pale, intense little face, at once sad and accusing, rose before him. He knew that she would not mitigate her sentence. In his eagerness to prove not only his loyalty but his ability to

serve her, he had readily accepted the penalty to be imposed in case of failure. She would be inflexible. She would go to Bitumen with her aides-de-camp! But what then? To seek her now, to drag himself to her in abasement on his knees would accomplish nothing, might even precipitate a scene in which he would prejudice his case beyond repair. She had been ready to dismiss him forever, as it was. By Friday all might be changed.

From the wall the rubicund features of his great grandfather.

From the wall the rubicund features of his great-grandfather Mungo looked down at him with a complacent smirk, as if asking what he could expect if he let a woman wind him around her finger. "Don't make a fool of yourself, my boy!" he seemed



away. Cecily, thoroughly frightened, hastened to obey.

to say. "Don't flatter yourself that you know how to set the world straight, or that because you have what you call ideals, there are to be no more cakes and ale!" He turned impatiently to the Sargent portrait of Ezra, his grandfather. Out of the green darkness of the blurred background the fiery red-rimmed eyes

of the old man seemed to penetrate his own.
"Coward! Weakling! Recreant!" they said. "I builded the city-wilt thou betray it unto the hands of the enemy?"

Then he heard the voice of Rhoda, his beloved.
"You are at the fork in the road, John! You must choose!" He could see her now as she had stood yesterday, outlined against the thin sunlight of the lattice, tender yet inflexible, proud yet imploring. He sighed, setting his jaw to keep back the tears of discouragement that forced themselves to his eyes. He dashed them away and caught the white gleam of Carrara. "Dad! Father!"

The sightless sockets were pointed directly at him! It was as if his father were really there. How strong and determined were those noble features carved in the pure marble! How honest, how kind, how true his father had been! How steadfast! What a pitiful wabbler he was in comparison!

Why was he a wabbler? Was it (Continued on page 170)

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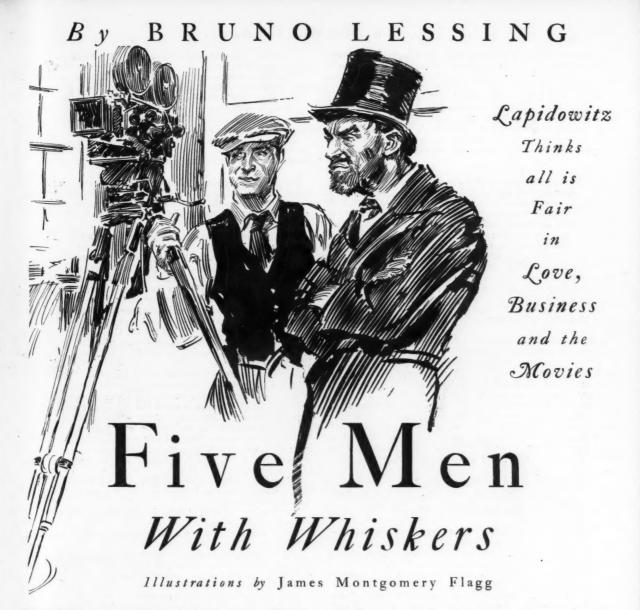
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A beautiful girl with a wealth of golden hair hanging down her back walked toward Masiliensky and took the end of his beard in her hand. "Gee!" she cried. "It's genuyine! It's a wonder!"



HE names of the five men were Lapidowitz, Masiliensky, Sirovitch, Koslowski and Levy. Jaw-breakers, say you—with the exception of Levy. Yes, Levy is say you—with the exception of Levy. Yes, Levy is easy to pronounce and to remember. The "x," as some wag said, is silent-as in the word "prune."

Cahill, for the life of him, could not grasp these five names. And through this inability of his—not being a Russian or Lithuanian scholar-two currents in the affairs of men joined together,

became confluent, so to speak.

It is queer about these currents of fate. A baby is born in Moscow and, at the same moment, a Chinese tea-merchant dies in Shanghai. One has a life before him and the other a career behind him, but the two currents can never meet. Both are

Take, now, a Swiss yodler who at three P.M. on a certain day slips from a mountain top into a gully, and a maiden in Oklahoma City who, at that exact moment, is sewing a button on her father's vest. These two currents, you can plainly see, have absolutely nothing in common. Yet, if the Oklahoma City girl's uncle happens to be traveling with a party of tourists in Switzer-land and comes across the yodler and nurses him back to health and then brings him to Oklahoma City, you instantly realize that there is a possibility of the two currents becoming one.

It is exactly thus in the case we have before us. The Eureka Film Company of New Jersey were planning a moving picture that was to bear the title, "The Doings of Dalton." The current of this affair was somewhat turbid. Franklin, who wrote the

scenario, saw it all as a comedy.

Morrison, the director, insisted that it presented greater possibilities as a serious drama. Cahill, the casting director, whose business it was to provide the actors and actresses, had no opinions. He did not care a hang whether they made a comedy or a tragedy of it. All he wanted to know was what kind of people they wanted for the cast.

Upon one point both the author and the director were agreed which doesn't happen quite as often as you might think. There was to be a scene in the early part of the story in which Dalton, the hero, who was supposed to be interested in uplifting the poor, was to get into trouble in the Ghetto. So, both Franklin and Morrison said to Cahill:

"Get us five men from the East Side. Get good types. Five men with whiskers.

Let us now turn to the other current. Lapidowitz, the East Side schnorrer, entirely ignorant of the fact that the Eureka Film Company existed, sat in Milken's Café, his head resting upon his hand, his heart bowed down. He was unhappy

It was Mrs. Lustig. She was a widow—a Russian who had arried a German. She was red-cheeked, merry and plump, married a German. and her husband had left her a tenement house and a delicatessen Lapidowitz had met her and had become infatuated. Not with the lady, to be truthful, but with the prospect of owning a tenement house and spending most of his time in a delicatessen

He had taken her to a theater several times and to dinner once. A dinner affords infinitely better opportunities for conversation than a theater, but the lady's appetite and her preference for

expensive dishes made it impracticable for Lapidowitz to repeat his dinner invitation. He could not afford it. To be candid, he was financially embarrassed. To be utterly frank, he was

And, at this juncture, he learned that Masiliensky, who was foreman of a printing shop, was regularly calling upon the widow. He could not understand what she saw in him. True, Masiliensky possessed a magnificent beard. But, was it possible that an intelligent woman could be attracted by a beard? Perish the thought! Why, if he, Lapidowitz, wanted to let his beard

Well, that was the second current. Lapidowitz was jealous. Not of the lady—we're laying all our cards upon the table—but of the tenement house and the delicatessen store. He saw them slipping toward Masiliensky. And as he sat in Milken's Café brooding over this situation, Cahill, the casting director of the Eureka Film Company, entered the place. Now you can see how the two currents came together.

Milken was behind the counter cutting a chicken into thin slices for sandwiches.

"I'm from a moving picture company," said Cahill. "We want to get some East Side characters for a picture. Five men with whiskers. Got any idea where I can find them?" Milken pointed to Lapidowitz.

"Ask him," he replied. "He got nothing else to do. He's a plain bum. But if his whiskers is good enough, you only got to look for four more.'

Cahill repeated his question to the schnotter. Lapidowitz

gazed at him and stroked his beard.
"We pay ten dollars a day," Cahill explained, promptly. "It'll-be a two day job at the least. If you ain't doing anything I'll take you. Now where can I get four more? I'm mighty busy and can't afford to lose time."

It required all of Lapidowitz's self-control to suppress a start.

Ten dollars a day! He would have jumped at the chance for three dollars.

"Whiskers, hey?" he exclaimed cheerfully. "Sure I can. You want four? I'll get you Sirovitch, the pedlar, Koslowski, the livery-stable man, Levy, who works in the barber shop and and-and-

"That's all right," said Cahill. "You get those three. I'll nose around and find the other one. Are you sure they all got good whiskers?"

The image of Masiliensky came to Lapidowitz's mind and he

"Wait a minute," he said. "I got another one. Ten dollars a day, you said? Could you arrange so I get paid for all of them? They ain't good business men and maybe they wouldn't come if I didn't guarantee it was all right."

Cahill grinned. He had had experience and he knew he could

rely upon Lapidowitz.
"Sure," he said. "Fifty dollars a day for the bunch of you. I couldn't remember the names, anyway. Who's the fifth one? Has he got a good beard?"

For answer Lapidowitz placed the edge of his palm upon his waist to indicate the length of Masiliensky's facial adornment.
"Fine!" said Cahill. "Here's my card with the address on

it. Have them all over at the studio at nine o'clock tomorrow morning."

To make a satisfactory arrangement with Sirovitch, Koslowski

and Levy was child's play for Lapidowitz.
"Four dollars a day!" they exclaimed. "And nothing to do but

to get our picture tooken?'

"That's all," the schnorrer explained. "And you get cash every day. Four whole dollars." But Masiliensky did not appear so eager. To begin with, Lapidowitz had considerable difficulty in locating him. He finally found him in the rear of Mrs. Lustig' delicatessen store, slicing bologna sausage and eating every fifth

"The movies?" he exclaimed, when Lapidowitz had explained the situation. "Why should I be a foolish ector? It's a silly business.

"But four dollars a day," said Lapidowitz gazing enviously at Masiliensky's magnificent beard. "And only to get your picture tooken.

Masiliensky shrugged his shoulders and gulped down another slice of sausage. But now Mrs. Lustig intervened. Somehow or other, at a crisis in men's lives, it is always a woman who inter-

venes—or interferes, if you prefer it—or butts in.
"Oh, Mr. Masiliensky!" she exclaimed. "A movie actor? And you wouldn't be one? I couldn't believe it?"

"But why?" protested the printer. "Is it a business?" The widow smirked at him.

Cos

"You would look so fine," she said. "I love to go to the movies. And I'm sure you would take a fine picture. Your beard-And then Lapidowitz-in a swan song of grandeur.

"Don't be a fool," said he, with a wave of his hand. "I make it five dollars a day for you and I pay the extra dollar out of my own pocket. That's the kind of gentleman I am."

He turned to the widow expecting a glance of admiration. He caught the glance. But it was directed toward Masiliensky's beard. And, of course, the printer yielded.

The five be-whiskered denizens of the Ghetto appeared at the studio on time the next morning. Both Franklin and Morrison nodded their approval when Cahill led his find before them. "Hang around a while," said Morrison. "We'll rehearse the

scene in a little while."

Hanging around a moving picture studio was a novel and exciting experience for these men. The tangle of scenery, the glare of calcium lights, strains of music from some distant settingthey use music, you know, to inspire the actors-and the men and women in variegated costumes and make-up, all bewildered and fascinated them. Their own presence created considerable good-natured amusement. The five of them with their patriarchal beards, some of them with old-fashioned ringlets over their ears and all in dingy "Prince Isaac" coats, presented a rather picturesque appearance. They accepted the glances of amusement that were bestowed upon them as a token of friendliness and smiled good naturedly in return. Masiliensky nudged Lapidowitz.

"Ain't that a fine looking lady?" he whispered. Lapidowitz turned in the direction in which the printer was pointing and beeld a beautiful girl with a wealth of golden hair hanging down her back. At that same moment the girl caught sight of the group and smiled. Then, slowly, she sauntered toward them. Lapidowitz straightened his neck-tie and buttoned his coat. To his chagrin, however, the girl paid not the slightest attention

to him but walked straight toward Masiliensky.
"Hello!" she exclaimed. "Where did ye ever cop that

make-up?"

Masiliensky beamed with pleasure. He had not the faintest idea of what she was saying but she was the prettiest creature he had ever beheld.

"I'm a ector," he said. "It iss der first time." The girl took the end of his beard in her hand.

"Gee!" she cried. "It's genuyine! How'd ye ever grow such

a fierce bunch? It's a wonder!"
"I'm in der printing bizness," Masiliensky explained, as if that fact were responsible for the length of his beard. The girl gazed critically at the faces of his companions and then, linking her arm in Masiliensky's, she said, "Come along with me. I want you to meet a couple of ledy friends of mine" to meet a couple of lady friends of mine."

As they walked off, Lapidowitz, with envy in his heart and a

sneer on his face, turned to Sirovitch.

"A old man like him! He ought to be ashamed of himself. He is old enough to be her grandfather." But Sirovitch stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"He's wonderful with the ladies," he said. Which did not

make Lapidowitz any happier.

The girl, in the meantime, had led Masiliensky to a group of young men and women in costume who were waiting to be called for rehearsal.

"Get on to this bird," she cried. "Ain't he a wonder? It's all his own, too. Say, what's your name?"
"Masiliensky—Ignatz Masiliensky," replied the printer with

a broad grin.

"That's too hard for me," said the girl. "Let's make it Mazzy and call it square. I saw him first, girls."
While Masiliensky was shaking hands with the group, Lapido-

witz strode toward him.

"Say," he cried, "did you come here for work or for foolish-Didn't you hear me calling your name? The acting is commencing now.'

Lapidowitz led his bearded flock to the stage where "The Doings of Dalton" was being shot. A flimsy reproduction of an East Side street had been erected for a background. Close by stood an automobile with a handsome young man, stylishly dressed, sitting in the tonneau.

"Look here, you fellows," said Morrison, "which of you understands English best?

"That's me," said Lapidowitz, proudly.
"All right. Now you tell them what I want them to do. The

# Tomato Soup

From sun-ripened Jersey tomatoes



CAN'T YOU JUST TASTE IT!

automobile is going to start. I want you fellows to rush at it from two sides, climb up on the running-board and hit that fellow with your canes. You don't have to hit him hard-don't touch his hat-but just show me what This is just a rehearsal. vou can do. are your canes?"
"We ain't got any," answered Lapidowitz

"I got a black one with a gold handle but it's

a pawn-shop."
"Well, any kind of sticks will do today," said the director. "I'll get you some. But go very light with them. When we come to shoot the scene I'll have some special canes ready, made out of cardboard, that won't do any damage.

Lapidowitz explained to his companions what was required of them. Then the rehearsal began. The automobile moved slowly across stage, and the five men with climbed upon the running-board. Masiliensky was the last to make a safe landing, because the moment the car started he had held up his hand for it to stop, as if he were signaling a trolley-car, and he had not clambered on the running-board until he realized that the chauffeur had no intention of stopping.
"Say," cried the director, "this ain't a taxicab. You fellows aren't taking a ride. You're

all sore on the guy in the car and you want to

lick him. Try it over again."

Franklin, the author of "The Doings of

Dalton," approached the director.
"If you don't see the comedy in that bunch,"
he said, "you're just a piece of cheese. I'm

"And I'm telling you," retorted Morrison,
"that it's me that's running this picture and
not you. You just wait till I get going and not you. You just wait till I get goin you'll learn something about this game.

He would not let the bearded actors use their canes until he had taught them how to board the automobile in the proper spirit. By the time he had accomplished this, all five of them looked upon the young man in the car as some mortal enemy. In consequence, the cane-swinging business was a great success. So realistic were their efforts to belabor him

"Hold on there!" he cried. "You don't have to kill him. I told you this was only a rehearsal. Go easy with those sticks. It'll be all right tomorrow when we get the card-board canes. That's the time I want you to

lay it on."

"You give me a pain," said Franklin, the thor. "If there ever was a comedy it's this."
"That'll be all for the present," said Mortal than the said than the rison to Lapidowitz. "Hang around a while and I'll pay you off. But be sure and get here early tomorrow."

They hung around. Masiliensky strolled through the immense hall in search of the girl with the golden hair. He found her sitting on

a piano munching a sandwich.
"Hello, Mazzy," she cried. "Want a bite

to eat?

"I couldn't," he replied. "It wouldn't be kosher."

He spoke poor English, and the girl knew no Yiddish. Yet, despite it all—as has hap-pened between a man and a woman for millions of years—they managed to understand each other. The girl was curious to know how Masiliensky had come to be there and he told

her.
"Five dollars?" she exclaimed. "Say, I'll bet that friend of yours is holding out on you. It's a shame, too, with those nice whiskers you got. They pay ten dollars a day to all the

extras in this company. They ain't no pikers."

Masiliensky stroked his beard thoughtfully.

"Ten dollars?" he said. "How could I

"Hen dollars?" he said. "How could I know?" The girl looked around. "Hey, Mike!" she cried; and turning to Masiliensky, "He works in the office and he ought to know," she added. A young man approached her.
"Say, Mike," she said, "what are you paying

extras these days? This guy says he's only getting five dollars a day."
"He's off his nut," said Mike. "Ten dollars

"He's off his nut," said Mike.

a day is the lowest we're paying any of them."

Masiliensky nodded his head very slowly.

"I see" he said, and, in a low voice, "the

On their way home, that afternoon, Lapido-witz paid four dollars to three of them and five

dollars to Masiliensky.
"You get a dollar extra," he explained, "out of my own pocket because you got the longest beard. That's all they wanted from us— beards."

Masiliensky pocketed his money and, for a long time, stared reflectively at Lapidowitz.

"You are a liar and a loafer." he said calmly. "They pay ten dollars a day to everybody. Pay us the rest of the money."
"What?" cried Sirovitch. "Ten dollars?

He only gave me four."
But Lapidowitz faced them calmly

"Who is the business arranger?" "You or me? The arrangement with the Irisher who told me to hire you is my private business. Four dollars a day I said and five to Masiliensky beçause he was always too lazy to wash his beard. If he did, it would shrink and then he would only be worth four dollars. If you don't like it, just say so and I'll get other people."

They all turned to Masiliensky, but he had

nothing further to say. When Lapidowitz had left them, however, he turned to his fellow

beards.

"He's a gonif," he said. "A plain, common nif. And I'm going to tell you what I'm

Lapidowitz spent the major portion of his day's profit upon a dinner for Mrs. Lustig. "I want to tell you something," he said after

he had ordered the dinner.
"Tell me first," said the widow, "how did
Mr. Masiliensky act? Is he a great actor?"

"Him?" exclaimed Lapidowitz scornfully. "He only got the second place. In that scene we play I'm the leading one. I jump on the automobile first and I'm the first to hit the man with my stick."

"But he got such a fine beard!" said Mrs.

Lustig. Lapidowitz gritted his teeth.
"Lady," he said, "whiskers is whiskers and acting is acting. And one don't got nothing to do with the other. But what I want to tell you about is this: I'm a lonely man. I got a good future. Maybe I'll be a movie actor. Who knows? I got talent for it. You're all alone, too."

"Yes, I know," said the widow quickly.
"But wouldn't it be better to see how the picture comes out? When it comes to the Grand Street Theater, you and me and Mr. Masiliensky will go to see it. Oh, I didn't tell you! Did you know that the price of bologny

has went up?"
(Aren't they all adroit?)

While they were crossing on the ferry-boat to the New Jersey shore, the next morning, Masiliensky turned to Lapidowitz and asked,

"Could you possibly be an honest man and pay us all the ten dollars you are getting for

"Masiliensky," replied the schnorrer, "I'm a business man. With the ten dollars that I get you got nothing to do. Your arrangement is with me. Five dollars a day. Three dollars

is with me. Five dollars a day. Three dollars too much. If you was a business man maybe I would be working for you."

"Whenever you work for me," replied the printer, "I'll be either crazy or dead."

"Why did you all bring canes?" asked Lapidowitz. "Didn't you hear him say we was going to get special ones? Soft things that won't hurt?"

"I forgot about that," replied Masiliensky. "He did say that, didn't he?"

"That shows the kind of business head you got," said Lapidowitz triumphantly.

The director sent them all to a dressingroom where their faces were smeared with the proper make-up. They were startled when room where their faces were smeared with the proper make-up. They were startled when each found that the others had turned yellow and green. Then they were given canes made of stiff cardboard.

"Now," said he, "I'll take a chance and shoot this seen right off. Get in your place they."

this scene right off. Get in your places there.
All ready? Camera! Come on, chauffeur! All ready? Camera! Come on, chauffeur! You're looking up at the buildings, Dalton. That's right. Come on now, you whiskers. Hop on the car and soak hell out of him. Remember, he's your worst enemy!"

The five men with whiskers sprang forward with alacrity. They crowded upon the running-board of the automobile. The camera man was turning the handle of his machine. Frank-

lin, the author, was gazing upon the scene with disgust. And then it happened—
Masiliensky, Sirovitch, Koslowski and Levy threw aside the cardboard canes which the director had given them and, from under their long frock-coats, drew the canes which they had brought with them. Forthwith they commenced to belabor Lapidowitz.

"Give me my

"Gonif!" cried Masiliensky. "Give me my five dollars!"
"Swindler," cried Sirovitch. "Trying to make six dollars a day out of my hard work."
"We want our ten dollars!" cried the other

There was only Levy on the running-board with Lapidowitz. Masiliensky, Koslowski and Sirovitch were on the other side of the car. Their aim was not always accurate and, once or twice, their canes descended upon Dalton, the hero of the "Doings," instead of upon their

"Hey! Cut it out!" cried Dalton.
"Don't stop! Don't stop!" yelled Franklin,
the author. "Keep it up, boys! Soak him
again! My God, Morrison, it's a scream." Lapidowitz's silk hat was battered into pulp.

One blow of a cane had caught his coat and had ripped it down his back. He struck back at Levy, who stood beside him, with his fist. But a blow from Masiliensky's cane caught him upon the knuckles. Then he fell off the car and rolled across the floor. When he rose to his feet, he shouted curses at his com-panions. The camera man, a genius at his task, promptly turned the camera in his direction and caught Lapidowitz's violent gestures as he waved his arms and told his assailants what he thought of them.
"Franklin," said the director, "I give in. I

get your point of view, now. But what do you imagine ever possessed these nuts to crab the

"Search me!" said the author. "But the point is, we've got a great comedy."

It was two months later. Lapidowitz dropped in at Milken's Café and asked if there

was any mail for him.
"Who should write to a schnorrer like you?"
replied Milken, who was occupied with grinding coffee. "But there was a lady to see you.
A Mrs. Masiliensky. She looked nice. How could anybody like her ever know you?"

"Short and fat, with a red face?" asked Lapidowitz.

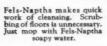
"Well, if you put it that way, yes," replied Milken. "But I should say she wasn't very tall and she was nice and plump and had fine red cheeks. She said she wanted to invite you reu cneeks. She said she wanted to invite you to a moving picture show by the Grand Street Theater next week. The doings of somebody—I don't remember the name."
"Oh, she did, did she?" exclaimed Lapidowitz sarcastically. "Well if she ever comes again you can tell her I said she can go to the devil."

There are fresh gales of merriment in Bruno Lessing's Lapidowitz story for next month. The amiable rascal has another scheme to get something for nothing.

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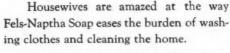


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## THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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### My Own True Spy Story

(Continued from page 77

"What's that?" I said turning round, following with my eye the gaze of the two officers. Before, however, I could see what had struck their attention the car swung quickly round a corner and the object, whatever it was, was

"A searchlight, sir, is mounted on top of one of the houses over there," said the Commodore, pointing. A searchlight, I must explain, is

about the size of a big drum.
"Surely," I said, "that is unlikely in the middle of the Highlands."
"Sir," said the Commodore, "I know a

searchlight when I see one.'

"Well, but what could it be for, why should we have mounted one here? Do you know any-

thing about it, Admiral?" The Director of Intelligence knew nothing. He was sure, however, that it could serve no British naval purpose. On the other hand both officers were certain they had seen it.

In war-time everything that is unexplained

requires to be probed, and here we were con-fronted with a complete mystery. We racked our brains for the rest of the journey, and no one could suggest any reasonable or innocent explanation.

At last the road wound downward round a purple hill and before us far below there gleamed a bay of blue water in which rode at anchor, outlined in miniature as in a plan, the twenty dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts on which the command of the seas depended. Around them and darting about between them were many scores of small craft. The vessels themselves were painted for the first time in the queer mottled fashion which marked the early beginning of the science of camou

flage.

The whole scene, bursting thus suddenly upon the eye and all its immense significance filling the mind, was one which I shall never house not a building of any Not a house, not a building of any kind disfigured the splendid hills and cliffs that ran down on either side to ocean water. Yet gathered together in this solitude and narrow compass was the floating city with its thirty or forty thousand inhabitants upon whose strength, loyalty, courage and devotion our lives and freedom, and as we may perhaps assert, the freedom of the world from minute to minute depended. Last night not a vessel had been there; tomorrow morning perhaps these waters would again be absolutely unoccupied; but today the vital and all powerful instrument of the World War was reposing on the bay's

placid bosom.

"What would the German Emperor give,"
I said to my companions, "to see this?"
"He would have to get the news back," said
the Commodore, "if he was to do any good

"And then," added the Admiral, who was a man of facts and figures, "it would take about forty-eight hours before anything could get

"Suppose there was a spy on shore who signaled to the Zeppelin and that the Zeppelin without coming near the bay signaled to the submarines," I persevered.

"Suppose, for instance, sir," responded the Admiral, "someone had a searchlight . . ."

Then we went on board the *Iron Duke* and

all the morning we were locked in conference on the many grave matters which had to be discussed with Sir John Jellicoe and his Admirals, nor was it until we lunched on board the flag ship that anything like ordinary conversation was possible. Then someone started the topic of the searchlight forty miles inland on the top of what looked like a shooting lodge in the middle of a deer forest.

"We have seen a very suspicious thing this morning," I said only half seriously to the Commander-in-Chief. "What do you think of it yourself?"

"Whereabouts did you see it?" he asked. My companions explained the general posireflected before he answered, then he said, We have "There might be something in it. We have heard several bad rumors about that place." He mentioned the name of the shooting estate. 'It is said that there are a number of foreigners there. We have had a report that an airplane had an accident there before the war and also that one has been seen in the neighborhood since, which we were not able to trace. how, what do they want a searchlight for?

I said to the Director of Intelligence: "You are a properly constituted authority under the Defence of the Realm Act, are you not?"
"You mean, sir," he replied, "that we might look them up ourselves on the way back."

"If we have half an hour to spare," I an-wered, "we might just as well find out what swered. the searchlight is wanted for."

It was dark when our conferences were finished, but before leaving we requisitioned four pistols from the armory of the *Iron Duke* and put them under the seat of the car. As we swept along through the night I could not help thinking perhaps we might fall into a hornet's nest. If the sinister hypothesis was justified, if the searchlight was an enemy signal and a Scotch shooting lodge a nest of desperate German spies, we might receive a warmer welcome than we should relish. However, suspicion and curiosity went hand in hand, and excitement spurred them both. "We are quite close here now, sir," said the

Commodore, directing the driver to reduce speed. "The entrance gate is in this clump of

es. I marked it myself this morning."
We had better get out," I said, "and walk up, and the chauffeur can report if anything goes wrong." Accordingly with our pistols in our pockets we marched up the drive; and after a couple of hundred yards arrived at the en trance of a good sized stone house at one end of which there stood a tall square tower. We rang the front door bell. It was duly answered by a portly, respectable butler. My three companions were in naval uniform, and the butler seemed perturbed at such a visit.
"Who's house is this?" we asked. The name

was given.

was given.
"Is your master at home?"
"Yes, sir," he said, "he is at dinner with the house party."
"Tell him that some officers from the Admiralty wish to see him at once."

The butler departed, and we pushed into the

There was a pause and presently the diningroom door opened and a clatter of conversation suddenly stilled, and out came a ruddy, grayheaded gentleman who, as we thought, in-quired with some perturbation, "What can I do for you?"

"Have you got a searchlight on the top of your tower?" asked the Admiral.

I must interpolate here that I was still skeptical about the existence of the searchlight. If there were a searchlight, if that fact were established, I could not think of any alternative but treason. I was therefore startled at the admission which followed.

"Yes, we have a searchlight on the tower."

"When did you put it up?"
"Some time ago, two or three years ago, I think."

"What did you put it up for?"
"To what do I owe the honor of this visit,"

countered the host, "and what right have you to put me these questions?"

"We have every right," replied Admiral Oliver. "I am the Director of Naval Intelligence and I possess full authority under the law to inquire into any suspicious circumstances. Will you kindly explain at once what you use this searchlight for." "Ah," said the host, peering at me, "I recognize you, Mr. Winston Churchill."

"The question is," I replied, "what do you use your searchlight for?"

Cosn

There was a strained pause and then the old gentleman replied, "We use it to locate the game on the hillsides. From the tower we can game on the hillsides. From the tower we can see several of the beats and the searchlight gleams on the eyes of the deer, and shows us where they are lying, so we know where to send the stalkers in the morning. And," he added, warming to his subject, "we can tell added, warming to his subject, "we can tell deer from cattle by the searchlight, as the glint of the eyes of the cattle is white and that of the deer has a greenish tint." This farrago of improbabilities and impossibilities confirmed my deepest suspicions, and I think those of my companions. At any rate we made no comment upon them.

"We wish to see the searchlight," I said.
"We wish you to show it to us yourself."
"Certainly," replied our unwilling host.
"You will have to climb up the spiral staircase of the tower."

of the tower."

"You go ahead," we said.

He opened a door leading out of the hall and disclosed the first steps of a stone staircase. We made a military disposition to guard against foul play. The Naval Secretary remained at the bottom of the stairs and the Admiral, the Commodore and I followed the old gentleman up their winding course.

It was a high tower and the stairs cork-screwed several times; at length, however, we reached the top and emerged on to a fairly broad square platform with low battlements. There in the middle, sure enough, was the searchlight. It was a twenty-four-inch medium destroyer instrument, bolted strongly

into the roof. It was, as far as we could see, quite capable of being used.

"Do you expect us to believe this story of yours," I asked the old gentleman, "that you use this searchlight to pick up game on those distant hillsides and that you can tell deer from cattle by the glint in their eyes?"

"Well, it is quite true, whatever you think."
"You will have to give these explanations to the proper authorities. For the present we are going to dismantle your searchlight so that it cannot be used."

"You can do what you choose," he replied,

evidently very indignant.
"We are going to," I said, and proceeded

accordingly.

Then we descended the stairs, bearing with us various parts of the mechanism and after sullen adieux we joined our motorcar outside the entrance gate.

I have told this story exactly as it happened, but the most extraordinary part in my opinion is yet to come. There was nothing in it at all. The most searching investigations of the local and central authorities discovered no grounds for the slightest suspicion. The searchlight had been erected four years before and had apparently been used at that date for sweeping the hillsides. It had not been used, according to overwhelming testimony, since the war began. It was not in fact capable of being used at the moment when we examined it. The owner of the house was a gentleman of high reputation and undoubted patriotism. He was entertaining a party of thoroughly respectable people. There were no foreigners in the house or on the estate.

Although the owner of the castle may have experienced a natural anger at this sudden nocturnal call and the suspicions which it im-plied, he could at least solace himself by the reflection that grounds far less disquieting had consigned many other persons during the war period to far greater inconvenience; and for myself I say without hesitation that in similar circumstances I should do the same again.

"This Pinwheel Age"—a story of a young society matron who tried to marry off a charming bachelor in order to get him for herself. Dana Burnet tells it in the October COSMOPOLITAN.

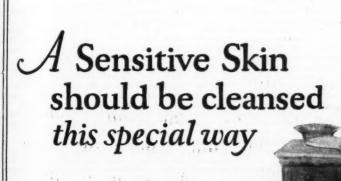
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Once in a while a woman will tell you, "I never use soap and water on my face. My skin is too sensitive."

It was an old superstition that washing the face with soap was irritating to a sensitive skin. But today scientists have discovered that the real danger to a sensitive skin is *dirt*.

Dirt irritates and inflames—increases natural irritability—even causes skin disorders, by carrying bacteria and parasites into the pores. If your skin is of the very sensitive type, be sure, first of all, to keep it clean—free from the layer of dirt and natural oil that accumulates inevitably when soap is not used.

Use the following method of cleansing to keep a sensitive skin smooth and soft, yet healthily resistant:

Each night, just before you go to bed, dip a soft wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Woodbury's
Facial Soap is
based on a special formula, the
result of years of scientific study
of the skin and its needs. Only
the purest and finest ingredients
enter into this formula. In consequence, Woodbury's Facial
Soap can be used with extremely
sensitive and tender skins, which
often react unfavorably to other
toilet soaps.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today, and see what an improvement its regular use will make in your complexion. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for

regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, it needs especially to be protected against dust. Dust increases natural irritability,

and is a real danger to a sensitive skin.

#### Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO. 1609 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial-size case of Woodbury's Facial Soap A sample cube of Woodbury's Facial Cream A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Leve to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1609 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents*: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

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#### Made in Heaven

(Continued from page 93)

a noticable undernote of anxiety in her voice. "Is Gracie with you?" Mildred hazarded, not without a timid fear of intrusion.

"No. She's with the others in Amherst, with her mother's people. But I want to get them away. Madame struck the nail on the head. I'm not satisfied with conditions. It's money, money, money all the time. I know kids cost money," he interrupted himself, "but they can't cost all that's demanded. I get sixty dollars a week and I send forty of it out there. I know they don't cost forty dollars. Most of all they're growing away from me. Grace herself sees it. And she don't like it, either. You heard what she said?"

"If only you could have them with you!" said Mildred impulsively.
"Yes. That's what I want. But I'd have to

have somebody to look after them, unless——" Then they both remembered Madame Tyne's blunt counsel to get married again and colored embarrassedly. The elevator grounding at their floor just then, saved the situation. Mr. West held out his hand.

"Good night—and, as they said, don't worry!" Then Mildred went up, with a strange exaltation in her heart, and, when the elevator came back, Mr. West went down, with

a strange depression in his.

Madame Tyre shut and locked the door, moved her chairs out of the charmed circle into their own places and switched off the lights. Then she moved slowly and ponderously out through her state dining-room into the cheery little white kitchen, where her son sat toasting his toes in the open oven of the coal range while a coffee-pot bubbled fragrantly on top of it. The white oil cloth-covered table was laid for two. A dish of stewed corn and a platter of lamb chops invited from the warming oven. Madame Tyne sniffed appreciatively. "Good for you, Jack!" she said.

Her son dropped his paper on the floor. "Knew you'd be starved, mom! You ate next to no supper. So I thought I'd put the pot

boiling."

"I meant the chops for breakfast," his meant the chops for breakfast," his mother remarked, seating herself, "but I'm glad you cooked them, Jack. When I work all the evening I do feel empty when it's over. But I find I work better if I don't eat much supper first."

Her son smiled skeptically but said nothing. They attacked the chops and stewed corn silently, Jack reflecting that mother was a darned good fellow if she did go in for spirits; Madame Tyne that there really wasn't a better world than Jack if only he wasn't so skeptical. But he was just like his father! "Jack," she said, "I'm going to make her wedding cake! Rob West went out with her."

Jack being used to his mother, an instant's mental groping materialized the future re-cipient of the cake.

"Aha!" he comprehended. "I heard most of the dope. Door was ajar. So you think the spirits are going to pull it off with those two?

Save me a slice of the cake.'

His mother pretended to administer a playful box on his ear but dropped a kiss there instead. He was a good boy, if only he weren't so skeptical. But maybe—she dropped a little sigh—the angels would guide him in danger just the same as if he believed.

Her son, though not clairvoyant, possessed the intuition of one who really loves and re-

spects his mother.

"Oh, cut it, mom!" he said affectionately and, rising, rumpled her brown hair with his

hand. "I can look out for myself."
Twenty-two-year-old that he was, Madame Tyne gathered him to her ample breast like a

five-year-old in a sudden passionate hug.
"My darling?" she said. "I don't know if you can! They give it to me here"—she laid a hand over her heart— "that something's coming to you. Wait a minute!" She closed her eyes. "Now give it to me clear, please! Oh, Jack!" Horror sprang in her face. "It's Oh, Jack!" Horror sprang in her face. "It's your foot—your left foot. You're going to be

"Cut it!" he repeated, but alarm waked, too, in his face. Sometimes—most times—mond did get the right dope, however she got it. "Nothing's happened to me yet!"

"There's a first time, Jack," she reminded him sobethy as she began clearing away the

"There's a first time, Jack," she reminded him soberly as she began clearing away the plates with a prayer in her heart. "Olf, Jack, ask your angels to shield you!"
"You ask 'em," Jack said diffidently.
"You're better acquainted."
Madame Tyne "asked them" pretty nearly all wight as she lay awake looking anxiously

Madame Tyne "asked them" pretty nearly all night as she lay awake, looking anxiously with those far eyes of the psychic "out beyond." Tomorrow, she promised herself, she would ask Mr. Steele, another medium, to get it for her; but tomorrow it happened—the middle of the morning. The sedan that Jack, an automobile salesman, was driving to demonstrate to a prospective buyer, skidded on an icy car rail and turned turtle. The man with him had his arm broken and Jack's left foot was cut-not dangerously but enough to invalid him for the week

To Madame Tyne's credit, she didn't say "I told you so!" She just cosseted and nursed him as any other mother of an only son would But the first shock over and her maternal anxiety relieved by the doctor's and still more her "control's" assurances, she hoped in her heart that now Jack would believe. And as she sat by his bed the first afternoon, occupying nervous hands with mending his socks, he reached out one of his and stayed her fingers.

"Say, mother," he said, "they got it right for you, didn't they?" "They always do," she said soberly and, after a minute, "It was John came to me last night—your father. He's never come to me, and I've always thought it was so queer." Salesmanlike, Jack reduced the whole mat-

ter to figures—two and two.
"And it was Rob West's wife told him to get married again. I guess you're right about it's going through. Still—don't you honestly think he's too old for her? He must be near I remember him saying once your age, mom. that if his son Robert had lived, he'd have been my age. She can't be over eighteen—a pretty little thing too-or would be if she wasn't so tired-looking and was dolled up a bit "

'Rob West is a good man. He would be kind to her and give her a good home, which is what she needs." Madame was positive even over a temporary misgiving about April and September. "And Rob needs a wife-a mother for those little children. And how is he going to meet anybody else?—he never goes any-where but here. Besides, there's Gracie to be thought of." Her brows puckered as selly as if the problem were her own. "You selly as if the problem were her here? I saw thought of." Her brows puckered as distresshe wasn't getting the right kind of ideas. She's adolescent, Jack, and she wants a mother—the right sort of mother. This girl, Miss Lasell, is that sort."

Perhaps—but to Jack there was something monstrous in the idea of this girl's being Rob West's children's mother. She was so young! And Rob West was gray-headed now.

few years—
"Look here, mom!" he blurted out suddenly "Dad was a lot older than you, and I've heard you say scores of times you didn't have anything in common."

"Except you, Jack," said his mother, a queer thrill in her voice. And Jack became silent. "That's just what I mean, Jack," his mother went on, defending her project against inner conviction, like a lawyer holding a brief for the wrong side. "Rob is a very good man and he'll make her a good husband. Then, when the children come, she'll forget all about the difference in their ages; she'll think of him just as

the children's father. And Rob really needs

someone. She'll be a good wife for him."
"A girl like that would be a good wife for any man—especially a man her own age or near it. And that's what every good man wants in his heart today—a good wife and home and kiddies—not a doll to dress herself up and run to the movies. All the same," he added in an underbreath, "I'll bet 'twould do her good to go to the movies sometimes. She don't look as if she'd had much fun.

A faint anxiety dawned in his mother's affectionate brown eyes.
"I'll tell him to take her," she said quickly.

"I'll tell him to take nea,
Her son regarded the ceiling.
Her wom! You've thrown didn't want you to be young. And Rob West won't want her to be young, either. And she's only eighteen—not much older than his

With their peculiar, rapid change of focus, his mother's really lovely brown eyes again looked out beyond. But she made him no answer, only clasped rather tightly the hand that had found its way into her own, as if she were afraid of letting it go. A couple of days after Jack's accident, ac-

cident also befell the two chief actors in the romance Madame Tyne's spirits were staging. Mildred lost her position. Dreaming over her late psychic experience, she slipped on an order, somehow getting under her typewriter keys plain number forty cardboard instead of straw board for the International Silver Company's knife boxes. And when the paper house's truck brought five tons of useless board into the factory, Burton Spaulding's beefy red face turned purple—for all the world like bad meat, as Mildred's fellow sufferer in the office sympa-thetically whispered. "Any fool," he bellowed, "who's ever worked in a box factory ought to know you can't make silverware boxes out of any but non-tarnish board," and he had fired her on the spot.

Going dejectedly home, with the two low figures of her bank balance staring like a wolf into her face, she had met Mr. West. In the hard light of the gray winter's day he looked somehow older—the gray above his temples more pronounced. And his manner, too, was a little gray—less buoyant and youthful than in Madame Tyne's living-room and at the elevator well-older, in fact. But he was cordial

and he held her hand while he spoke.

"How is it with you today, Miss Lasell?" Mildred's straight look into his eyes held

Midred's straight note in seyes as a poignant depth of anguish.

"As bad as it can be. Madame was right.
I have lost my position."

"Is that so?" Mr. West appeared more gratified over madame's prediction come true than disturbed over Midred's predicament.

"But don't warry." Remember, our spirit "But don't worry! Remember, our spirit friends are guiding us. Go talk with madame." "But can I-would she? I didn't know."

Mildred spoke incoherently.

"Sure she would! Tell her I sent you. She'll advise you what to do. She's a wonder. She's even wonderful about my childrendoes all my shopping for them—buys the prettiest clothes. And Christmas she sent prettiest clothes. And Christmas she sensevery one of them a present—for Grace, she said. Sure she will help you. That's what she's in spiritualism for—to help everybody that needs it. She's a beautiful mother too, not only to her own son, but to other peoples sons and daughters."

sons and daughters."
Somehow Mildred, though conscious that she should have been encouraged by this , 1924

ally needs for him."

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## How to take your daily life "on high"

Do you know the power of this amazing food? —the secret of its action?

#### Clearer skin Easier digestion Regular elimination

HESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation-or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work-invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal

muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water (just hot enough to drink) before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers -dissolved in fruit juices or milk-or eat it

Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. K-8, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"A martyr to indigestion and consti-pation, I was as thin as a rake with a complexion like mud. I had tried many different kinds of tonics and laxatives without permanent relief. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In about four months my con-stipation and indigestion had dis-appeared. I am now in perfect health and look it. My complexion is clear and the envy of all who know me. I have more vigor and look many years younger than I did."

(A letter from Mrs. P. F. Robin, Mobile, Ala.)



"I was only 24 years old, my health, my good looks, and the old time dynamic energy, which I had believed so permanently mine, were gone. A man of wisdom is my physician, but I thought him indeed crazy when he prescribed three yeast cakes a day. But at the end of a month I was surprised to find that the world looked much better to my tired eyes. For two months more I took the Yeast and now I am well and happy, the old-time buoyancy and energy are mine again."

(A letter from Miss Elva Tanner, Clover, Utah)

"One day the chef at the country club suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I was haggard, anaemic, and had lost all interest in life. I smiled, reminding him of my previous experiences with 'tonics.' He began serving me with what he called a special cheese sandwich daily. A month elapsed, and everyone marvelled at my complete transformation. One day I saw the chef spreading Fleischmann's Yeast on sandwiches and realized that I had been the butt of what he thought was a good joke." (Mr. Herbert I, Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.) (Mr. Herbert J. Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.)



FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.

### Mr. Bradford Is Right!

#### But the best advertisements of this tobacco are never written

From Indianapolis, Mr. R. O. Bradford bursts into song:

#### The Pipe of Inspiration

I can see him now a-sitting at the desk he loved so well,
Late at night, and still hard at it, writing copy good to sell.
And he smoked his pipe in silence, while his thoughts to business ran,
Guess he's writing still, for father was an advertising man.

First he'd scatter all his papers, till his desk top was a sight.
Then he'd turn from his typewriter and gaze out into the night.
But when once his thoughts had started, and the work for sure began.
Dad would clean his pipe and fill it from the little old blue can.

Edgeworth! Bless your soul, you've guessed it! Dad was surely sold for fair, On that ready-rubbed tobacco, and he never seemed to care
Just how long and hard his hours, or how high the work was piled,
All he wanted was the blue can, and he smoked his pipe—and smiled.

Pipe of inspiration. Righto! I'm an advertising man myself, and I've learned to realize and appreciate just how much Edgeworth means to me when there's a tough problem on deck, or when work piles up and requires long hours to clear it away.

Pass the good word along. It's Edgeworth that is responsible for lots of good advertising copy nowadays.

Ralph Oris Bradford

Ralph Otis Bradford

Mr. Bradford is quite right when he writes that "Edgeworth is responsible for

ADV:RIJBBIA

PLUC SLICE

lots of good advertising copy" for, as every writer knows, there is inspiration in a good smoke, but the words that fill this column do not sell Edgeworth. As a matter of fact, they aren't copy at all-they are just gossip about EDGEWORTH



The best we can hope to do in this space is to get another Mr. Jones started.

Even if your name isn't Jones we'll be glad to send you free samples of Edgeworth if you'll send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 61 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

If you care to add the name and address of your regular tobacco dealer we will appreciate the courtesy.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a oneor two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

eulogy of her soothsayer, found herself discouragingly chilled by it. In his view of madame, Mr. West seemingly lost sight of her-self and her lost position, both so importantly tragic in her eyes. The gray day looked grayer when he had lifted his hat and passed on.

In Mr. West's excuse, it must be explained—

which Mildred of course didn't know--that the morning's mail had brought him a letter from Grace's people demanding more money, and one from Gracie begging "Dad dear" for an eighty-dollar coat, "one of those beauteous one from Grant source eighty-dollar coat, "one of those beauteous velour ones with a beaver collar and cuffs-real beaver, dad darling!" He went lonesomely home to a scrambled supper, with the sauce of bitter reflections. It was church night, or he'd run up to madame's and tell her his troubles. Even if she couldn't see a way out, just telling her would help him. Madame was that sort.

At the moment Mildred, tapping timidly on Madame Tyne's outer door, had much the same feeling. Accordingly it was a disappointment that not madame but a young man on crutches opened the door-a very personable young man, though one foot was swathed, like a gouty Englishman's, in bandages. He had wavy brown hair and madame's warm brown eyes, without their far focus. The young man's eyes looked distinctly near and very friendly as he held the door hospitably wide. "Please come in! Madame Tyne isn't home,

but I expect her soon."

A moment of embarrassment fell between

them as they sat down. Jack bethought him-self of the phonograph. "Do you like music? We have some pretty

records besides the sacred stuff. Do you like fox-trots?" Mildred did. He put on two or three. "I suppose you dance?" he inquired.

"A little—I never went to dancing school."
"Nor I. I learned the new steps dancing "Nor I. with a girl I know."

Mildred laughed. Why, so had she—with a boy she knew. And the ice was broken. Jack couldn't dance now, though, with that foot. He surveyed it regretfully, for the moment was a gift of the gods and he recognized it. However, there were still the movies, which perhaps Mildred liked. Mildred did, but confessed she didn't go much. She got too tired at the office. Then it swept over her that she would never get tired there again. She glanced

from Jack to the window.

"Oh, I hope your mother—Madame Tyne will give me a reading. I'm in trouble. I've lost my position. Your mother said at the circle that I would, and I did!" Stark tragedy

"I'm very sorry," Jack said sincerely and was distressed by the inadequacy of his words.
"Mother usually gets things right," he went on, because it seemed he must say something at once, for the girl looked ready to cry. "She told me the same night about my foot being

cut. And next day it happened."

The diversion was lucky, for the bandages called for sympathy. Mildred forgot her tears. "How it must pain you!" she said.

Jack felt heroic. Oh, certainly—but a man can bear pain. A lot better, he reflected, than a girl can hear losing her position but a girl can bear losing her position, but-

"No doubt my mother can help you," he encouraged. Mildred's eyes lifted wistfully. "Mr. West

thought that she would."
This opened the avenue. Jack advanced down it boldly, more than ever convinced April was not the month to mate with September.

"How do you like Mr. West?"
"Oh, I like him," Mildred said quickly. "Don't you?"

"He's all right." Jack's enthusiasm, though, was tempered. "He and mother work a lot together. He lectures and she gives messages. want him to get married. Do you think they'll pull if off?"
"I?" Mildred

"I?" Mildred became suddenly confused, conscious of the throb of her heart and the

responsive beat of blood in her cheeks. "Why,

Cosmo

I don't know. Why mightn't they?"
"They might. I only wanted to know what you thought about it.

"What do you think?" Mildred asked quickly.

It was, maybe, taking an unfair advantage, but the girl looked more than ever like April, with that blossomy pink in her cheeks and the shining mist in her eyes, like rain from a

sunny blue sky.
"I think six children are a good many to mother—and probably more," he answered deliberately.

Then madame breezed in, her arms full of hundles.

"I've brought you some fruit and ice-cream, Jack," she announced them she announced, then caught sight of d. "Oh, how d'do? Did you come for Mildred. a reading?"

Oh, madame, you were right! I've lost my position."

The brown eyes swept to the girl's with very

kindly compassion.
"Yes, I know. I met Mr. West around the corner and he told me. He was all stirred up over it. He's a wonderfully kind man-and a very good man, too. Jack, you go and get the coffee on while I give the lady a reading. I can't do much, Miss Lasell, for I'm all tired out, and I've got to eat supper and get down to the church—I'm working there this evening -before half-past seven.

Madame Tyne lighted the candles and disposed herself in her chair.

Take off your hat, please!" she said. "I get better results that way.'

Mildred took off her hat. Jack, looking through the door from the kitchen, felt obliged Jack, looking to his mother, for the girl's hair was a lot pret-tier than her hat. It was crinkly and blew in little rings around her temples and ears, and there were high lights in it that saved it from

being just brown hair.

Madame was really tired and she was in a hurry, but, too, she was sorry for the girl. She gave her a trifle more encouragement than the spirits perhaps authorized. It would be "all right in a two. It's not years, and I don't want to go into the months. I want to say in two weeks there'll be something come to you better than you know. It won't be a position.

trill be a home, lady, and a husband. And I want to say, when the offer comes, accept it!"

Yet somehow, propitious as it sounded, Mildred wasn't half as much elated by the reading as she would have been if she hadn't met Mr. West that afternoon. He had been so self-centered, so taken up with his family and madame. He hadn't seemed to have room for Mildred and her troubles. Madame Tyne's own son had been more sympathetic, though Mildred had never met him before. But she Mildred had never met him before. But she thanked Madame Tyne and tendered the customary dollar. Madame Tyne's large hand thrust it back into the shabby glove. "You'll maybe need it. Anyhow, my guides

won't let me take it. Wait till you see your way clear.

Mildred went on up to her apartment, the goodness of Madame Tyne's heart lending needed warmth to her own. And this goodness of heart was again manifested a couple of days afterward just after Mildred had found that the two dollars left from the rent would no more than buy bread and butter and coffee, codfish and dried beef and flour, and couldn't possibly be stretched to the "something sweet" that she craved, when Jack Tyne, his crutches dis-carded, limped to her door with a basket of grapes and oranges, bananas and dates, that his mother had sent. Under the circumstances Mildred had to ask him in, and during the chat that followed they got to know each other well enough for Jack to risk suggesting the movies. There was a great show at the Palace,

mother said. She'd just been with Mr. West.
"With Mr. West?" Mildred felt a sudden
sinking of heart. Mr. West knew that she was
out of work and lonely. Yet he had taken
Madame Tyne to the movies!

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"Yes, they're good-Jack was going to 1924 "Why,

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Each one with the famous Buick valve-in-head engine & Each one with Buick four-wheel-brakes & Each one with low pressure tires & Each one at a price that is the greatest motor car value ever offered.



Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, Oshawa, Ont,

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM



NE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums. For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an ava-lanche of troubles to our teeth and our

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

#### Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana after the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemo-static and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

#### Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, gritfree consistency, its delicious flavor and

## TOOTH PASTE

-made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



say "pals," but substituted "friends" as more decorous. "You see, they're about of an age and they have a good deal in common." decorous.

With warm gratitude for this just mani-fested open-heartedness of Madame Tyne, Mildred ran down next day to thank her. Madame was getting supper. Her cheeks were flushed from the range and a pleasant aroma of steak smothered in onions came in on the crisp skirts of her percale house dress. Mildred tried not to sniff hungrily and stated her errand. She had been wishing all yesterday for something sweet-one cuts out sugar and such first when one's finances dropso the fruit was a godsend.

was a godsend.

"The fruit?" Madame Tyne groped a minute, then her kind brown eyes grew still kinder—almost affectionate. "The child's hungry," she thought, with a keen stab at heart. She recovered herself instantly. "Oh, yes! We had more than we needed. A lot was sent in to Jack. You can have more when that's gone. It's going to spoil on us."

When Mildred had gone, Madame Tyne went back to her supper and her face was very sober as she turned the savory steak with a fork, but she looked up with a smile when Jack

fork, but she looked up with a smile when Jack entered and flung his cap and coat on a chair. "Hello, mom!"

"Hello, Jack! Foot all right? Good!" She went to him and looked straight into his eyes.

"Don't you believe, son, a good hot supper would do the little lady upstairs more good even than-fruit?"

The clear boyish color rose in Jack's cheeks, but his honest eyes met the probe of hers

'You bet!" he said, with the hearty alacrity a secret relief. "Never could put it over on of a secret relief.

you, mom!" he added affectionately.

"Then go and get her." said his mother.
And while he was gone she set the table for three, her face again very sober. So it happened it was this evening instead of

the Saturday of Jack's invitation that he and Mildred went to the movies. Madame Tyne herself suggested it, Jack's foot being such a

"Say, you're the real thing all right, mom," Jack said elatedly as he made a hurried but fastidious toilet, half in, half out of his bedroom, after Mildred had gone upstairs to dress.

"She's a darned sweet girl, isn't she?"
"Very sweet!" said his mother as she moved briskly about, clearing the table. "The lights are very bright around her. At minutes she's radiant." radiant.

"Oh, I didn't mean that! I meant just humanly.'

His mother sighed. When would Jack be-eve? But she answered him patiently. "Very sweet humanly, if you want it so, Jack.

He heard Mildred coming just then and, seizing hat and coat, launched a kiss on his mother's ear as he passed her.

"So are you, mom, for all your spirits!" In the course of the play, which, Heaven being propit ous, was built around just such a girl, Jack noted to Mildred the parallel and seized the chance to repeat his mother's re-mark. Madame Tyne thought Mildred "very sweet." It seemed a fit place then to remark sweet." It seemed a fit place then to remark that, while of course mother could often see a lot in people that others couldn't see, anyone, lack included, could see that; and, encouraged by the little pulse of delicious color in her cheeks, the little tremulous pulse of shy but happy gratitude in her voice—for whoever in all her gray workaday little life had liked her so much before?—Jack went a great deal further. And what couldn't be said in the theater he said on the way home—a happy way lighted by stars and sweet with the hope of spring.

When she had finished her dishes Madame Type went into the living-room and switched off the electricity. Then she lighted the red candles in the black candlesticks and seated herself in the chair in which she always sat when she gave readings. She leaned her head again the cretonne pillow and closed her eyes. Now if her guides were only Jack's guardian ange too! Slowly, as in a stage set, they came on the scene—her guides, Little Wild Flower and the turbaned Hindu, her father and mother and sister-a half-score or more of her lost John—John, who had never come to her before except when Jack was to be hurt. But what he said this evening shall be sacred between them, only the last words, "Georgie, you who see the need and can meet it, have the duty too." Then Grace came, Robert West's Grace, like an echo of John. "You have the duty" like an echo of John. "You have the duty"
And out of the mixed flowers in this garden of
life all these dear spirits were gathering the
roses—roses for Jack, thorns for her? No, roses for her too!

The bell and her door opening after it brought her out of her trance, though she didn't open her eyes

"Come in, Rob!" she called wearily. "Grace just said you were coming."
"Did she? But of course! You're wonder.

"Did she? But of course! You're wonderful, Georgie. I see it more every day—with that little girl, Miss Lasell, for instance. Georgie!" He pulled a chair in front of her and sat down. "You know what you said to me at the circle last Monday, because we talked it over afterward. Well, I'm going to do what Grace wants—if the woman I want will have me. That's why I came to you. Do you think she will, Georgie?" will, Georgie?"

Madame Tyne, strong from her recent hand-clasp with angels, opened sad but firm eyes. "I'm afraid I made a mistake," she con-ssed. "I'm afraid she won't, Rob. They say fessed.

Jack-

"Darn Jack!" Mr. West was excited. "Isn't he old enough yet to look out for himself? Re-member my little children, Georgie—the oldest only fifteen. I want to make a home for them to give them a mother with a heart big enough for all six. Remember them, Georgie!'

Then suddenly the scales dropped from Madame Tyne's eyes. And she saw, though she was not in a trance, saw—not through a glass darkly, but face to face—what John and Grace wanted was what Rob wanted, too. She lifted happy eyes, brimming with tears, to his

When Jack burst jubilantly in, close to twelve, Mr. Robert West had gone and Jack's mother was in the kitchen slicing bread for sandwiches. An open can of chicken stood on the table. Jack elaborately removed hat and coat, struggling, man-wise, to conceal his elation. Then he came and stood beside her "Well, mom," he said in an offhand sort of

way as he threw a boyish arm across he shoulders, "get that wedding cake ready! I've got to hand it to your spirits!" Madame Tyne cut in two a thin slice of

bread and spread it generously with chicken and mayonnaise. Then her lovely brown eyes, with their curious, far focus, swept into his.

"Yes, they said you'd come to it," she observed, somewhat enigmatically.
"Mildred is going to be married," her son

went on, with his prospective bridegroom's air of embarrassment. "But your spirits are wrong in just one point—Bob West isn't!" "Oh yes, he is!" Madame Tyne remarket imperturbably and spread another sandwich.

When she had neatly fitted its halves together,
"He is going to marry me!" she said evenly.
"There are six of those little motherless children!" Her eyes appealed to him.

Jack stood stunned for a second, his am lax around her shoulders. Then suddenly it she that her had been her shoulders.

tightened in a great bear-hug.
"Glory be!" he ejaculated. "Well, all I can say is they'll have a darned good mother!" and ducked into the bathroom to hide the tears in his eyes.

Once upon a time there was a western cattleman with a knowledge of men and a beautiful daughter. He set out 10 get a son-in-law with sand. Frederick R. Bechdolt tells about it in a thrilling story for the next issue.

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He knew he was lucky to have her for this last dance of the evening—she looked as sweet and fresh as when she arrived. She was one of those women who know how to retain their subtle charm of complexion

## Do you use the wrong shade of powder?

By MME. JEANNETTE

YOU wouldn't think of wearing two different shades of stockings at one time-yet how often we see women with one shade of skin wearing an entirely different shade of face powder!

This is one of the very important considerations in using powder effectively
—it must match the tone of your skin. Pompeian Beauty Powder is found in four shades, one for each of the typical skins.

The following general description will be a guide in deciding your shade of skin:

The Medium skin is found with almost any shade of eyes or hair, but the actual tone of the skin makes the type!

These skins need the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder. So many American women should use this particular shade, and it is so perfected in the Pompeian Beauty Powder that I would almost persuade any woman who hasn't a striking blonde or a brunette skin to try this powder in this shade!

The White skin appears in very blonde types, and occasionally in the very blackhaired Irish type, but most frequently with red hair. If you are sure your skin is chalk-white, you may use White powder that is found in the Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Pink skin is a skin that can be turned into a definite asset of beauty if it is properly treated. Women with pink or flushed-looking skins often make the mistake of using a white or a dark powder. This only accents the pinkness-but they should always use the pink tone of powder-the Flesh shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Olive skin is rich in color tones, though the average person may believe the contrary; for few olive-skinned women have much red or pink in their cheeks. The shade of powder for this rich skin is Rachel Pompeian Beauty Powder. This powder shade on an olive skin accentuates the color of the eyes, the red of the lips, and the whiteness of the teeth.

All shades, at toilet goods counters, 60c per box (Canada, 65c). The very thinmodel compact, \$1.00 (Canada, \$1.10).

After reading my descriptions of skin-tones, and the shades of powder they require, you probably will be able to go directly to your favorite shop and buy the shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder your skin needs. If you are in doubt between two shades, check them on the coupon below and I will send you, without charge, a sample of each.

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO Also Made in Canada

Mpelan E eauty Powder

The new POMPEIAN POWDER COMPACT - a thin model -

Every woman who uses Pompeian Beauty Powder and is a devotee of its superior qualities will welcome the fact that the new Pompeian

Beauty Powder Compact is now available. It is the same powder, with the same fine adhesive quality, and it may



be had in the four shades Naturelle, Rachel, Flesh, and

It comes in a gilt lacquered case with a tracery of violet-covered enamel in delicate design on the

This is an exceptionally thin model-the correct compact for the smart bags-and it fits easily in the pocket of suit or wrap. It is sufficiently large in circumference to permit of good expanse of powder—and has a generous mirror in the top. The compact itself is covered with a satin-backed puff.

Examine this new compact at the same store where you buy your Pompeian Beauty Powder—you will find it as de luxe as a model from an exclusive jeweler's. Be sure to get your correct shade of powder according to directions given on this page. Pompeian Beauty Powder Compact, \$1.00.

Mme. Je annette

Specialiste en Beauté

MADAME JEANNETTE, Pompeian Laboratories, Dept. 612, Cleveland, Ohio

Dear Madame: Not being entirely certain which shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder is best suited to my skin tone, I wish to test the two shades checked below.

Address\_

State

Please check the two shades desired for test ☐ Naturelle ☐ Rachel ☐ Flesh ☐ White

### A Shot in the Night

(Continued from page 37)

Manson took the automatic pistol in his hand, and examined it carefully. If the two police officials had been more observant, they would have seen a sudden curiously abstracted look come over his face. But they were ex-changing whispered remarks and did not look at the solicitor. And Manson handed the pistol back. "I suppose there'll be an autopsy carried out on Paisley's body?" he asked. "There should be.

"A post-mortem?—oh—ves," said the offi-cial. "That's been arranged for already. Some time today. Dr. Summers has it in hand." And you intend to detain Mr. Leaver?"

The official replaced the pistol in the drawer from which he had taken it, and turned the key

with a decisive snap.
"We do, Mr. Manson," he replied. "And the plain, we intend to charge him! There's sitting of the magistrates this afternoon at three o'clock, and we shall bring him up then. course there'll be little beside formal evidence of arrest, and an adjournment, but if you're going to represent him in this affair, I suppose you'll

"I shall be there," assented Manson. He left the police station without further remark, and once in the street began to murmur a formula to himself. "Cotley automatic. formula to himself. "Cottey automatic. Point 38 caliber. Carrier had seven carriedges. One fired. One in breech. Five left in carrier. Rifled in three grooves. Three grooves. Therefore..." He stood thinking for a minute: then, as if he had suddenly seen his way across a hitherto darkened land, he turned back along the street and presently rang the back along the street and presently rang the bell at the door of a big house, on the panels of which was a brass plate bearing the name of Dr. Rupert Summers.

Manson usually went leisurely home to lunch about one o'clock, taking his time in going and returning. But on this day, routine and custom were thrown to the winds—he had his hands full. Still, a man who has broken his fast on coffee and biscuits at seven o'clock of a winter's morning, and has had nothing since, begins by noon to feel empty, and as the town clock struck twelve Manson hurried to the Crown Hotel and fell upon hot soup and cold meat. He was wolfing chicken and ham at a prodigious rate when one of his clerks came in and made straight to his employer's elbow.

"Dr. Summers wants you to step round there at once, sir," said the clerk. "He says you'll

know the reason.'

Manson rose and raced out of the hotel and up the street. Within two minutes he was in Summer's surgery and Summers, seeing his eagerness, turned to a drawer, pulled out a small cardboard box, and held it out.

"This is the bullet, Manson. You see? Now, if what you told me this morning is correct—eh?"

Manson had the bullet in the see and the bullet in the see.

Manson had the bullet in the palm of his hand by that time. He turned it over with the top of his index finger. And then he handed it

"Exactly!" he said. "Just what I thought. Well—you'll be at the police court at three.

Without another word he shot out of the house and went racing down the street to his own office.

During the ne. two and a half hours, Manson worked as he had rarely, if ever, worked in his life. There were people to see and to talk to whose attendance at court was absolutely necessary; in the case of one he left nothing to chance and took out a subpena. By five minutes to three he had perfected his plans and went quietly round to the court-house. The news that young Leaver was to be brought before the magistrates on a charge of shooting his cousin had spread all over the town by that time, and Manson had to fight his way into court through a dense crowd. Once inside he was button-holed by the vicar, a limp, purposeless sort of man, who, it was well known, had no control over a large and headstrong family. "Oh dear, Mr. Manson," he exclaimed,

striving to draw the solicitor aside. really most distressing that you should have felt it necessary to subpena my daughter-a mere child—in this unfortunate affair. really think you might have had more consideration for me. Can't I persuade you to dispense with her evidence?—though what dispense with her evidence?—though what evidence she can give I can't think. It is most painful to me. Just consider, Mr. Manson, what people will say. And my position with the Bishop. Really, Mr. Manson, in a tense whisper, "I've subpenaed your daughter, and she'll go into that box, and she'll answer my cuestion. There's a man's life at stake!"

There's a man's life at stake!" questions.

Then he pressed on to his seat at the solicitor's table, and beyond noticing that there was a full bench of magistrates and that the court, a big, somber hall, was packed to the doors, he seemed to those near him to be taking no particular interest in the preliminary stage of the proceedings; indeed, to all appearances, he might not have been in any way engaged in them. He had not come into court armed with any vestige of the usual paraphernalia; there was neither bag, book, nor bundle of papers before him on the table. He sat with his hands in his pockets, staring at the panels of the bench, apparently unconcerned and incurious where everybody else was excited and brimful of inquisitive speculation. But in reality Manson's mind was harder at work than it had ever been since he first started out on his professional career. He was obsessed by a notion. It shaped itself into definite words which rang over and over in the swiftly-moving evolutions of his active brain. Somewhere in that court was somebody who knew and could tell, if made, the precise truth!

Somebody!—somewhere! But where?—and who? Was it the girl? Probably not—the likelihood was that she knew most of the truth; that she could give a very clear indication of where the truth was to be found—but that she did not know everything. Yet Manson felt that the possessor of the whole truth was there —behind him, perhaps; at his side, perhaps, but there, hugging his secret.

The problem was how to get at him in swift and final fashion. For Manson had one object, and that was to settle this matter there and then. He knew what the police would wantdelay. But he wanted something sharp, rapid,

Just as the police had been speedy, too speedy, as he knew, in charging his client, so he wanted with equal swiftness to get the charge dismissed. He was certain of his own weapon; all he was uncertain about was the exact location of the vulnerable spot wherein to thrust it. And if he seemed apathetic and unconcerned it was all play-acting; in reality he was strung to the highest tension, and when the police after giving evidence of Leaver's arrest, asked for an immediate remand, he

arrest, asked for an immediate remand, he sprang into activity.

"You worships, I appear on behalf of the prisoner, Richard Leaver, and I oppose that application. I oppose it strenuously. The police authorities have acted in this matter with undue precipitancy. I am ready to prove, here and now, beyond doubt, that my client is absolutely innocent of the charge brought against him. I claim my right—his right—to have that evidence put before your worships at once."

The Chairman glanced at the Superintendent of Police; the Superintendent glanced uneasily and suspiciously at Manson.

"Of course, if Mr. Manson is in a position to produce this evidence—" the Superintendent

said hesitatingly. "But if your worships are going to accede to his request I should like first to call a witness on behalf of the prosecution. Mr. Manson has just remarked that in have acted with undue precipitancy. I that that if your worships will hear our witness you will admit that we have good grounds for charging the prisoner. Do I understand that your worships decide to go on now?"

The Chairman whispered for a while with

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his brother magistrates and turned to the

Superintendent.
"After what Mr. Manson has said," he announced, "we decide to go on."
The Superintendent looked round at the crowded benches. Then he called a name. "Charles Richards!"

Manson sat drumming his fingers on the table while the gamekeeper gave his evidence-plain, matter-of-fact, straightforward evidence. But when it came to an end he was on his feet.

"How far away from the sand-pit were you, Richards, when you heard the shots you have just spoken of?" he asked.
"About two hundred yards, sir."
"In the wood behind the sand-pit?"

"Just so, sir—in the wood."
"Was it a still night?"

"Very still, sir—quiet as the grave."
"Now tell me—did you hear one shot, or

"Two, sir. Two shots distinctly. One fired immediately after the other.'

"In rapid succession, eh?"
"They were fired one—two, sir, just like that. I should say the second one was fired the fraction of a second after the first."

"In fact, they were fired just about the same

Just about that, sir."

"Just about that, sir."
"When you got to the sand-pit, you found
Mr. Leaver there standing by the dead man.
Now what was your impression about him?".
"Well, sir—queer. He seemed—flabbergasted, sir, that's as near as I can put it.
Astonished—bewildered."
"We've heard already what you say he said."

"We've heard already what you say he said.
Did he say nothing else?"

"Nothing, sir, but that. That he believed it was his pistol. Then he went off—sharp. I called to him—two or three times. He took no notice."

Manson nodded, waved his hand, and as the gamekeeper stepped down from the witness-

box he said in quiet tones: "Call Dr. Summers."

Summers carried into the box the small cardboard case which he had shown to Manson in his surgery. He laid it on the ledge, and it was his surgery. He laid it on the ledge, and it was at it that Manson appeared to be looking when he began to examine his witness.

"Dr. Summers, you were called by the police of the dead hold."

early this morning to examine the dead body of Gerald Paisley. What was the cause of

death—briefly?"

"He had been shot. Shot through the heart.

"Since then, I believe, you have carried out

a post-mortem examination."

"Yes—in company with Dr. Brown."

"Did you find the bullet which had killed

"We did. It had pierced the heart, traveled upward, and was embedded in the thick muscles of the shoulder."

"You have it there, I believe. Thank you—I wish their worships to examine it. But first I want to direct your worships' attention to I want to direct your worships' attention to the automatic pistol—now lying here on this table before the Superintendent—which is undoubtedly that which was in my client's hand when Richards came upon him in the sand-pit, and was handed to the police by my client when the police arrested him. There is the pistol with which, say the police, the shot was fired which killed Paisley. Here is the bullet which, according to the police was discharged 1924

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## Closed Car Comforts at Open Car Cost

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COACH
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## with BALLOON TIRES Standard Equipment

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Only Hudson and Essex Have the Coach
And Both Are of One Quality

from the pistol. Dr. Summers, look at that bullet. Is it the one that you and Dr. Brown found in Paisley's dead body?"
"Certainly. That is the bullet."

"Certainly. That is the bullet."
"Then that is all I want to ask you, doctor, thank you. Now call Stephen Ford. Mr. Ford, you are a gunsmith. Have you had experience, and done business as a gunsmith in this town for a great many years?"

"Twenty-five years, sir.

"You are an expert as regards fire-arms, I think?"

"Well, I believe I may justly say I am, sir.

"Take that pistol in hand, Mr. Ford; describe it to their worships."

"Well, sir-your worships-this is a Cotley's automatic; point 38 caliber, rifled in three grooves, with a carrier containing seven cartridges. I see that there are five cartridges now left in the carrier, and there is one in the breech. So one has been discharged."

Thank you, Mr. Ford. Put down the pistol. Now look at this bullet. And, Mr. Ford, be very careful about your answer to my next question. It is this

Manson paused for a second, swept the court with one glance, and the bench of magistrates with another, and then bending toward the witness went on in tones of concentrated intensity.

"This, Mr. Ford! This! Has this bullet been fired from that pistol?"

A dead silence fell on the crowd. One of the magistrates, quicker of apprehension than his fellows, broke it with a sudden sharp sibilant purring of his lips—he saw Manson's point. And then came Ford's answer, quick but assured.

"No, sir! This bullet was never fired from that pistol."

'You're certain of that?"

"Stake my reputation on it, sir."

"Tell their worships how you know it was not fired from that pistol, Mr. Ford."

"The reason is simple, sir. This automatic pistol, the Cotley, is rifled with three grooves. But this bullet has been fired from an automatic pistol, rifled with four grooves. Here are the plain, unmistakable indications—for anybody to see.

"I see," muttered Manson. "I saw some hours ago. Now, Mr. Ford, can you say what sort of pistol that bullet was fired from?"

"Yes, sir. From a Robinson's automatic of the same caliber, and with the same features, but rifled in four grooves "You're familiar with the Robinson auto-matic, Mr. Ford?"

Quite, sir. And with the Cotley, too; with both.

"Sold a Robinson lately to anybody, Mr. Ford—anybody hereabouts?"

"No, sir. But—I've repaired one."
Manson glanced at the magistrates. kept silence for a moment; then, motioning the gunsmith to step aside, he turned to the officials and raised his voice.

"Call Nancy Millersley!

In the midst of another dead silence, broken only by a half-suppressed murmur of protest

from the vicar, a girl came forward and entering the witness-box looked stealthily around She was of middle height, a lissom-figured slip of a thing, some eighteen or nineteen years of age whose golden hair had a distinct tinge of red in it, whose nose was saucily tip-tilted, whose lips were full and red and inclined to curl upward at the corners. But they were firm enough and the somewhat sleepy violet were steady enough when they presently faced Manson. And Manson, eyeing his witness just as steadily, went straight toward faced Manson. his point.
"I believe I am right in saying that of late

have been intimately acquainted Gerald Paisley and with his cousin Richard Leaver? Am I right?"

The girl hesitated, seemed to consider, and finally nodded her head. "I knew them both very well," she replied. "Yes."

Were they both paying their attentions to you?"
"I—I suppose so."

"Making love to you, in fact?"

I-yes, I suppose they did.' You went out with them, sometimes with sometimes with the other, a good deal didn't 'ou?"

"I have gone out with them." "And didn't you frequently meet, sometimes one, sometimes the other, secretly? To be precise, at night, in your father's grounds?"

"I—I have done that."
"When did you last see Gerald Paisley?"
"Night before last."

Secret meeting?

-yes "What happened?"

"Nothing much."
"Did he ask you if you were going to decide between him and his cousin? I want a definite

answer."
"Yes."

"What did you reply to him?"

'I said I wouldn't answer any question like

"Did that satisfy him?"
"I don't know. He went away—he seemed

angry."
"Very well. When did you last see Richard

"Last night."

'Same place? Back of the vicarage garden?"

"Did he, too, want a decision—between Paisley and himself?"

"Well-what did you say to him?"

"I told him I wasn't going to be engaged to either of them-definitely."

"You meant that?" "Oh, yes, quite."

"Although you'd been accepting their attentions, going out with them, and, more than that, meeting them secretly for some time? Now isn't it a fact that you'd encouraged both these boys—for they were little more—ever since you came home last summer?"

"They—they were always—well, after me."
"We'll grant that—and you'll grant that up
to within the last night or two, their pursuit of you was welcomed. But now-why did you suddenly throw cold water on them?"
"I—don't know. They—both of them— "I—don't know. They—both of them—began to be—well, they wanted me to—to promise things." Co

"They wanted-being downright young men to know where they were, eh? Didn't it come to this—that if you weren't going to make a decision, they were going to be off?" The girl hesitated, and glanced timidly

toward the dock.

"Dick Leaver said that," she answered, "but

Gerry didn't." "Gerry didn't, didn't he? Now which did you really like best? Dick Leaver or Gerry aisley? Come, now!"

"Well-Gerry Manson leaned forward across the table looking sternly at the witness. "Then why didn't you accept him?" he asked. "Answer." But the girl made no answer. The color

began to come and go in her cheeks; her fingers, resting on the ledge of the box, began to work

nervously.
"Listen," said Manson, in tense accents. "You had been carrying on with these two youngsters, clandestinely as well as openly, for some time, and suddenly when they want to know which is going to be the favored one you dismiss both, though you now admit that you had a preference—for Gerry. Now, why did you dismiss them? Was it—attend to me—was because there was a third lover, a rival? Answer.'

The girl's agitation increased: she looked

from left to right. But her eyes came back to Manson's, and Manson's grew more insistent. "I say—answer," he repeated sternly. "Had you a third lover?" The answer came-in a whisper.

"There—there was somebody else."
"Who was he? Who is he? I want his name!

The vicar was on his legs by that time, lift-

ing a shaking hand towards the bench. Your worships, I protest!" he began. "Mr. Manson has no right

"I have my right," thundered Manson. it down, sir. I demand an answer to my "Sit down, sir. I demand an answer to my question." He faced the witness again, almost threateningly. "Who is this man—or boy, which is much more likely? His name."

The girl hesitated arain and suddenly hurst into

speak, hesitated again, and suddenly burst into tears. And on the instant, from among the crowd behind the solicitor's table, a young man, little more than a mere lad, started up, striving to force his way towards the front. He was flushed, sullen, defiant, and he lifted a clenched fist as he faced Manson.

"Here, stop that, you," he vociferated, "Leave her alone, damn you. I am not going to sit here and listen to your damned bullying. You swine! I shot Gerry Paisley!—and I'd damn well shoot him again! Fair doings, too a duel. He-he'd said things about her, and I called him out. Now you know—and you leave her alone." Manson stood staring at his interrupter for the fraction of a minute after the last word. Then he suddenly made a formal bow to the startled magistrates and, with a sigh of satisfaction, dropped back into his seat.

A dusty, littered office, a murdered man, and a smear of green ink-about these J. S. Fletcher weaves a baffling mystery story for a coming Cosmopolitan.

### The Burden of Beauty

(Continued from page 81)

up on the foot of the bed watching Mamie's ministrations and gossiping over the events of

the day. Caroline was a good gossip.

In the year since their return from New York this nightly ritual had gone from delight to concern, from concern to fear, and from fear to sheer open panic. And when Caroline had spoken in that bitter, breathless way of having her face lifted, grandma had delivered herself of an ultimatum and left. Her old heart couldn't stand it.

For Caroline was still looking for a job. her mind, with the minutest care,

grandma began to go over the things that had happened in the last year. She did it every night and every night she came to the same conclusion. But the next night, alone in the darkness, she always started in again, hoping that it might lead to some other explanation.

It couldn't be that Caroline was getting old.
Why, the very thought was ridiculous, absurd, laughable. She assayed one of her

spirited chuckles, but it echoed hollowly. Why, Caroline was only thirty-two. In public she admitted she was twenty-six, and to her intimates twenty-eight. But as a matter of fact it was just thirty-two—well, almost thirty-three years ago since in the lovely dawn they had laid the little child in her arms.

Well, Caroline wasn't anything but a baby now. Not much over thirty. It wasn't because she was seventy herself that thirty looked so young to grandma. She knew a

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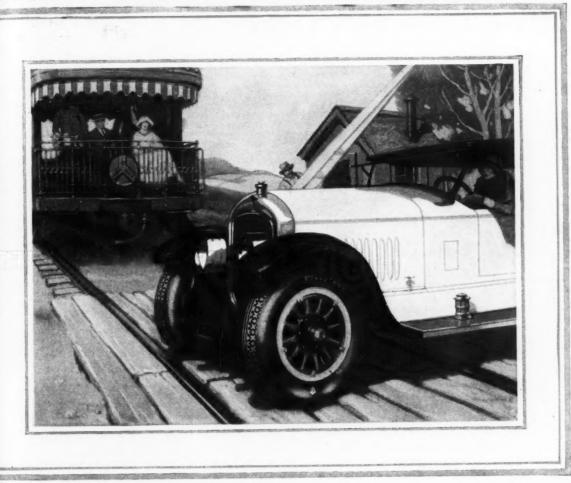
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F'VE scored again? Aquα Velva is the new product—a scientific preparation for use after shaving. For free trial bottle, write Dept. 99.

woman was just in the very prime of her

beauty at that age.

Admittedly this was the day of youth. screen, above all, demanded youth. camera was merciless enough—a sort of ogre who devoured the beautiful maidens of the land. And Caroline was blonde and an ingénue.

Impishly, words she had used herself re-formed in a dreadful order of their own in her brain-a blonde ingénue just past thirty

Well, even prize-fighters and ball players weren't ruled out before thirty-five.
Then why wasn't Caroline working?

The cart-wheels of events began to grind once

more in Grandma Valois's shrewd old head. It seemed to her that the year had been one long succession of Caroline going to see somebody somewhere about a job-Caroline-and coming home furious.

That was at first. Later, she always came home laughing and joking openly about it. She'd say, "Well, grandma, I guess I'm out of a job for good," or "I haven't worked in so long I'll probably shy at the camera."

To her friends, in answer to those everlasting queries with which all conversation in Helly.

queries with which all conversation in Holly-wood begins, "What are you doing? Are you working?" she said brightly, just a little too brightly: "I'm still an I. W. W. Good old wagon, but I done broke down. Don't know anybody wants a serial queen, do you?

Then finally, not even those heart-breaking jokes. Only a strange, white panic. Grandma did her best to keep a stiff upper lip, a courageous indifference, but it was hard.

First, there was the matter of the tests.

Grandma Valois knew as well as anybody that they don't make tests of well-known stars. Yet that was exactly what Arnold Dale Moore asked Caroline to do

For a time, the Arnold Dale Moore thing looked very promising and grandma was quite chipper, not only in public, but when she was by herself. She was always chipper in public. Arnold Dale Moore was one of the most popular authors in the world.

His books had sold by the millions. Grand-ma couldn't abide them herself, insipid trash, but that had nothing to do with it.

Caroline went down to see him. He was going to make six of his own books, saccharine best sellers of the lowest order, into pictures, and it was exactly the sort of thing for which Caroline was the ideal type. In fact, newspaper writers had often decribed her as the perfect Arnold Dale Moore heroine.

Moore himself had proved to be a dear, fatherly, not very bright old thing, beaming admiration upon Caroline. She had looked very lovely. The frock of soft, hand embedded argunds the high blue to fifthe seek. broidered organdy, the big blue taffeta sash, the lacy picture hat with another blue taffeta bow to match-just the sort of thing that was most becoming to her.

Caroline came home filled with a radiance that told for the first time how deep her fear of those silent months had been

Two days later, over the telephone, he asked

Two days later, over the telephone, he asked her to make some tests.

"I don't understand, Mr. Moore," said Caroline, in a voice she tried hard to make pleasant and tactful. "Only extra girls and unknown actresses make tests."

"I'd—like to see how you look on the screen," said Moore, stammering and all too evidently prompted. "I've never seen you in pictures, I'm sorry to say."

"There are plenty of my pictures I can have

"There are plenty of my pictures I can have run for you," said Caroline icily.

"But weren't they made some time ago?" he

blundered. Caroline hung up then, rather sharply, her eyes blazing with tears, her heart suddenly cold. "I know it wasn't his idea, grandma," she said. "He'd never have thought of such a

thing. He doesn't know enough about pictures to know what a test is. He didn't realize how he was insulting me. I know he likes me. It's some fresh camera-man

What the inner political workings of the studio were, they never knew. Grandma

Valois guessed. Not for nothing had she watched her husband through two senatorial campaigns. Moore had wanted Caroline. The studio organization hadn't. They had forced the ultimatum of the test upon him. Cos

He called her up several days later and

begged very hard. The first mouthful of humble pie is very bitter. It almost choked Caroline Valois, but she was game. She swallowed it. Six pictures at a big salary—what else could she do? No one knew better than she how deadly, how damning a thing a test is for an actress. And if the camera-man and the electricians were antagonistic, by order, she was hopelessly beaten before she started. She was so nervous that her teeth chattered, so humiliated that her breast ached.

But she made them.

And she had never heard one word since from Moore or anyone connected with his pictures. The thing that cut was their failure to be decent about it, to give her a legitimate reason. It looked as though they were afraid to tell her

their reason.

Then there had been the trip to the Allied Artists' studio. Mrs. Valois went with Caroline that day. It was hard for her, with all her poise and consciousness of birth, to hold her

fine white head up and keep her lips smiling.

It was hard for Caroline, too, to go back to her own studio, where she had once been so important and grand a figure. To see her own lovely suite of dressing-rooms occupied by some chit of a girl who simpered in an insulting sort of embarrassment at the sight of Caroline.

In a sense, Caroline had been something of a queen in the Allied Artists' studio. And a dethroned queen is the most pitiable of women.

The crowning blow had been that they wanted her to play a heavy with Mabel

Walker.
"But I couldn't support a woman star,"
Caroline told Bill almost pleadingly.

"Why not?"
"Well—because I'm a star myself. It would Bill shrugged. "All right. Only I think you're making a mistake. The longer you're off the screen, the harder it is to get back."

The ride back to the hotel was very silent. Caroline's lovely profile against the dark silk

Caroline's lovely profile against the dark silk curtain was frozen. It was then for the first time that grandma noticed that tiny, almost invisible sagging, that imperceptible double chin. The very next day Ellen Russell echoed Bill's words. Old Mrs. Valois liked Ellen Russell, a blunt-spoken young woman, not overly popular with the Hollywood colony. "I'm telling you, Marie," said Ellen Russell—it was a little joke between them, that Marie "—Caroline's making a mistake. It's a funny thing in this game, but if you once get out of

thing in this game, but if you once get out of the swim, it's almost impossible to get back."

Grandma laid down the pink georgette nightgown she was making for Caroline. "But, Ellen," she said in a voice that shook just a little, "Caroline was such a big star—so popular. I don't understand."

Ellen Russell got up and tramped restlessly bout the room. "Look here, Marie," she id, "there's nothing to being dishonest with about the room. each other, now is there? Caroline's through as a star. Her last six pictures with Allied Artists didn't make a nickel. And you can bet every producer in the game knows it." Grandma spoke in a rush of loyalty. "But,

my dear, you know that wasn't her fault."

"It takes," said Ellen Russell judicially,
"just three rotten pictures to kill a star. She had six. And nobody cares why they're rotten. She was slipping and Allied gave her cheap stories and bad directors to save money. And

aside from that fact, her salary's too big

aside from that fact, her salary's too big."
Grandma Valois put up her hand to hide the trembling of her lips. "Two thousand a week isn't such a big salary," she said with dignity. "Two thousand is a lot of money," said Ellen Russell brutally. "There are darn few people in this business today who are worth it. Look here—I tried to make Gilbert give Carolicos here—I tried to make Gilbert give Carolicos here." line a contract. You know Gil. He's hard as

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ty. aid ew it. roas nails. But he'd stretch a point a little for me. He looked it over and said 'No.' In the first place, the public is sick of ingénues. gone in for vamps. In the second place, Gil looked at those Moore tests and they—weren't Her neck-and around the eye just a little—but you know that means good-by forever to a screen ingénue."

"They didn't light her right," said grandma dignantly. "They didn't take any pains indignantly.

"No," said Ellen. "Nobody's going to take pains any more. The big ones that are in and under contract can have somebody spend six days getting one close-up that'll pass, and shoot fifty thousand feet of film to get a few

sequences that look like they used to look.
But none of the others, believe me."
Grandma did not cry until after Ellen had
gone. She felt she owed that much to Caroline.
There were other things, too. Constant pinpricks. The still photographer who asked her to put rouge under her chin. The unretouched proofs he sent home. The saleswoman in one proots he sent home. The sateswoman in one of the smart shops who told her a frock was "too youthful" for her. The new casting director who called up and said, "Thank you for coming over, Miss Valois, but we've decided to use someone younger in the part."

And the unsuccessful attempt to get a release for her starring pictures even if they could

lease for her starring pictures even if they could get the capital to make them.

get the capital to make them.
Grandma shivered under the bedclothes.
She hated living in hotels. But they had sold the Hollywood house. It seemed best. Not that they were pressed for money. Not exactly. But it had been a very good offer and exactly. But it had been a very good durf and it had cost so much to keep up—that big place. Their savings were mostly tied up in unimproved real estate. It wouldn't be wise to sell any of it just now. If they held it a few years any of it just now. If the

In the meantime they must keep up front. That was it. Whatever happened, Caroline must keep up a front or everything

was lost.

What a heart-breaking game it was! She had seen other favorites fall. She had seen the old idols shoved aside to give place to the new ones as they came up. The strange ups and downs of it. Today you were an extra and tomorrow you were a star. Today you were a star and tomorrow—

How the hystorical boot their wings against.

How the butterflies beat their wings against

coming winter!
The lights clicked out. Mamie had gone. The pitiful battle against time had ceased— the battle against that merciless intruder with such inadequate weapons as little white jars, gleaming bottles, muds and ointments. Grandma knew that the only way to beat Time was to turn and go with him, unprejudiced and unafraid. To take the exchange of pleasures and of achievements that he offers you and keep the heart glad.

But you could not tell that to youth.

Suddenly in the stillness she heard a sound. Her body stiffened. Softly she got up and listened at the door. That muffled sobbing.

That bitter, bitter humiliation.

She went in and sat down on the bed and

sne went in and sat down on the bed and put her arms around the huddled figure.

"Oh, grandma, grandma," sobbed Caroline,
"I don't want to be old yet. It isn't fair."

"Sh-h, baby, sh-h," comforted her grandmother, and she began that soft, rhythmic patting that she had learned long before this same child of hers lay calling from an old-fashioned cradle. "Go to sleep, dearie. It'll be all right in the morning. Everything'll be all right in the morning."

At the breakfast table Caroline looked worn and haggard. No amount of care could hide the tear ravages and no make-up could conceal the marks of suffering.

She handed her grandmother a letter.

"Shall I go?"
Grandma Valois read the note carefully, through her gold lorgnette.

Dear Caroline: I have a very excellent part that I should like to have you play.

I can't star you, as I said before, and I can't pay the salary you mentioned then, but it is a big production and the best acting part in it. Please let me know. Gilbert Russell

"Yes, I should go," said grandma, buttering roll carefully. The small bow of lavender ribbon on her lace cap trembled a little as she went on. "And I should take the part if I were ou. Even if—you can't be a star. Perhaps

—it'll be best."

Caroline reached over and patted the old hand. "I shouldn't be surprised if you're right, darling. I'll dash over. What are, you

going to do today?

Grandma brightened. "That nice Mr. Annesley is coming to take me for a drive. He's bought a place in Beverly and he says he "That nice Mr. wants me to decide where the house shall be." Caroline's face clouded, then she laughed.

"You'll get talked about, darling. you're the only woman in Hollywood Leon Annesley ever pays any attention to."

Annessey ever pays any attention to."
"I dare say," said grandma calmly. "He's
a nice boy. I don't think he does care for the
girls here. He told me once they were all
exactly alike. I think he misses his home in
England and his mother. He's devoted to her.
He actually talks about it. The English are
odd people." odd people

"Is it odd to miss one's mother?" asked

Caroline, laughing again.
Somehow she felt oddly happy. Idleness had been terrible. Now that she had actually given in, now that she had made her decision, given in, now that see had made her decision, she felt better already. She gathered up her letters and her vanity case.

"Don't hurry, darling," she said. "Have your third cup of tea—or is it your fourth,

toper? I'll run up and get Mamie to dress me. I think she will die of joy to be back in a studio again. She's like an old fire horse. But it's going to be a terrible blow to her pride not to be the star's maid."

"This star stuff," said Grandma Valois primly, "is probably sort of ridiculous any-

Caroline broke into a real laugh at that, and

went out.

She adored clothes and her spirits soared as she and Mamie went over her wardrobe. When she was dressed, in a clinging frock of gray charmeuse, with a squirrel-trimmed cape to match and a bonnet-shaped hat of gray straw with one golden pink rose peeping from be-neath the brim, she gave a look of real satis-faction at the mirror. She was still beautiful.

"Well," said Mamie, handing her gloves, handkerchief and a silver vanity to match her costume, "if they don't want you the way you look now, I don't know what they does

As she sat opposite Gilbert Russell once more, Caroline felt her whole being swing away from the chasm of shame and depression

and fear in which she had lived for months.
"I want you," said Gilbert Russell, who was famed for coming directly to the point, "to play the mother in 'The Way of the Wicked.'" Caroline took it as a man takes a severe body

blow in the ring. Her jaw dropped. Her head sagged to one side. Her eyes looked stupidly at him, trying to focus.
"The mother?" she said, and then, with the

last ounce of courage in her system, recovering

herself-"Whose mother?"

"I'm getting little Isabelle Barony for the rl. She's supposed to be sixteen. You're the girl. She's supposed to be sixteen. flapper mother of a flapper daughter. both fall in love with the same man."

Caroline listened to the end and then she put her head back and began to laugh. started on that forced, silly ripple of laughter that is always dangerous, and gradually mounted to an uncontrollable "honk-honk" that mingled with threatening sobs and seemed about to strangle her.

But Gilbert Russell had been in the game too

long not to know how to handle a hysterical woman. "Stop that!" he yelled sharply. "Stop

it! Pull yourself together and hurry up about it. Well, will you play it or won't you? Pm not going to fool with you."

Co

Very white and shaken, gasping, Caroline pulled herself together. It was the most difficult feat of her life. "All right," she said, "I'll play it.

What did it matter? What did anything matter?

She got out of the room somehow, though her legs were shaking. As she descended the wide, thickly carpeted stairs, she was even able to hold herself erect. In fact she was doing very well until she met Isabelle Barony, waiting in turn to see Mr. Russell. Isabelle Barony, her golden curls down her back, her wast blue areas shiping her party live. Barony, her golden curls down her back, her sweet blue eyes shining, her pretty lips smiling over little pearl-like teeth. Just sixteen.

The color glowed under her transparent skin as she gazed at Caroline Valois—the beautiful Caroline Valois, who had been her idol among the great screen stars when she was a movie struck girl in high school—Caroline Valois, who represented all that she ever hoped to achieve.

"I—I think we're going to play together," she said timidly. "Won't it be nice? I'm going to be the ingénue in this picture."
"Yes," said Caroline Valois. "It will be

"Yes,"

lovely. That was the last straw. She tumbled into

her limousine, into Mamie's strong arms, looked up once into the anxious black face, and said, "Well, Mamie, I'm going to play mothers now."

Two seconds later the limousine circled frantically out of the drive on two wheels.

Mamie had yelled down the speaking tube the startled chauffeur, "Hurry—quick. Miss Valois's fainted."

The crowd that had packed the little preview house in Glendale to see the first showing of Gilbert Russell's "The Way of the Wicked" began slowly to empty into the aisles, the lobby, gan stowly to empty into the alsees, the loop, and out on the sidewalk, stopping to exchange opinions on the picture, as preview audiences always do. Gilbert Russell himself stood in the center of the lobby, asking for criticism and getting it.

Leon Annesley looked about frantically for Caroline. Her car still waited. She had been there—he had seen her. He asked two or three people, but they didn't know. Finally he turned back into the house, now dark and

deserted.

He found her almost at once, crumpled against a velvet curtained doorway, her face buried.

"Caro," he said, "my dear girl, what in the

world are you doing?'

Caroline Valois looked at him defiantly. A small wet ball of handkerchief was crumpled in one hand. Her hat was over her ear. the first time in her life Caroline Valois had

forgotten how she looked.
"I'm hiding," she said, "and I wish you'd go away. I'm waiting until everybody's gone so I can crawl out. I don't want my friends to have to lie, when they're just feeling sorry for

"You're all wrong," said Leon Annesley.
"You're quite, quite wrong. I assure you, on
my honor, it's the best performance you've ever given in your life. Come and listen. Don't be a coward."

She shook her head, shuddering. "I couldn't.
Did you ever see yourself as an old lady, the
mother of a girl, when you thought you were
a girl yourself? Tt's—dreadful."
He shook her gently. "An old lady?—a

He shook her gently. "An old lady?—a lovely woman. Come on They can't see you.

I want you to hear what they're saying."
Half defiantly, half timidly, she let him lead her. The doors were shut. In the lobby the crowd was still hanging about, talking it over. They stood listening to the unseen voices.

Bit by bit things came to their ears. "Well, my dear, of course it's a good picture. But the thing that knocked me off the seat was Caroline Valois. Wasn't she wonderful?"
"Say, what'd you think of Miss Valois? I'd

say since she quit trying the baby star stuff



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WILLYS-KNIGHT

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she was all there. I never could stand her bebut she was real human in this.'

"Where is Caroline? I don't care what any-body says, I think she was great. Of course it's funny to see her as a mother, but it's the first time in her life she ever acted." In answer a man's voice said: "Well, in this game if you're not beautiful you've got to act. One or the other. Her beauty days are about over now maybe we can make an actress of her.

And a very great director stopped to say to Gilbert Russell: "A fine picture, my boy. A credit to the business. Smart move, getting Caroline Valois for the mother—smart. There was a flash at the end there where she gave up to the girl—real. Warmth. Fire. Very good."

Caroline raised her head slowly and looked

at Leon Annesley.

Something she saw there started again that strange, thick beating of her heart that she had

known before beneath the eyes of this man. And then she found herself in his arms, so ugnuy that her breath caught in a divine ecstasy as their lips met. Caroline knew then that she had never been kissed before.

"My darling," he said, "my own darling! You do love me. Say it! I want to hear you say it." so tightly that her breath caught in a divine

"I do love you," said Caroline trying to get her breath. "But—I'm so surprised." The man laughed down at her, his eyes aftre with adoration and delight. "You funny old thing," he said caressingly, his cheek on hers, "why are you surprised?"

"But—all this time—you never—said anything. And now tonight—when you've seen me—when I'm beginning—"
His brows drew together darkly. "Good Lord, did you think I wanted to marry a doll?
The brown plants of beauties before I've known plenty of beauties before, my girl. I've always been mad about you, but I wasn't going to let myself love you until I saw—at least one little spark of the woman

in you."
Side by side in the car, driving through Side by side in the car, driving through the hot, velvety night, rich with the scent of orange blossoms, Caroline suddenly came back to earth and the every-day affairs of it. She felt her hat. Her hair. "I must look terrible," she said with a gasp. "Where's my vanity case?"

But she never saw her face in the dainty gold trifle she symposed orange so eagerly.

trifle she snapped open so eagerly.

Leon Annesley took it gently but forcefully from her hand.

"Damn your vanity case!" he said, and flung

it through the open window.

They had just time to hear the tinkle of broken glass and the crash of falling gold before the night swallowed them.

But it didn't matter after all. Once more Caroline had forgotten how she looked.

The other was none of these-but he was a Both men loved her. One was young, handsome, charming. mountain of strength. Face to face through the night they fought a strange duel of wills—and at dawn Lucrezia came to one of them. "The Raveled Sleeve" by Stephen Vincent Benét in the next COSMOPOLITAN. came to one of them.

### Questions Married Women Ask Me

collection box came around, that the Brown family's row of red faces came from too much greasy food, and the reason why Mrs. trotted behind her portly husband like a chastened dog. We used more illustrations than these. Both of us had been born and reared in small mid-western towns and we knew whereof we spoke!

knew whereof we spoke:

He retorted stiffly and bitterly that he wouldn't put it past either of us. Then he'd lose his pulpit. We giggled at the possible consequence. It seemed so funny. We told lose his pulpit. We giggled at the possion-consequence. It seemed so funny. We told seven other girls—this was at college—and they giggled, so he could hear 'em. From chapel to town and back for many days, we giggled and giggled over how rich a minister's

wife could find life.

In later years, I have become quite reconciled In later years, I have become dutte reconciler to loss of that proposal. Quite. Indeed, within two weeks I found strong solace. A tenor came along who was extremely pleasing to the eye. He had evening clothes, too. He was a well-known singer, but I have forgotten his name. But I have never forgotten the soft swish of the trees outside the chapel during that evening, or one song he sang-Beauty's Arms.

The tenor went on his way without even knowing individuals of his audience. I happen to be one of the women who fall in love easily. John Drew was next, I think; and then William Jennings Bryan, and then I happened to hear silver-tongued Bourke Cockran and—oh, the list might run into the thousands.

Not happening to marry, for the reason mentioned, and having a living to make, I set about making it and it finally swerved—to this day I can't say just how—into the writing game. And I learned about women from it!

I'll say there is little reticence about my own

sex, given an ear they think is or ought to be

open

Any woman who has so far succeeded in this life that by her own ability she is able to write checks for her own silk stockings and steamheated roof, to say nothing of an occasional taxi or a Pullman, is much envied by other women.

When she makes a good living by means of a glamourous creative art, she is almost daily swamped by the open envy, the raw confidences, the bitter beseechings for advice, the whimpering comparisons made by other women. The glamour of art! I do not think that in ten years past I have talked fifteen minutes with any woman of my own age, or older or younger, that she hasn't in two minutes exhibited a most intense curiosity about the state of my mind, soul and pocketbook, and a frank and burning desire to go and do likewise.

A few days ago a woman who makes her living by stenography said to me, "You are lucky! You don't have to marry." A week lucky! You don't have to marry." A week ago a woman of means said to me, "You are lucky. Your work is interesting. You don't ago a woman of means said to me, "You are lucky. Your work is interesting. You don't need to think about men." A month ago a woman said to me, "If I thought I could make a go at your work, I'd get a divorce tomorrow."

About the writing game particularly does glamour lie. Perhaps because the tools needed glamour lie. Perhaps because the tools needed for this work seem so few! Thackeray listed them; all one needs is, "a pencil, a few sheets of paper and one's best ability." (Sometimes a Thackeray sentence which seems ordinary enough at first reading becomes curiously weighted at fourth or twenty-fourth reading.)

To me the glamour is not deceptive.

One has to eat in this world, or the body becomes a poor thing. One has to work, or the spirit becomes a poor article. When one is able to eat because one has work that is loved, that is the most divine harmony this world can

In such a case you get out of bed mornings with zest. The day is sure to be interesting. You sleep well at nights. You enjoy sunsets, poppies and country sausages with a livelier appreciation than can ever be experienced by a person who does not do well-liked work. You are seldom bored.

It would be foolish and untruthful to deny that creative work gives a curious, exhilarating return. Nothing else on earth—or elsewhere, some of us believe—quite gives this peculiar return. Human contacts are uncertain, undependable, unsatisfactory, even the best and finest. But work is long—and dependable. It is life's best soporific—if you want soporific. It is life's best stimulant—if you crave stimulant—of you want soporific. lant. Work that one goes to with relish and with fascination day after day and year after becomes finally a solace against any trouble, a staff against any weakness, a filler against any want, a friend against any friendlessness. It can give vigor to life and a curious exaltation at the mere thought of death; because, persists the thought, death may open to a continuation of work better and more glamourous.

But a man or a woman has to go quite a way in life before this is so well learned that it cannot be forgotten. And by that sober I am of the opinion that a husband and children furnish more gaiety in the long run than does a career. I believe like the majority of men and women who have or have not had actual experience, that a girl who marries early a clean-minded and fair-minded young man and lives with him all her life and has children and a middling good share of the necessary food and clothing, gets the best out of life.

But—the husband has to be clean-minded and he has to be fair-minded. Otherwise a girl should go and buy a typewriter. You can put a cover on a typewriter when you're through with it for the day or the year. And it cannot discuss you adversely with its stenographer or its bootlegger. It cannot forbid you to bob your hair nor caution you not to exceed the grocery allowance, because it needs golf sticks stung for the check the night before at the dinner to which you were not invited!

It cannot jaw because a towel is missing in

the bathroom; nor groan because the furnace has to be fixed. It cannot complain of your cooking or your family. It cannot come hom with a headache and a grouch the day you are cleaning the pantry shelves. It cannot scow because you have dropped into the office in the midst of a busy hour. It cannot say, "For Heaven's sake, why don't your clothes look like other women's I see?" It cannot sneer, "Aw, I was certainly the chump when I asked you to marry me!"

No, it can not say or do any of these things

On the other hand:

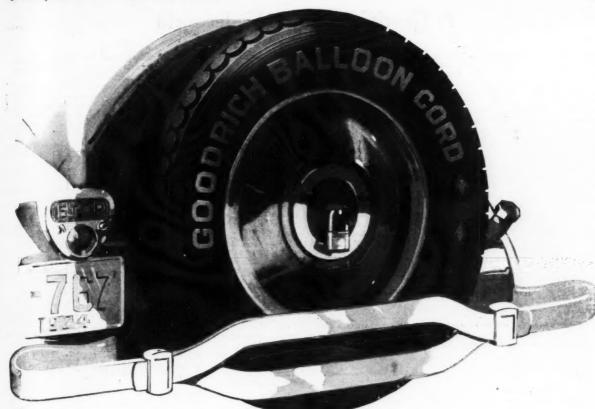
It cannot send you roses on a birthday. It cannot give you love letters or kisses. It can-not show any welcome and wished-for interest in the way you wear your hair. It cannot help you teach a baby to walk or to talk. It cannot help you into a taxi or even on a street car. It cannot ask you whether you'd rather sit in the sixth or seventh orchestral row. It cannot the sixth of seventh orchestral row. It cannot tell you your new hat is certainly a peach. It cannot be worried when you are ill—nor relieved when you are better. It cannot glow with you when the children get good reports at school. It cannot deny itself an overcoat that you may have a georgette dress. It cannot stint itself on its cigars that you may indulge in a lamp for the sun-parlor.

None of these things can it do

None of these things can it do. Therefore, choice must be taken. Poor little maidens of eighteen or there-

abouts who don't know what choice to make and have only one short lifetime in which to make your experiment! Heaven help you!

What about the husbands of these half-married wives—the wives half-married to their husbands and half-married to their jobs? William Johnston voices the bitter cry of these unfortunate males in an early issue of COSMOPOLITAN.



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### A Gentleman of the Underworld

(Continued from page 69)

might look out that no harm came to the girl. But his lip curled in derision at the thought of the bartender. Nothin' but a four-flushin' bloke what couldn't 'elp nobody, that one. Him a toff? Huh! A lily-livered 'unk what drank 'isself into a stupor one week out of every four. If Sir 'Arry ever had approached respectability, strong drink was the evil that had dragged him into the gutter. He never touched a drop in his own bar, but when he went on his monthly bender he made up for it.

"Hey there, me man; stir yourself." Sir 'Arry's hated voice broke in on Smiley's

'Arry's hated voice broke in on Smiley's reverie. He rose and went about his tasks with venom in the glances that he cast upon the condescending barkeep.

It was hours before Smiley was again free to slip back to his place in the shadows. All about him now was the chink of chips, the beat of music, shuffling of dancing feet, the smack of empty diseases on the bar's polished mahorany. empty glasses on the bar's polished mahogany. His thoughts of the early evening had gone glimmering in the rush of business, but now he was attracted by the sight of Gertie and the man who had picked on him that afternoon. Cal'oun, the kid 'ad called 'im. Well, 'im an' Gert seemed tuh be gettin' on all 'unky-dory. They sat at a table a bit away from the others and they appeared to be cementing their acquaintance over a bottle of champagne. Several of the other men glowered at Calhoun; Gertie was a great favorite and he was monopolizing her.

Smiley watched Gertie. Her face was flushed and she seemed excited. Her gaze turned constantly to an enormous diamond that her companion wore on the middle finger of his right hand; it was plain to be seen that the stone had fascinated the woman. Calboun have realized that fascination, for he waved his hand grandiloquently as he talked, every gesture setting loose a myriad of spark-

Later Gertie took her place on the platform to sing her ballads; the big, throaty voice flowed out and rushed to the far shadows of the skeleton rafters and the rough board walls. Here was life in the raw, but Gertie sang the songs that these men had heard their wives and songs that these men had heard their wives and sweethearts sing back home. "When You and I Were Young, Maggie"—"O Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms." There was furtive wiping of wet eyes. They weren't all drunken tears, either; so many of those men were homesick and heart-sick.

After her songs Gertie came to the bar. Smiley was mopping up and he heard her talking to one of the other girls.

"Some swell yuh picked up, Gert." It was Madge, the big redhead from 'Frisco who was talking.

"Know who that is?" There was pride in Gertie's voice. "That's Dick Calhoun. Killer Calhoun. On his way in to Dawson with a

"Yeh, I know that feller," Madge's companion, the town jeweler, cut in. "He's the slickest faro dealer yuh ever seen. Been down 'Frisco way fer years. He's got a gun that says he deals 'em fair too, lemme tell yuh. That's why they call him Killer Calhoun."

"Goramighty, have yuh piped the chunk of ice he sports?" Madge whispered, awe-stricken. Gertie nodded thoughtfully. "It's beautiful,

ain't it? All blue an' red, sort of; an' it flashes like flames leapin' up at night. Lor', it's beautiful!"

Her eyes were soft and dreamy-like, Smiley thought as he watched her. He wished that her eyes had shone like that this afternoon when they'd rested on the kid. He wondered if the girl was homesick and unhappy, left all alone up there in Gert's cottage on the hill. Just the same it was better for her to be lonely in the cottage than to be here in the dance hall. Smiley was glad that Gertie had the good sense to keep the young creature out of the muck of such a place as the Pack Train. Gert was the goods all right, he guessed. She al-ways had a smile an' a good word for a cove-He glowed at the thought of her occasional

friendly greeting.

But Smiley's approval of Gertie received a sudden jar when the next evening rolled around. He hadn't noticed much at the beginning of the night's work. Sir 'Arry 'ad been a-pickin' on 'im an' a-patronizin' of 'im till it aspectation in an aspace of the time as a cove fair wild tuh see the airs 'e gave' isself. Gawd, but Smiley'd like tuh take a poke at 'im, the 'unk. Gettin' mean, 'e were, like 'e always did just before 'e went on 'is week's spree. Six more days an' 'e'd 'ave 'is pay tuh get 'isself drunk with. Smiley was always glad to see the extra barkeep take Sir 'Arry's place. One week out of every four on a drunken toot! Gorblimme, if it didn't make a feller sick tuh see such scum a-settin' 'isself up as gentry.

Smiley mopped and swore under his breath and pictured reprisals until his eyes were snatched towards a table in the far corner of the room. Gertie was sitting there and at her side, her pansy-blue eyes wide with interest and excitement, sat the girl Maisie.

The cockney caught in his breath with a gulp. That dirty 'uzzy of a Gert! He swore picturesquely to himself. Tuh bring that clean kid tuh a place like this. He watched a bearded man approach the table; Gert snarled at him like a cat. Portson the jeweler, and Gertie's ardent admirer, came after him; she snarled again and he took off discomfited. A warm glow suffused Smiley. Well, it wasn't so bad as 'e'd thought. None of this 'ere scum was tuh come near the kid. Gert weren't so

And then his warm glow died. Killer Cal-And then his warm glow died.

And entered the swinging doors and Gertie's eyes were fastened on him with a welcoming warmth. So that was it? The others had been driven away in favor of the gambler who made his way leisurely to the The girl grew pale when she became aware of the man's approach. The little cock-ney understood well the child's uneasiness. Wasn't it just the feeling he himself had when

he looked at the cold eyes, the tiger teeth? Gertie rose from the table and after a few laughing words went to sing her group of songs. Maisie was ill at ease, but the gambler kept up a running fire of conversation and after a bit she seemed to relax. She was uneasy and worried, though; you didn't have to look twice

Gertie didn't return to the table until just before her last song that came at midnight. The girl sat and nodded, so sleepy that she could scarcely keep awake. Her face took on its baby curves as it relaxed drowsily. Calhoun didn't take his eyes from the pretty drooping head. Fair gone on that nice kid, 'e were, the bar boy thought as he glimpsed them in an idle moment.

He wiped the bar and glared at the un-

conscious Gertie when she came for her drink after the last song. Sir 'Arry served her and then nodded his head to the far table.

"Do you think you're doin' right by the young one, Gert?" he asked. "Bringin' her into a place like this?"

Smiley's heart warmed with approval. So Sir 'Arry had noticed, too. The black eyes of the dance hall girl flashed with anger; she smacked her glass down on the bar.

"Keep your advice for them that wants it,"

she snapped at the bartender. "I know what I'm about," and she flounced off to the gambler's table. Smiley drew close to Sir 'Arry.
"That there girl's Henglish," he confided to

his compatriot.

Sir 'Arry turned with a glare. "Tend to

your cleanin', me man," he growled.
Smiley slunk back to his mop. In his thoughts he gave the overbearing barkeep a rough drubbing, then propelled him to the front entrance, whence he helped him un-ceremoniously into the street. A mighty man was Smiley Burke—in his thoughts.

Later he sat in the shadows and counted the

dirty bills and the few odd coins that were his little horde. No one could see him there. The money, the close-approaching attainment of his dream which it ensured, soothed him and brought him happiness. A mornin' coat an' topper . . . The stooped shoulders straightened; his head raised proudly. Not long now

-not long.

Night followed night and now Maisie was a familiar figure in the Pack Train. The girl had grown thin and white; the pretty freshness of her was gone; she seemed to be changing—changing—how? Killer Calhoun was still the only man whom Gertie would allow to approach her niece. The bar boy still watched her in the moments that were his; he yearned over her in his mind, but there seemed nothing that he could do. The girl was changing be-fore his eyes and he didn't like it. Besides the pale thinness of her that was stealing her childishness, she seemed to be striving for a sophis-tication that should match her new environ-The yellow pigtail was piled high on her head; she had let her dresses down clumsily so that they hung askew; she even essayed arch glances at Calhoun though in her unguarded moments it was plain to be seen that she dis-liked him. It was pitiful to see the kid trying to play the game. Tonight Smiley thought that he could see an unreal pinkness on the thin cheeks. Rouge, that'd be.

Gert came to the bar and sipped moodily at a glass of beer. Sir 'Arry lounged near her, From his corner Smiley watched them both. The bartender's eyes turned towards the table where the young girl and the gambler sat;

where the young girl and the gambler sat; Gertie followed his gaze. "I guess you were right about that, 'Arry," she said slowly. "'Taint no place for her here; an' Calhoun ain't no man for her neither. I don't rightly know what to do about her. She should have stayed where she was. I'd hate to see her in my fix—dance hall girl. Well,

at that, she might do worse."

The bartender frowned. "I thought at first the was fallin' for you, Gert. But I guess it's the kid all right. That's plain to see." Gertie finished her glass of beer.

"Say, 'Arry"—her voice was low and vibrant "have you seen that diamond he flashes? Gawd, but it fair twists my heart to look at it. I love 'em, you know. That one he has just I love 'em, you know. That one he has just haunts me. Wish it was me he cottoned to." She stood awhile longer and then as if making

a sudden decision she looked about, calling, "Smiley. Say, where's Smiley?"

The little man came out of his corner.

'Ere I am, Gert."

The dance hall girl leaned across the bar.
"Listen, Smiley"—she spoke in low tones—
"I want you to take the kid up to my cottage for me. I can't leave yet an' there's no one else I want to send with her. I know you're all O.K., Smiley. You'll see she gets home safe. It's late an' she ought to be in bed." She turned to the barkeep. "You were right, 'Arry. I want to do the square thing. I'll keep her away after this."

away after this. Smiley felt a glow of pride and approbation suffuse him. That was the way to talk. He fetched his hat and coat. No knight could have been so proud as was he when he walked out the Ladies' Entrance with the girl at his Gert trusted 'im; nobody else she'd send

wiv the kid but 'im.

The walk up the hill in the cool night air was pleasant. Smiley liked the kid's voice as

"Yes, you see I've about decided to be an actress. Not just a singer like Aunt Gert, but a great actress like Lillian Russell, maybe— only better. I guess perhaps I'll sing at the Pack Train for a little while though, just to get

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a start. Aunt Gert don't like the idea, but she'll be proud of me, when I'm really great. Mr. Calhoun says he thinks I could act fine, an' he ought to know; he knows all the great actresses

'Cal'oun," Smiley caught at the name. "Yuh like that Cal'oun, Miss Maisie?"

The girl didn't answer for a minute. When she did there was more of the child in her voice. "No, I don't like him really. He—he kinda scares me. Don't you tell, will yuh, but sometimes when he looks at me I think of a tiger. I saw one once in a circus an' it looked just like he does when he smiles."

Smiley nodded violently. 'Adn't 'e 'ad just

the same feelin'? You forget about that Cal'oun an' actin', Miss Maisie, an' stick tuh yer books. Learnin's the thing for young folks. If yuh want tuh be a great actress yuh must 'ave learnin'. Look at me. I ain't never 'ad no learnin' an' I'm just a bar boy. Yuh don't want that tuh 'appen ter yuh, do yuh?"

"N-o-o, I s'pose not." The young voice was

doubtful and very sleepy. She stifled a yawn. The cottage loomed low in the darkness.

"I'll wait at the door while yuh light a lamp an' look about," Smiley told her. "Don't yer be frightened now. Ain't nothin' goin' tuh harm good little girls."

"I'm not a little girl. I'm a young lady," the sleepy voice objected as the youngster

groped about for the lamp.

After her "good night" he walked happily down the hill. He was glad that problem was settled. No more high life for the kid.

Calhoun arrived early the next night; his eyes questioned when he saw that Maisie was not at Gertie's table, but he greeted the woman with his usual aplomb. Gertie appeared a trifle uneasy at first, but under the man's admiring glances she was quickly at her ease. They chatted and laughed and the gambler bought drinks with a lavish hand.

Smiley gave the table in the corner little attention tonight. So long as the girl was no longer there he was not concerned. Besides, an event had taken place that day. Weeks earlier he had sent to England for a book of styles; the catalog of the very Saville Row Today the he planned to patronize. book had arrived. Lovingly Smiley turned the glazed pages; reverently he feasted adoring eyes upon the likeness of a natty gentleman who was arrayed in the smartest of morning coats and the shiniest of toppers. He patted his slowly growing money belt with satishis slowly growing money belt with satisfaction; not long now until he'd order that very style. His eyes misted with the wonder of it

Later he caught a glimpse of Gertie and Calhoun. The woman's face was an odd study; her eyes were fastened upon the gambler's ring and there was in them the glazed look of a bird that is charmed by a serpent. The man was talking very earnestly; he seemed to be attempting to convince Gertie of something.

The woman glanced up suddenly and caught Smiley's eyes upon her. She looked as if she had been brought back from a great distance. Her face flushed and she motioned towards the empty glasses on the table. The bar boy caught up his tin tray and shuffling across to their order. When he returned them took with the filled glasses he caught a scrap of Calhoun's talk.

"I've named my price to you, Gert. You can have what you want most if you'll say the word."

Smiley sneered scornfully as he turned away. So it was Gert the gambler was sweet on after all. Well, he could save his breath. Smiley 'ad seen 'em a-tryin' to come their game on too many times not to know that she'd send too many times not to know that she'd send that feller packin'. Still—she were fair daft over that di'mond. He shrugged away the unpleasant thought. Gert was straight, she was; she'd send 'im packin'.

On that last evening there was a ship sailing for Skagway at midnight. In the saloon men were taking aboard their final cargo of liquor. Their next port would be Alaskan, and

underneath the chechahcos trembled a bit at the unknown quantity that awaited them. The air was electric with excitement; the girls' faces were flushed with something besides paint. Back of the bar Sir 'Arry's hands shook rith the strain. Tonight at twelve he went off duty and then a free week to drink up the handful of gold pieces that the boss had handed him an hour ago. Smiley knew that look; three weeks' pay jingled in Sir 'Arry's jeans.

At her usual hour Gertie arrived at the Pack

She went to her table; her eyes were nervous and darted about restlessly. She ordered a drink or two on her own, which was not her custom; Portson the jeweler and one or two others approached her but she waved them away. Later in the evening Calhoun joined her and Smiley saw her shiver of relief.

There was an unusually large crowd in the place; to add to the ordinary jam, there was a gang of lumberjacks who had hit town over the week-end. At such times it was Smiley's duty to help out the waiters in his free mosoon as he saw the gambler join As Gertie he slipped across to their table. Cal-houn was leaving on that midnight boat for Alaska; the bar boy sensed that there was something portentous in the air; perhaps he could pick up a bit of news.

As he waited for their order Smiley strained his ears, but their voices were low-pitched and he could not hear. It was only after their second drink that he caught a sentence or two that held him.

"Dike" It tell her you sent for her . . . Get her to the waterfront . . . I can get her aboard the boat without any holler . . . license and ticket

"I can't do it, Calhoun. Oh, I can't do it!"

The woman's voice was agonized.
Smiley slopped a half of her drink on the floor and stooped to mop it up. Dike! was one of the Killer's dealers that he was taking North with him. His blood ran cold. Who was Dike going after? Maisie? Maybe the Killer was going to take that pretty kid, too. Maybe it was her they wanted to get to the water-front. Smiley's hand shook so that he could hardly set the glass down on the

As he approached the bar and glanced back over his shoulders, he saw Calhoun rise; Gertie was talking rapidly as if she were pleading with him; she held on to the sleeve of his coat; he broke away after a moment and made his way to the door. Gertie's face wore a look of shattered hardness. Smiley didn't stop to reason why; he snatched his shabby coat and cap from their nail back of the bar. In a moment he was out in the street.

The wind blew in from the bay. Cool, it Salt in the air-the tang of seaweed from the Flats. The figure of the gambler cut through the dimness across to Jackson Street and on to Second Avenue; the trembling shadow hung closely to his heels. Goramighty, Smiley'd be dam'd if 'e'd let 'em do that kid She were clean, she were; she were 'is friend too; and what was more, she were Henglish.

Under a flickering street light the gambler paused. The end of his cigar glowed red as he turned and faced the blackness where the frightened cockney huddled. Smiley remem-bered why this man was called the Killer. His bones turned to water; he could scarcely keep

his teeth from chattering audibly. Calhoun seemed to be waiting for someone. It was very quiet there in the street. Far away a train whistled; up the Avenue a streetcar bumped over a cross-street track; out in the bay a side-wheeler's beam chug-chugged: there were no other sounds. Footsteps approached; under the dim light Smiley recognized Dike. He crept closer in the black shadows; scraps of conversation came to him as the voices of the two rose and fell.

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Block after block, up the Jackson Street hill they toiled until they reached the small cottage. One light was burning dimly. All the way there Smiley had tried to concoct a plan; how was he to get the kid away? It was plain enough what they meant to do; but Dike was his man; there wasn't a change for the state of the state a big man; there wasn't a chance for Smiley in a hand-to-hand encounter. He'd have to trust to luck and his wits if an opportunity

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There was a long wait at the cottage door;
Dike swore vividly under his breath. The girl
had evidently gone to bed. She was frightened
in that lonely house; it was some time before
she would open the door. Smiley wished that she would open the door. Sinkey wished the dared shout a warning to her, but Dike was a bad 'un. In this out-of-the-way place he'd as soon break down the door as not. He'd had his orders and the Killer didn't give orders for

"But why does Aunt Gert want me?" young voice was trembling and pregnant with

"I've told yuh, miss, she's sick. spell. She was goin' tuh the boat tuh sing a farewell song tuh the boys, but she's took sick. She don't wanter disappoint 'em though, so she sent for you. She says it's a chance fer yuh to show what yuh can do."

The man's voice was ingratiating. In a few

The man's voice was ingratiating. In a few minutes after she had come to the door, Maisie was dressed and ready to go with him. All the way down the hill and towards the water-front the barboy tried to find an opportunity to act, but none came. Not a copper along the way, though Smiley didn't 'ave much use for the likes of them. He knew that if he waited until he reached the crowd on the dock the Killer and his gang would give him the bum's rush the minute he tried to make trouble. Gorblimme, but this were a go! As well smack Gorblimme, but this were a go! As well smack up against the Killer as Dike. 'E were a bad un if ever there was one.

Every step brought them nearer to the red-painted warehouses. First Avenue and Front Street were deserted at this late hour. Ahead Street were deserted at this late nour. Ahead the railroad tracks glimmered a bit beneath a dim signal-light; the squareness of empty box cars loomed in the blackness; down the tracks the puff-puff of a switch engine broke the night's quiet. Ahead lay the docks.

And then Smiley Burke made his big decision. A desperate gleam was in his pale eyes; his flabby nuscles tightness with determine.

his flabby muscles tightened with determination. At that instant he approached his moment of real greatness. With a few running steps he came up to the two figures ahead; as

he came he called:
"Miss. Miss Maisie!"

Dike swung heavily about; the girl stood

"Yer Aunt Gertie, yuh know, she sent word that yuh was tuh come tuh the Pack Train with me." Maybe he could get away with it. He tried to speak boldly, as one having

Dike shot out his chin. "Yuh mind yer own usiness," he growled. "I'm a-takin' this gel business," he growled.
to her aunt right now."

Well, 'e was in for it. Smiley grasped Maisie's arm and swung her between himself and Dike; in the free instant that he held her there he shouted:

"Run! Police station. 'E means yuh 'arm.

Then he swung her back of him, and for the first time in his whole cowering life Smiley Burke stood up to another man and fought. Fought with the desperation of a cornered rat that slashes and bites with teeth and nails. He had never had any thought of besting Dike just to hold him was all he asked. Twice in the first moments he was flung aside and hit the mucky street with a thud, but he was up just to hold him was all he asked.

again and back for more before Dike could take after the girl. It seemed hours to the little cockney that he fought there in the street. A horrible nightmare. . . the padded crunch of doubled fists against flesh . . grunts . . . the stench of sweat and the filth of the gutter. . blood gushing and the taste of it in his

He screamed then and sank yellow





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teeth until they met in Dike's hairy flesh. Weak hands striking feebly after that . . . Dike through a curtain of mist . . . dam'd if e'd let 'im go after the kid . . . dam'd would . . . running of heavy footsteps . dam'd if 'e running on the sidewalk . . . running up into Smiley's brain. Back into the mud of the street

It lacked but half an hour to midnight. At the bar in the Pack Train a haggard Gertie stood in the center of a group. was at its height, for men were taking their leave. The half-hour whistle of the Alaska boat had just sounded. Another boat was sailing in an hour for 'Frisco; there would be few passengers on her; all men turned their faces to the Northland now.

There was something up in the group where Gertie stood. Portson the jeweler from up-town laughed and pointed at the huge diamond that flashed on her hand. A group of men and dance hall girls were laughing. Her face was

"Your swell beau's fooled yuh, Gert," the man cried uproariously. "Why, that there stone ain't nothin' but a hunk of glass. Good paste, I'll say for it, but paste just the same. Rhinestones! Do yuh savvy that, girls? Rhinestones! Do yuh savvy that, girls? Gert's been fooled with rhinestones!"

In the shadows at the bar's end a tattered mud-streaked tag of humanity huddled. It was Smiley looking for word with Sir 'Arry. He was desperate and maybe Sir 'Arry would help him; there seemed no place else to turn. The barkeep's eyes wandered often to the clock as he served his drinks.

"Rhinestones! Ha ha! Rhinestones!"
Smiley gazed through swelling eyes to
Gertie's face. So that was why she'd left the the ring had been the price! His broken lips drew back from his teeth. The filthy Gorblimme, but she'd been fooled; he laughed aloud as he thought how she'd been fooled. All the men about her were shouting with laughter; the girls were shrieking ma-liciously. She'd lorded it over them too long; liciously. She'd lorded it over them too long; they gloried in the chance to take her down a

Gertie's face showed a struggle of fierce emotions. She stood without movement in the midst of the hubbub. Realization must have come to her that she was through there; she could never live down their ridicule. Smiley cackled as he thought how she'd suffer if she ever tried to stay on. What was she up to now? With an animal cry she swept across the room to where a medley of trophies hung against the wall. She snatched and pulled at a blacksnake whip that hung suspended; in a moment it came loose in her hands. She coiling the rat-tail end of it in a business-like manner as she ran to the door and disappeared in the darkness. The cockney thought of Killer Calhoun and hoped that the whip would cut deep into that sallow face. Twenty-five minutes before the boat sailed. Plenty of time, especially since the Killer would be waiting on the dock for a little frightened kid who shuddered when he looked at her.

Smiley edged along in back of the bar. Sir 'Arry's relief came across the dance hall and shrugged himself into a fresh white coat. With a long sigh Sir 'Arry took off his bar togs and slipped into his street coat. He pulled his cap low and started along the bar's back to the side door; he never took a drink here. Smiley met him in the shadows.

"I got ter speak tuh yuh a minute, Mr. Beauchamp." It was the first time that Smiley had ever permitted himself to address the pompous barkeep by his name. The latter seemed not at all impressed.

"Get out of my way," he barked. "I'm busy. I'm goin' off duty."

Smiley detained him with a grimy hand.
"It's about that girl. Gert's niece. The
Henglish kid, yuh know." He tried to keep
his voice steady. "That 'uzzy, Gert, sold the
girl tuh Killer Cal'oun for that ring that turned out tuh be glass. I—I"—there was a rare pride in Smiley's voice—"I 'ad tuh fight that there Dike, that big feller of Cal'oun's, tuh get the

kid away from 'im."
Sir 'Arry's hands twitched. "Well, what of it?" he asked shortly. "A man wouldn't have to guess twice to know that you had been fighting. Where's the girl?"

Smiley spoke eagerly. "I got 'er 'idin' down tuh a all-night news-stand what a ole lidy I know keeps. I got the kid away from Dike like I told yuh. 'E were gettin' the best of me in a real go when a copper 'appens along. chases Dike down the water-front an' while 'e's gone I comes to an' takes tuh me 'eels. A block away I finds the kid, cryin' fit tuh bust.

She knows me all right; gorblimme, but she sne knows me all right; gorbinme, but she were glad tuh see me. She wants tuh get back tuh 're friends in 'Frisco. Well, I takes 'cr down tuh ole Mother Busby at the newstand, an' then I comes tuh you." Cos

"What for?" Sir 'Arry eyed Smiley warily. "What for?" Smiley twisted a button on his muddy coat. 'Well, we're Britishers, ain't we? the kid, ain't she? They's a boat sails for 'Frisco on the one o'clock tide. If we let Gert 'er 'ands on the kid again, yuh can't tell get 'er ands own what'll 'appen. Ever been tuh Surrey on what'll 'appen. Ever been tuh Surrey." 'oliday? Well, that kid's from Surrey." Smiley dug down into the folds of his cloth-

greasy money belt.
"I been a-savin' up fer a little idea wot I 'ad." His eyes turned longingly to the book of styles that rested on the shelf under the bar. But it don't much matter. Trouble is, I only got five pun an' a bit of silver besides, an'

it ain't enough."
Sir 'Arry's hands still twitched a bit; he leaned against the bar and his eyes were

away. Smiley watched him anxiously. Finally: "Yes, I've been in Surrey," the barkeep said softly. "When the apple trees were in said softly. blossom.

He stood awhile longer and then his hand went slowly into his pocket. When it came out it held the gold pieces. He sighed resignedly and shoved them towards Smiley; it didn't seem to occur to him to question the little seem to occur to mm to question the little man's integrity. His eyes strayed to the bar-tender on duty; he turned back to Smiley. "Will yuh join me in a ginger beer, Mr. Burke?" he asked.

Smiley's senses reeled. "Mr." Burke, from Sir 'Arry! He could only nod his acceptance. Sir 'Arry gave the order; when the bubbling glasses stood before them he lifted his towards. Smiley with a courtly gesture.
"To the Queen, God bless her!" he intoned.

Smiley's meager chest swelled with pride; for a moment he felt himself attired in the departed morning coat and topper. A whimsical thought came to him. They wasn't the real thing, 'im an' Sir 'Arry. Like Gert's rhinestone, they were. He paused to smile inwardly Rhinestones . . . yes; but they glittered nice sometimes. With the air of a Chesterfield he lifted his glass.
"Tuh the Queen, Gawd bless 'er!"

Are we all ill-mannered? Emily Post, who has taught a nation etiquette, answers the question in next month's Cosmopolitan.

## Captain Quid

(Continued from page 45)

The ladies' eyes instantly converged upon

him.
"It was at McKinney. His two biggest kids were just about big enough to toddle round and fall down now and then. They'd begged him to let 'em ride his horse, and he was walking beside the horse and holding Charlie in the saddle. Charlie had the reins, shouting, and James Junior was yelling that it was his turn, when out comes Verbena from the house and tells him it's dangerous and to take Charlie right down. Jim just turns his head a little and looks at her and says, "That's my business, dear." She went back into the house. His kids were always crazy about him at McKinney. He took 'em camping to Cloud's Peak.

"Can't somebody tell her how imprudent she is?" croaked Mrs. Slocum.

"Her mother has tried and tried," said Mrs. "But what can you do with an obstinate

"Well, ladies," said the Captain, "strong will or not, they're lovers to this day.

The thought of it made each of the women breathe a pensive sigh.

Not many months later, James and Verbena were stationed at Fort Bowie, Arizona. Little

near there but cactus, mountains and hostile Apaches. It was between massacres, with nothing doing. One night a young officer, at whose quarters they were playing cards, came out rather strongly. Glasses of whisky were beside all the players but James. had dwelt so far upon the recent burning of the Butterfield stage and the massacre of its passengers in Apache Pass, when the aroma of James's cigar changed the subject.

'How much do those cost, Captain?" said Jack Whetstone. Whetstone was Monk's young second lieutenant, only two years out of the Military Academy, but already most companionable to his Captain.

"Oh, these don't come high. I'll take one

Monk extended his case to Whetstone who accepted with alacrity one of the admirable

cigars.
"I'm glad they don't come high," said
Whetstone. "For I'd like to order some and cease being a dead beat."

"Give you a box next lot I get from San Francisco." Possibly the whisky may have helped Jack

to make his next remark. "Captain, with your taste for Havana products, in your place I'd never have dared to go on increasing our population." During the flash of suspense which this impish ribaldry precipitated, nobody knew how which this James would take it. Then his sense of humor tipped the scale and he turned an eye and a

smile on his indiscreet and overindulged junior.
"Mine are all white."

Ease relaxed the company in laughter at the expense of Jack Whetstone, for over at Fort Bliss the ladies had spread romantic rumors about his visits across the bridge to the Mexican town of Juarez. Two or three hands were dealt before his cheeks regained their normal hue, and during the rest of the game he attended strictly to his cards and bets. At the end of the evening he walked home with James Monk in the dark, and upon reaching Monk's door he said-in the dark:

"Captain, that was hellishly fresh. apologize.

The boy felt his Captain's hand for a moment gently upon his shoulder; that was all.

Next day, the Major who had been in the card game made a remark to Whetstone:
"Ever seen Captain Monk get mad?"

sir, never yet.

"Well, he let you off damned easy." Then he chuckled. "I guess the way you put it appealed to him. I guess nobody else has

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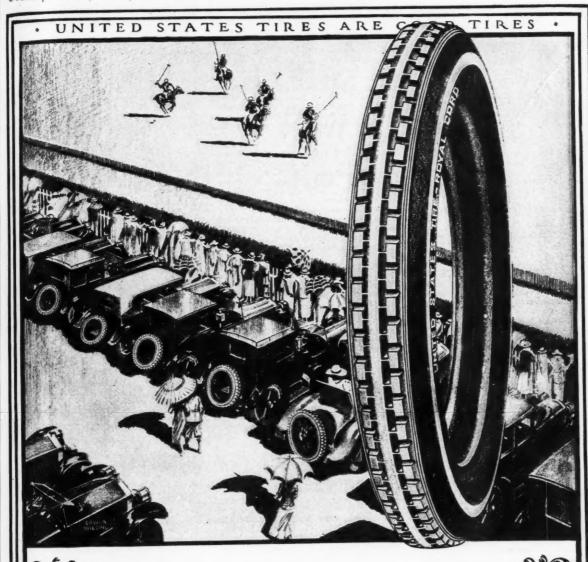
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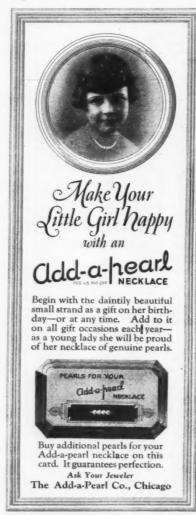
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ever—" the Major broke off and ruminated, locking at Jack Whetstone. But Jack, with the feel of his Captain's hand still on his shoulder, would not have discussed the matter with anybody for worlds. Monk, moreover, to show it was all right, had bidden Whetstone

take pot-luck with him that day.
"Why that little wife of his is a fanatic!" declared the Major; "the kind that reasons and facts don't reach. And she's got him in her pocket! In her pocket." Here a loud laugh overtook the Major. "But you touched him up. Godo'mitey! With the family they've got now, if she'd made him cut out something more at every new arrival the way she did after their first at Custer, he'd be down to Star Plug today. He'd be past it, even it you could snuff. But she lets him alone for a long while at a time, then something turns up and she scores again. Step by step she's nearing where she means to get to. They think she's partified. Coalching will. satisfied. Godo'mitey!"

The Major rolled bloodshot eyes.
"All the same," he continued, "if the army presented 'em with a silver soup tureen, it'd be no more than they deserved."

"Wy—y?" mewed Jack Whetstone in his sur-

prise.
"For never failing to provide us with sensations in these God-forsaken holes where we pass the better part of out lives.

The reigning sensation of the moment was the Apaches and the Butterfield stage line, which our cavalry was at Bowie to protect There was a lull about James and Verbena, but

The Monk family with Whetstone, their invited guest, were seated at dinner, James at one end of his table, Verbena opposite. On one side of her strapped in his high chair, with his park in yuder his chin, was little Albert who napkin under his chin, was little Albert who had come at Fort Hall; on her other side, little George strapped in another high chair with his napkin under his chin. George had come at Laredo. Nellie had come at Assinaboine, Charlie at Wingate, Gertrude at the Presidio. Nellie and Gertrude sat along in the middle opposite each other; Jack, the guest, next Gertrude, but on each side their father the chairs of Charlie and James Junior were still vacant although the soup had been served.

"Give them another call," said Captain Monk; and while Gertrude ran out to the back door, where her upraised voice could be heard calling in the direction of one of the post wood-sheds, the rest of the family went on with the

"I can see them just as well as well," declared Gertrude coming back, "but they

won't move.' Verbena now undertook the job, and for her they moved at once, reluctantly filling the chairs on each side of their father.

on each side of their father.

"Don't you like your soup?" he inquired.
"I hate it," said Charlie.

"Oh, Charles," his mother said, "when there's many a starving boy in Caesar Borgia would be thankful for that nice hot soup!"

"Don't make 'em eat it, dear," remonstrated James. "They shall have two helps of beef to make up. What made you so late, hove?"

"Oh, nothing," said Charlie.
"We were just playing," James Junior lucidly amplified. He had lately gone into

Jack Whetstone was silent. He knew. He had seen them as he came to pot-luck. But he was their friend and hoped for the best.

"If you expect to grow up and catch In-dians," said their father, "you'll have to step livelier."

"There will be no more Indians then, Cap-in," said Verbena, smiling. "Eat your beef, Charlie."

Charlie in obedience lifted a fork very slowly toward his mouth. Half-way there it faltered, and then abruptly crashed down upon his

"Charlie!" cried his mother. "What's the matter? James, do look at him!" James was already looking, but before he

could speak a horrible strange sound from his first born on the other side diverted his eye. James Junior sat with face set and a heaving of his immature frame. Both parents now started up in alarm at the green faces of their young, but in that moment the whole ghastly incident rushed to its culmination. trance of no hostile Apaches could have more upset what had been so lately a peaceful domestic scene. Plates tobogganed to the floor; Nellie and Gertrude got down and ran screaming from the room; while little Albert and little George, unable to fall from their high chairs because of the straps, sat with their napkins still under their chins, bawling with mouths wide open and eyes tight shut.

Pot-luck was served somewhat later in the kitchen while the dining-room windows were lifted to admit as much air as possible; but only three assembled to finish the meal, and the guest left as soon as was polite.

The limp young smokers lay upstairs in their beds sleeping it off.

Two or three days later the peculiarly excellent aroma of the cigar that Jack Whetstone was smoking caught Major Brewster's attention.

"So he's given you another of those?" Whetstone nodded.

On still a later day the Major stopped the Lieutenant at the stables.

"How many more has he given you?"

Jack stood silent, smiling, and he blew out a ring of smoke.

"Godo'mitey!" cried the Major, "she's made him part with the lot."

Jack never told what he knew. The pale

Verbena's one unguarded word to her James at pot-luck in the kitchen was locked in his loyal breast: "To think of their learning it at toyal oreast: "To trink of their learning it at their age and in this house!" The words es-caped her. "Well, dear, there's no place like home." The gallant James had tried to carry it off. Jack stood proof indeed, even to the probing of the ladies, but guessing had never been easier: Nellie and Gertrude hadn't lost a second.

Ten minutes after the event the whole post had known what Charlie and James Junior had done, and could foretell what the consequences done, and could foreten what the consequences to their father would be. Why hadn't he locked his cigars up? They wondered that Captain Monk "with his experience," as they put it, should consider the cigarets to which he presently had recourse, as even a forlow hope. She certainly would never stand cigarets, even his allowance of three a day!

I have forgotten to mention the youngest member of the Monk family, younger than little George, who had come at Laredo; little Christine was coming in June; it was January now. Mrs. Brewster knew it was going to be a girl this time; somehow she just knew it, she declared. She was to be godmother and she chose the name: Christine. Verbena loved

it. James loved whatever Verbena loved.
"Anything that pleases her," he said to Mrs.
Brewster. "Christine, Mary Anne, Bridget,

Pensacola—anything she wants."
"You're always so perfect!" exclaimed the

lady.
"Better get some boys' names ready too.
Gustavus, Napoleon—how're they for start-

"Oh, Captain Monk, darling Verbena and I are that sure, this time!"
"All right. Boy, girl, anything that pleases

Verbena.

"Major," said his wife that evening, "do you know I sometimes wonder if Captain Monk is—not that I've ever heard him say a thing—

but I do wonder if he—every now and then"Is tired of it?" completed the Major.
"Oh, Major, I'd never say that!" "So you want me to say it. What?"
"He's still on his three cigarets," said the lady. "I shouldn't wonder if she kept them

shut up safe from the children. Nobody knows what she said to him."

"Has anybody known what she's ever said to him?" cried the Major. "She's never once been caught at it."

June tenth: that was Doctor Stoff's date for Christine. In April one day, the cigarets

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disappeared.
"Well, I suppose she's happy now at last," said the Major. "It's taken her about fifteen

years."
"I can't think," said his wife, "I simply don't see how darling Verbena did it."
"I always told you she would."
"Have you any idea, Mr. Whetstone?"
He was paying a call and the lady appealed

"No, indeed, Mrs. Brewster." Jack would never discuss this subject. But before April was over Verbena stunned them all by lifting was over verbena stunned them all by lifting the veil herself. It may be that she felt secure, that her final victory after her long campaign, so well conducted, so persistent and indomitable, had given her a belief that she could do anything; or her delicate condition may have affected her judgment for the nonce. At any rate, a court-martial at Bowie had brought effects from both Bayard and Grant and these officers from both Bayard and Grant and these visitors were being entertained one evening by James. He had provided refreshments of various simple sorts for them, and although he had abstained from drinking with them, he had lighted a cigar for the first time since

the pot-luck incident because it was the first time since then that any group of strangers had visited the post and sat in his company. All was going naturally when the door opened and Verbena appeared. The gentlemen rose and she greeted them most sweetly; a soft pathos in her voice was noticed and admired. She was charmingly clad in white and folds of it fell about her in a way at once appropriate and concealing. Then her glance fell upon James who had no thought of hiding his act. With a lift of her pretty brows she went to him, and taking his cigar from between his fingers in the sweetest and most attractive manner,

in the sweetest and most attractive manner, she spoke caressingly:

"Ah, naughty!"

Then for a brief second she placed the cigar between her own lips and drew one puff. They all said afterwards that she looked bewitching.

"It would harm me less than him."

This was her good night to them, and she left them with a smile, shaking a playful finger at lames.

at James.

Before breakfast next day Mrs. Stoff was round to see Mrs. Brewster who was just start-

ing to see her.
"The doctor waked me up to tell me," Mrs.

Stoff began at once.
"The Major waked me up too."
"The doctor says he didn't turn a hair."

"The doctor says he dun t turn a han."

"The Major says not a man in the army could have behaved better. He didn't light another one, he just said that the joke was on him, and they just said that they wished their wives took care of them like that and then they wished the balls hand the carefugger good going and drank her health, and the cards got going, and I guess it was two o'clock when the Major sat on my bed and told me. But I do wish Verbena wouldn't."
"He turned red though."

The sight of Jack Whetstone rapidly coming along from his quarters distracted the two ladies. They called out to him with one voice. But he merely lifted his hat and sped onward. Nobody needed to tell him what they were

doing, and he ground his teeth.

"Hags!" he said to himself. "Buzzards!
Damned if ever I marry!"

In this hot youthful unjust state he entered the private room of Captain Monk wondering what could be the matter that the Captain's striker had brought him so early a message. striker had brought him so early a message. The sound of people at breakfast came through the door; and while Jack stood waiting he scowled gloomily at the rack for pipes, so orderly, so interesting, so deserted. Absorbed in his mood, he did not hear the quiet entrance of his superior officer, gave a slight start at being spoken to and turned quickly away from the rack. The Captain appeared not to be aware of the rack. aware of the rack.

"Have you heard the news?"

Monk was cool and natural and good natured; but serious too.



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"N-no," stuttered Whetstone, with a wild fancy that it must have to do with last night "They've got the Butterfield stage again. Over near Willcox."

"Oh," said the boy, with relief, and there was some surprise in Monk's glance at him.

"A clean sweep," he said with a touch of severity.

Co

severity.

"That's bad." The boy took it in now.
"Sit down a minute," said Monk.
The boy sat, his eyes intent on his Captain.
"This has got to stop," pursued Monk slowly, and brooding over it as he went on.
"We've been sent here to do it. If we don't do "We've been sent here to do it. If we don't do
it, what good are we? Nobody escaped this
time. Four passengers inside. Must have been
just about daylight, as usual. I expect it'll be
some of Cochise's band. They should have let
the cavalry finish the old fox up that time they caught him and had him sure. But they put him in a Sibley tent and he cut a hole in it . . . Well, that old nanny goat of a Secretary of War is not going to have the chance to

hinder me. I'll stop it somehow, or I'll——
Captain Monk did not say what he would

do if he failed, and the young soldier waited "Stage was burned to ashes, as usual. They must have shot the horses first. The state of the bodies—but I don't want to make you sick. One woman, too. I want to get a look at the place. You'll go with me. Put on your oldest shirt and things—it's rough country. I'll fix it up with the K.O. E. Troop is hunting them now, ordered out from Fort Grant. Fifty men on horseback in broad daylight, riding around and around. So likely to make Indians come right in and surrender! The nanny goat has telegraphed that all arrests pust be peaceful. Indians must be peaceful. nanny goat has telegraphed that an arresumust be peaceful. Indians mustn't have any cause for dissatisfaction. Pity he didn't tell us never to disturb them on Sundays. Well, you scatter now and get ready." And the you scatter now and get ready." And the Captain went to the Colonel.
"Work it out yourself," said the Colonel.

"We'll call it a roving detail. Report to me when you're ready. Oh, by the way: are you expecting Mrs. Frankish?"

Not just yet, Colonel."

"Not just yet, Colonel."

"But you are expecting her?"

"About June first."

The Colonel smiled slightly at the prospective father. "Can't you head her off?"

James Monk looked a little surprised.

"I mean," said the Colonel, "the Indians.

Of course, if you expect to have them thoroughly discouraged by then——"

"I can't be sure, Colonel. The sooner the better of course. Nothing would stop my mether-in-law."

mother-in-law."

"I see. I see." The Colonel's tone was dubious.

James was not quite certain that his commanding officer did see. "I'd hate to lose her visit," he now said frankly, "as much as she'd hate to lose it herself: She has always been welcome, she always will be, and it's a pleasure and a comfort to have her." and a comfort to have her.

"I see! I see!" repeated the Colonel, but this time very heartily. "Allow me to con-gratulate you. I have sometimes met men whose feelings for their wife's mother were—

were er "
"Yes," said James Monk succinctly.
"But," the Colonel hurried on, "about her journey across the San Simon and up into these hills. I don't like that. Let me know in time and I'll send the ambulance with an escort to meet her in Lordsburg—that is unless you've got the Indians discouraged by then. Captain Monk, I count on you. You under-stand the fix we're in just as well as I do. Some mean skunk who calls himself a hardy settler and a great-souled pioneer plays the Indian some stinking trick. Next, the justly outraged Indian, like the simple savage that he is, scalps, mutilates, and otherwise annoys, not only the great-souled pioneer with his wife, his maid, his ox, his ass, and everything that is his, but also any other white people he can catch. That

puts him in wrong.
"Then the surviving population of the territory clamor for justice and military protection.

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Then we try to give it to 'em. Then all the women in Boston with their sisters the clergymen denounce our brutalized American Then the Secretary of War runs to the army. Then the Secretary of War runs to the President, and the President, mindful of a second term, tells the Secretary to allow none but peaceful arrests. Then the Indians do it some more. And then the surviving population denounces the pampered inefficiency of our American army. So we get it in the neck on both sides-east and west-and there you are.

Some hours after this conversation two objects which were neither vegetable nor mineral, though quiet as the earth, sat behind a gray rock. Cactus was to the right of them, cactus to the left of them, and sand was beneath them. The Chiricahua mountains blazed bleakly around and above them, and the flat blaze of the San Simon valley, which was ten miles away and didn't look two, sent up its heat to the sky whence the heat had come. If you were unused to the sight, you might have taken the two objects for Indians, you would have been wrong: anybody living in that country would have known them for white men, and with field-glasses might have discerned the yellow stripes on one pair of visible legs. These belonged to James Monk; Jack Whetstone sat beside him and the shirts and faces of both were brown with dust. A large rip slanted across Jack's trousers where a cactus had laid them open; for it was a rough country, and they had climbed about in it, up and down.

Monk once more lifted his glasses to his eyes, and for a long while studied various distant places through them. Then he handed

them to Whetstone and spoke.
"Get to know it well," he said. "Learn it by heart

In a little while Whetstone said, "I think I've got it all now."

"Look at it again, and follow me. The road comes from Stein's Pass over there across the valley, and up into this draw. That's the stage road. The railroad is surveyed round the north end of these hills."

I can see the road away across the valley." "Right. Now when the draw narrows, you see that turn among the rocks. That's the kind of place they would choose. They'd lie fifty yards back, each side. Now go back farther—back to the big cactus. There's big cactus back a hundred yards each side. See? That's about where we'd take our position."
"I see," said Whetstone.

"The stage would get to that narrow turn,

and shots would drop the horses. Then the Indians would show, and then—well, we'd get into the game then.

"You mean, we'd spring up above and have 'em surrounded?"

"That's the idea. Trouble is, this isn't the only good place through here for an ambush.
We've got to study several others."
"How can we know which one they'll choose?"

"That's going to bother me. There's a ergeant I could borrow from B troop who has his ways of finding things out in this country, but he's sick in hospital with rheumatism. Come along. We've a lot of work to do yet."

The dusty figures rose, and climbed back to where they had their horses tied. On the way little quail ran and then clustered among the

thin weeds.
"Shoot!" said Monk. "It's a good chance," and he got his shotgun from the saddle.

They went to it and bagged enough for their purpose; the birds were not wild.

out!" Monk suddenly warned; and near a bird he was stooping to pick up Jack saw a rattlesnake which he killed at once. "Small one." He dangled it.

"Yes. Wouldn't be able to pierce your boot; but nasty in your finger or your face." "How nasty?"

"Couldn't say. Wouldn't care to find out by experiment. Don't bother to keep that

rattle, you'll find plenty of bigger ones."
"I thought your kids might like it."

"I guess they will, thank you. Now come And tie the quail very conspicuously. And put up your shotgun and keep your rifle

More dusty still, they returned in the afternoon, as to their lives safe and sound, but in Jack's trousers the rent had developed to such an extent that he thought he had better get off at the stable and slink to his quarters by a back way.

"No such thing," said Monk.
"But, Captain! Look!"
"Let 'em see it. With the birds it makes a
first rate blind— Why, Toney, good day to
you!" This was addressed to a dark slim girl riding a gray donkey down a trail into the post. A red fillet bound her black Indian hair.

Toney sat on her burro and showed her beautiful teeth. She smiled kindly on the officers. She was driving another burro whose load of wood was quite as big as the patient

little gray donkey.
"You lucky day," said she. "You kill heap

"You got heap wood, Toney. Who you sell

"Sell him Missis Colonel. Yas, you got heap quail.'

"Hope more tomorrow."

"You more tomorrow? No get tired quail! Very good, very nice eat, yas."

Once again Toney smiled sweetly on the

two, and proceeded toward the house of the commanding officer with what might have been mistaken for a walking wood-pile.

Monk's eye followed her, and he laughed.

"Well, if she guesses what we're at, our white ladies won't, and that's more important."

"Toney wouldn't tell?"
"Not she."

"But she's a full-blooded Apache."

"She's had white friends and she's the white man's friend. Her father's a scout and she's been to Carlisle. But she has learned English by the best method known and she can speak it much better than you heard her-

The quail were bestowed where they would do the most good; congratulations followed and good wishes for the morrow. No blind could have been more successful with the white ladies who in the next two or three days were already beginning again to think about Verbena and James. James, meanwhile, rode daily into the desert. He studied the rocks, daily into the desert. He studied the rocks, crawled into the nooks, riveted each detail in his brain. He jotted notes where he sat or stood, he shot quail for the benefit of all observers. Sometimes he went an hour without a word to the devoted Jack, proud and dusty and mute beside him. On these excursions Jack grew slowly into knowledge of his Captilla and the control of the server should be server. tain, until one day their final step of intimacy was taken at a jump.

"Now here's the first thing," began James

Monk

Again the two were sitting down among the stones above the road in the unchanging blaze of the Arizona noon. The twin knobbed hilltops so melodiously named Dos Cabezas in that Spain-haunted southern land rose to their left, and still further to their left, westward. the pass opened out upon the gaping waste of the Sulphur Springs valley.
"Can it get hotter than this?" asked Whet-

"Wait till you feel July. This is only May ninth. Now first, before we go over the whole performance point by point, let's stage it. Scene, Chiricahua mountains, somewhere in Apache Pass. Time, probably just before or soon after sunrise. It'll not be so hot, Jack. It's the only cool hour in the twenty-four. The patrol of the road we're keeping now will have Indians to get wind of it and plan another shy

been withdrawn two days before-time for the at the Butterfield stage—if they'll only be so accommodating as to do it. And I sort of think they will. We can't time 'em to the minute, and if I can help it I'll not trust to our getting

to the spot in one march. The day the patrol's withdrawn, you and I will be ready at an news to leave the post with our detail. We travel by night and hide in the scrub trees or the top by day, well off any trail. They'll come by one of their trails, or they'll come by the road from Dragoon Summit. all trails marked on our maps. Enter the stage, bound for Tucson and dressed for the part. Enter Indians. Enter soldiers of pampered and brutalized U. S. cavalry. Alarms and ex-cursions. See?" Monk, absorbed over his scheme, looked at the mountains.

"But you never say where you think it's going to happen," said Whetstone.
"Well, that's merely because I prefer knowing to guessing. If that sergeant hadn't rheamatism—but he has. It's the Indians who will choose the place, and I've got to find out their choice. And that's where I plan you've their choice. And that's where I plan you're to come in."

Tack stared.

Monk's meditative eyes still contemplated the general distance. "What's your opinion the general distance. of Toney?

Jack stared more. "Toney? Who sells the wood?"
"You can't have helped noticing her, surely?"

"I've seen her coming and going with those arros. What d'you mean, noticing?"
The Captain turned astonished eyes on his burros.

Lieutenant. "She's exceptionally attractive."
The Lieutenant's eyes ventured to twinkle at his Captain. "Of course I noticed that she smiled at you."

Mosk represented serious. "I'm a practical transfer of the course I noticed that she smiled at you."

Monk remained serious. "I'm a married

"Would a full-blooded Apache appreciate that?

"You're not twenty-five yet. She'd appreciate that more. Suppose her smile had been really for you?"

Bewilderment grew in the Lieutenant's face,

and he was silent, waiting.

"They're women, Jack, they're women.
She's a girl, you're a man, and you're both human. Follow that smile up."

"I—" Jack began and stopped, leaving

Jack began and stopped, leaving

his mouth open.
"You think I've dragged in topic number But it belongs here. I think you can find out through Toney. Her eyes, her hair—take a look at her next time! She has helped two civilians. One of 'em's DeLong over at the store at Dos Cabezas. She has been useful to him—very useful. Saved his life twice. Warned him of raids."

"Toney hears things?" Jack asked precipitately Toney hears anything she goes after."

"But, Captain! "She's not white, I know. What of it? When "She's not write, I know. What of it? When was your age—but look at her." Monk paused, not satisfied with his Lieutenan!'s expression. "I'm talking seriously, Jack Follow it up. It's our best chance. I must know for sure, if I can. These horrible murden have get to steep. Consider it request that have got to stop. Consider it your duty to

"Captain"—a flush mantled up to the rim
of Jack's hair—"I think I'll have to—I guess I don't mind telling you-I know you'll never mention it-

It was now the Captain who stared at his ieutenant. And as he stared, a confessing Lieutenant.

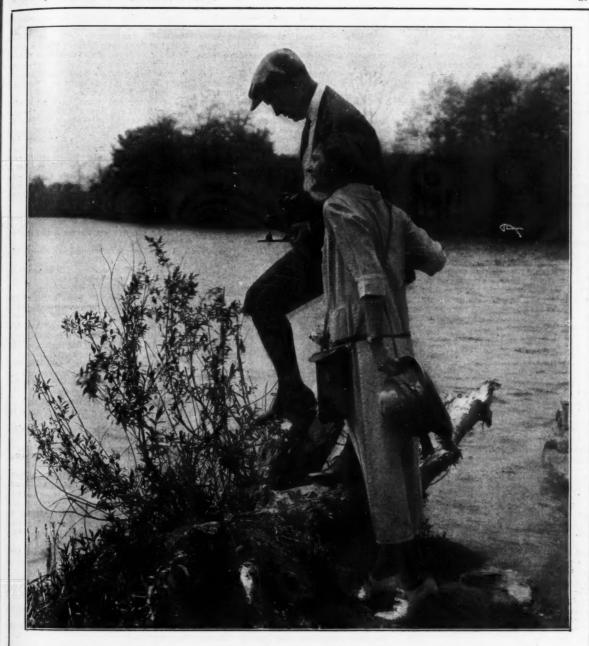
smile flickered upon the face of that youth.
"Do you mean to say," began Monk, "do
you—" He rose up straight—"You little rascal! Oh, you damned little rascal!"

Jack, reassured, brought it out with a voice that trembled on the edge of mirth. "Captain, I'd followed up that smile before we ever started our reconnaissances." You had?

"Quite a while."

"And I sat here," mused the Captain, "never thought of your Mexican experiences—I'm an idiot—I sat arguing and persuading—" his words failed, and his emotions abruptly espressed themselves in a long and accurately aimed squirt of tobacco juice.

At that dumfounding sight, Jack's respect



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and restraint stemmed the outbreak of his mirth, but he fell backwards silent and limp on the hill side. "Ouch!" he cried.

Monk sprang to him. "Snake?"

Jack sat up ruefully. "Cactus." And then respect and restraint struggled faintly again. His Captain had them all fooled—Verbena, everybody. To think of Verbena filled the boy with eaving delight. While James Monk was with savage delight. While James Monk was carefully picking the porcupine lances of the cactus out of his back, respect dissolved in confiding affection.

"Captain, you've stunned me."
"I guess I've about got 'em all out of your shirt," said Monk. "Take it off and let's have a look at your back."

Whetstone removed the garment. "Here are some more," Monk said. "Mustn't give 'em a chance to work under the skin. Bad. Well, young fellow, the stunning is

mutual." "Captain, if you want to know about Toney,
I'll tell you."

"I don't want to know. That's a fellow's own business

"I think I'd like to tell you."
"That's all right then. Go Go ahead.'

Jack finished when the last cactus spine had been extracted and he was putting on his shirt. "So you see, Captain, the foundation for your plan is laid.

"You've been very close. Keep so. Don't let the ladies begin to regret you're not any steadier than you were at El Paso."

"Oh, I've learned my lesson." Monk, without concealment, brought his

tobacco out and cut a fresh piece from it. Jack whipped out a cigar and held it to

Monk shook his head.

"It's one of your own, you know," said Jack.
"Won't you?"

"I prefer this, thank you." And the two

got on their horses.
"Captain, when did you start?"

"Start chewing, you mean? When I was ghteen. Since then I've always chewed; eighteen.

Still dumfounded Jack rode by his side, whispering, "To think of it, to think of it, to think of it,"

Captain Monk stared at Arizona.

"It's a nasty habit," he resumed thoughtfully as they rode along the hill. "So when I took to courting, I took to smoking, like a gentleman." gentleman.

"I see," said Jack in a low voice, and not

looking at him.

"But when I've been on serious duty," pursued his Captain, "I've always found myself going back to my little old plug. You can learn to chew—invisibly—in the house, and so learn to chew—invisibly—in the house, and so you get to doing it out-of-doors as well. Some-times in a tough Indian situation I've found myself chewing a lot. It's a comfort. It helps. A woman is not likely to understand a thing like that.

"No," said Jack in a voice still lower.

And then they rode on silently, while Arizona slowly softened, and violet shadows began to stretch eastward; and so they returned to the post; and when young Jack went to bed that night, he would cheerfully have died for his Captain.

May was not quite over when the Colonel sent his compliments one evening to Captain Monk, and would the Captain be so obliging as to call on a little matter of business about sending an ambulance to Lordsburg? The Captain went over.

"Have a cigar?" began the thoughtless Colonel. "Oh, I forgot. Well; well; yes. Here we are, and June's coming."
"Three days more," said Monk.

"Hot," said the Colonel. "Awful hot. Well. Now then. Your mother-in-law."

"She wants to come early the first week, Colonel." "And you didn't wish to head her off. And

our friends the Indians haven't been dis-

couraged yet."
"I think it had better wait till after Mrs.

Frankish has arrived. She's with friends at Bayard."

Tell me your point." "Just this, Colonel. I think that the longer we patrol the road, the quicker the action we're

likely to get.' "You may overdo that. What if they tire of hovering about here and go off somewhere else to pillage where they're less watched?" "I'll risk it, Colonel. What I'm counting on is their impatience. They've acquired the

habit of considering the Butterfield stage their particular prey. 'Keep' em away from it, keep 'em waiting till they're worked up over it, and then withdraw your patrol. They'll be more in the mood to think you feel safe than that you're up to something."

"You've completed your study of the

country?

"The day after I made my last report to you, Those Indians will sneak in from the south— or else from Dragoon Summit. They may feel

"Well, Captain, I'd not care to be one of the

passengers in that stage

"That's all fixed, Colonel. Warning's to reach them, and they'll have the choice of waiting over at Lordsburg, or coming on and taking the risk."

"And how is the stage driver going to like it?"

"Very much better than usual, Colonel. Jake Varris will be the man. When I put it up to him, he said that if they didn't get him first

he'd be ready to get some of them."
"Look here. Why not make your passengers wait over at Lordsburg and fill the stage with

"I'd thought of it, Colonel. I'm afraid of it. Hard to manage quietly enough."

"You seem fairly confident of the place they'll choose."

Whetstone and I have felt that way more

and more as we have studied the situation."
"How is that boy turning out?" "He's going to make a first class cavalry

officer. There was talk of some foolishness the bridge-Juarez-that sort of thing.

he's steady now? "I'll be more than satisfied if my own boys

grow up like him."
"Well, well, that's good! Let me know when to send the ambulance for Mrs. Frankish." "Why, Colonel, that's very kind, but the road will still be patroled."

"Send it all the same, Captain. Your wife will feel more comfortable. We must save her every strain we can just now."
"Thank you, Colonel, she will appreciate that as much as I do."

So Mrs. Frankish, thoroughly protected from the enemy, rattled into Fort Bowie on the third afternoon of the new month, and Verbena was saved all strain. Her mother brought the latest news from Caesar Borgia and the army gossip fresh from Bayard. She was made welcome by the ladies of the post; they congratulated her upon the health, the beauty, and the number of her grandchildren.

I'm well trained!" she declared. "Why, I've learned how to spoil the children without Verbena catching me at it! But it has been an ideal union from the first, and I've

always said so. James simply adores her, and I've yet to see a happier wife." "Or a happier husband," said Mrs. Brewster. "Doesn't he look young!" exclaimed his mother-in-law with bright quickness. "You'd

never in the world take him for forty. Well, that's what love does! We all think Christine

is just the sweetest name."
And then, one day Mrs. Frankish ceased her excursions and sat indoors with her daughter; Dr. Stoff had thought it would be prudent for Verbena to keep rather quiet. There was whispering in the post that afternoon. Captain Monk and Lieutenant Whetstone had gone after quail again. Such a good influence for Mr. Whetstone! So fortunate! He was now known to be a strictly well behaved young man; what a pity nobody had a daughter old

enough for him! Marriage was just what in needed, and he would make such a good he band! His hair grew so nicely over his can and had you ever noticed his ey Would it do to ask Mrs. Frankish or his eyelashed if they really were shooting quail? Or could it be something about the stage? Had the patrol really been drawn from the road? Perh was going to be put back.

Co

The Colonel had seemed quite surprised at the suggestion that there was more in the qual shooting than appeared. In fact, he didn't believe it. Captain Monk had been busy making maps of the region, and was often away from morning till night with Lieutenant Whetstop. Why was this particular day chosen to recomments on their absence? No one has answer for that, and yet none seemed satisfied. Mrs. Brewster couldn't bear it for another minute. She went to see

The Major is out," said she. "The Major is out," said she. "And wouldn't say any more than the Colone!"

"Then you feel just the same as I do!" a claimed Mrs. Stoff.

The ladies sat a mountains.
rumor restless in their brains.
The property rose, "I intend to ad

Wrbena. She must know if there's anything."

Mrs. Stoff rose also. "I'll go with you."

"Would you, dear? Just in these days?

You see, I've always been so particularly d to her.

"It's no more than my duty," said Mr. Stoff, "after the message she sent me this morning by Dr. Stoff, hoping her friends wouldn't forget her, now she had to keep so quiet.

"Oh, well, you know best," said Mrs. Bresster; and they acted upon it at once, and we soon sitting solicitously with Verbena, to should

her that she was not being forgotten.

Presently Mrs. Brewster came right out with it. "I thought I saw the Captain and Mr. Whetstone.'

"So early!" said Mrs. Frankish in surprise

"Why it's only four o'clock." "Perhaps it wasn't, but I thought that the

Captain would be here. It must be half as hour ago." 'It couldn't have been," said Verbena, "or he surely would have been in to see me.

has been getting home about seven, and I tell him not to hurry or worry. "Do you suppose they will put back the soldiers to guard the road?" asked Mrs. Stall.

Mrs. Frankish appealed to Verbena. "His

James said anything about it to you?"
"Not since he told me the patrol was to be withdrawn," Verbena answered. "Why should

have told me."
"But perhaps it's a military secret," said her

mother, cheerfully.

Verbena shook her head again. "He would

have told me." "Well, dearie, your father didn't always tell

me everything. And I didn't e "James is different, mother." And I didn't expect him to."

"He certainly must be!" said Mrs. Frankish, ill more cheerfully. "But I've yet to disstill more cheerfully.

Verbena colored. "It is not," she said, "that I ever interfere with James, or that I would. I do not have to expect him to tell me his plans; he simply does."

"Well, we mustn't stay too long," said Mrs.

Brewster, getting up.
"Yes, we mustn't tire you," added Mrs.

Stoff, following her example.

They were about to go out of the door when it opened violently and through it burst Nellie and Gertrude. In the hands of each was some thing creased and bright which they held up to the company. It appeared to be tin foil. On their heels followed Charlie and James Junior. "We know what it is!" screamed the little

girls out of breath. Shut up. You shut up!" said James Junio grabbing the tin foil out of Nellie's hand.
But Gertrude waved hers beyond her r, 1924

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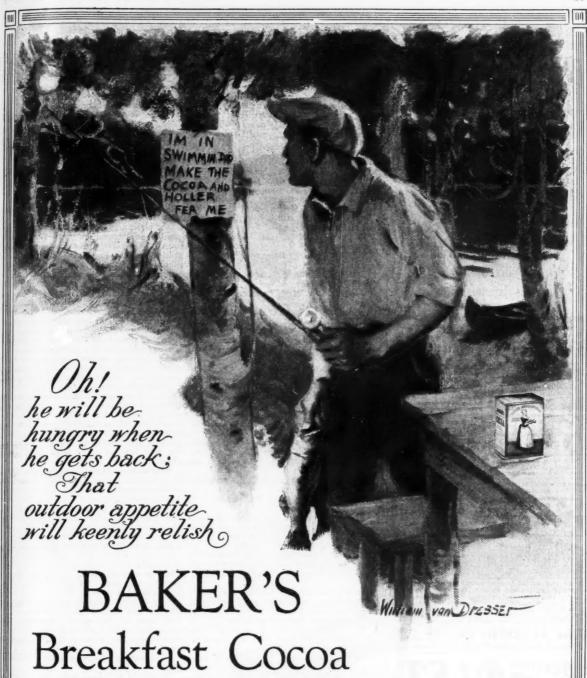
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brother's reach. "It goes round tobacco!" she

"Chew tobacco," shrieked Nellie.
"Shut up, shut up!" repeated James Junior.
"The kind they sell at the canteen!" added
Gertrude, still at the top of her lungs.
"And it's daddy's!" asserted Nellie in a

deafening voice.

Verbena had gone very white.

"Give it to me," she said. It was thrust at her with excitement.

"Isn't it daddy's?" persisted Nellie.
"Where did you get it?" asked Verbena of
James Junior; but the boy stood sullen and

"We got it in the shed where father bils his guns. And you know we did!" said Gertrude; and she glared at her brother triumphantly

"And we said it was daddy's and they said it wasn't," said Nellie. "You know you did," she added harshly to Charlie. "And you tried to take it from us. Mother, isn't it daddy's?" Verbena sat quite still holding the tin foil

more and more tightly.

"Run along, children," said Mrs. Frankish,
"mother's tired."

"Well, we'll just go along now," said Mrs.

"And we'll be in to see you tomorrow," said Mrs. Stoff. "Good-by." "Good-by," said Mrs. Frankish. "Do come in tomorrow."

in tomorrow

The children went out of the door, Nellie and Gertrude dancing in front, happy in having proved themselves perfectly right about everything, Charlie and James Junior dumb with rage at their sisters, all the more because it had begun to dawn upon their male minds that they had somehow mismanaged in a crisis: they should not have contradicted the girls. As for Mrs. Stoff and Mrs. Brewster, these visitors had brought away from the Monk household information of a sort so far superior to their expectations that they utterly forgot all about patrols and Captain Monk and Lieutenant Whetstone who were at that very moment proceeding cautiously together through the dry, stunted, thorny woods, high up in the Chiri-cahua mountains while the pale Verbena sat with her mother.

"Did you know about this?" she presently asked.

"Gracious, no!" said Mrs. Frankish.

"Did you ever suspect? "Verbena, have you taken leave of your senses? I'm just as surprised as you are. Only, I don't wonder he had to do something."

"Do you think the boys knew?"
"Of course they didn't, not beforehand. You're getting worse and worse, Verbena. Of course decent boys would want to shield their

"He has deceived me," said Verbena. "That doesn't surprise me at all," observed her mother.

"He has never deceived me before."

"Well, dearie, that's no fault of yours, I must say. There've been times when I've hoped he would."

Not very much later, Dr. Stoff was summoned in haste. Evidently Verbena's experiences of the afternoon had accelerated the advent of little Christine who appeared before midnight in the shape of two bouncing boys.

With thoughts far other than those of paternity, and in happy ignorance of tin foil and that his domestic strategy after all these years had slipped a cog, James Monk moved stealthily beneath the night-watching stars. He was intent upon the military strategy which had rendered his absorbed mind so incautious in that shed where he oiled his guns.

Close beside him among the trees rode Jack Whetstone, and their men were near at hand. Their men had joined them after dark at a place appointed, having left the post ostenplace appointed, naving left the post osten-sibly bound for Stein's Pass. Perhaps so much care was not needed, but it was taken by Captain Monk. They were still several hours' march from where they were going, and yet

they seldom spoke; when they did, it was with voices lowered by the suspense of their errand While yet in the screen of the woods, the Captain stopped and dismounted. Thence to the goal they must be infantry, and from here the horses were led back to wait in the heart of the fearer.

"Your guess as to the place was right all along," said Jack, "once you were willing to make it."

"I wasn't willing to rely on it, though."
"What would you have done if Toney had
named some other point?"
"Don't ask questions I can't answer."

"Then here's one you can if you will. Did the Colonel say anything about arrests?"

"He employed the customary formula."
"What? None but peaceful?" Jack so Jack swore a muffled oath.

"There'll be no arrests." "That's pretty nervy of you."

"Well, not so very. I thought the Colonel winked. I know I did."

The plateau where the trees grew thick be-

gan to fall away, and the growth became more sparse. With this change, their voices dropped still lower when they spoke at all, alth much ground was yet to be covered, and they had more than enough night left in which to cover it. The gap of the pass could be dis-cerned below them, and beyond it the un-featured dimness where the valley lay. The light from the clear stars disclosed no small objects; but in it the large lines of the mountains loomed in differing depths of shadow, and from their slanted slides rose now and then the shape of an outstanding cactus or of some lone rock. Arizona's towering space was cool and mute. The quiet feet of the men as they de-scended once or twice dislodged some pebble that rolled for a moment with a tiny so

After an hour more of silent, supple climbing downward and along over the half-seen hill, some of them halted. Their Captain's cautiously pointed hand showed them where they were to lie in hiding here. They disappeared stooping and crawling in silence. Those that lay near together could smell each other's

With Captain Monk the rest moved out of their hearing farther downward, crossed the stage road quickly, climbed up and back amo the rocks and mounds for a while, disperse and lay low, hidden from those opposite and from themselves. Their grip was on their guns; they were to wait for one word from their Captain. He kept his Lieutenant with him in a bare space which they had often marked for their own. Cactus grew thick around this little clear spot of ground and small stones and thin weeds covered it. By looking between two bristling clumps of Yucca, you got in day-light a slit of view out of the gap and over the flat to Dragoon Summit; but you must not lift your head as much as six inches and your heady must lie close against the earth. The body must lie close against the earth. sweat dried in the backs of the wet shirts, the damp chests and bellies of the men began to

grow cold.

"This waiting is the longest part," whispered

Jack.

He saw Monk's head nod. He saw, above Stein's Pass, a change come in the sky; but he was not sure of this, and he watched it until he had no doubt. Another hue was flowing in among the stars. It flowed, filling and spread ing, and he watched it so hard that his whole thought was there. A color was coming into it, something not yet pink; and underneath this the shadowed world was all at once deep Liquid depths submerged in darkness rose from it point after point amid the changing tides of light, purple, and purple again, and again purple with pools of blue beginning, and next some wide shadows of saffron and amber, and suddenly he noticed that all the stars were gone and a great lake of rose had flooded the

And then his Captain's elbow touched him lightly, but it was like a stroke of ice or fire. Monk's head was turned from him looking between the Yucca clumps. Jack looked.

could see nothing. Tight-strung with suspense, he lay and listened and looked, and he could feel the light of day stretch across and begin to reach down into deep holes in the pass till they filled up with it and all the stones and plants were to be seen. Everything was to be seen, gray and clear; and far across space to the west, Dragoon Summit was purple, with a line of mild shining along it.

west, Dragoon Summit was purple, with a line of gold shining along it.

Did he see something move, down there fifty yards, had something sunk down between those two rocks? He dared not ask; he tween those two rocks? He dared not ask; he hoped that his body would not take to trembling. He held out one hand to see. He tested each spread finger watching for any quiver in it. Each one was steady; a smile crossed his face, and he turned one dedicating look at his Cartain. His Cartain must succeed and hem-Captain. His Captain must succeed; and hewell, he'd be glad to die for it.

well, he'd be glad to die for it.

Again his eyes strained to catch sight of something in the open, down below. Only rocks were there, and the spear clumps of cactus and the huge space and silence of Arizona. Was it possible that they had come while he was thinking about the dawn? At the company has a say his forehead. gips with his excitement, he sank his forehead against the stones and closed his eyes. A second touch, like a feather, gave him no second electric start of surprise; one finger of the Captain was pointing.

the Captain was pointing.

There they came, as noiseless as a cloud of mist, but clear cut in the dry stillness. He thought of pyramids and of Egypt, which he had never seen save in pictures, of desert and Arabs and ancient strange figures carved on slabs of ruin. Was this actual? Was he here looking at living shapes, dark, painted, slim, that he could almost hit with a stone, and that were going to leap upon dead white bodies were going to leap upon dead white bodies unless he killed them first?

All this while, he was rapidly counting them. He could not finish because now they were moving among themselves; like a cloud of mist they were gone, floating down among the rocks and growth a little way up the hill, each side of the road; and here was he close above them, still stretched along the ground, still waiting.

The Captain had to succeed. Jack found that he had been carefully examining his gun when he was almost sure that he heard some-

when he was almost sure that he heard something. He looked quickly across to the opposite hill; not a sign of anything was visible there; and yet, these rocks and cactus were full of men with their hands on their guns.

Memories and thoughts swept through him. How could this place look so natural? Could he have made Toney feel like telling him, if he had only begun after that talk with the Captain? Yes, he could. Toney surpassed any of his experiences so far. What would the next one be? Where? Experiences waited in the world everywhere for such a man as he knew himself to be. Or else—to die here, quick and sharp, helping the Captain win. That would be all right. be all right.

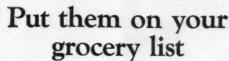
be all right.

Was that the noise again? Not imagination?

No, there it was. He had really heard it.
Nearer now. On the road. Coming. Pretty
slow. A clank; another; a creak. The stage.
Absolutely. Anybody inside? Or had they
stayed at Lordsburg? It was coming very
slowly. Up that grade just there. Was he close
enough down on the ground? He tried to
flatten himself more, but it wasn't to be done
It had got up the grade. That was the crack
of a whip. It was coming down now. Faster.

It had got up the grade. That was the crack of a whip. It was coming down now. Faster. That was a wheel knocking a rock.

He looked at the Captain, and once again ice and fire shot through the whole length of his body; moving toward the Captain was a snake. Sliding slowly out of the cactus into the warming sun, ten feet away, a rattlesnake was headed toward the Captain's face, and the Captain didn't see it. What would it do if it got to him? It must be turned. Turned now, at once, or killed. But the Indians would hear you. You mustn't move, you mustn't speak. That would spring the trap too soon. That would ruin all, and the Captain must win. Jack seized a little stone. No. Not that. Desperately, he touched James Monk who





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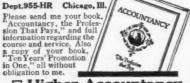
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turned a fierce, heavy frown upon him, but seeing his glare, looked.

Instantly the Captain picked up a pebble like a boy's marble and like a boy's marble flicked it sharp and true. It hit the snake which coiled in a flash a foot from James Monk's face; and as it coiled he blew at it out of his mouth a huge wet quid of tobacco!

It struck the rattler's nose straight. Its soft sloppy mass spattered over his eyes and jaws and head; the juice blinded him—it stuck all over his front. Its taste was awfully new to It must have been horrible. He forgot to rattle. In disgust, in sheer outrage and amaze, he uncoiled in a dazed manner and slid away somewhere to wipe off the unprecedented insult.

The clank of the stage is close. One shot cracks. The Captain is up. One horse lies on

the road, beating his legs.

Again a shot rings, and there's a shout from the Captain, and more shots. Jack finds himself kneeling, his gun cold and hard against his cheek with the first and describes he wild be the statement of the should be the should be the should be the statement of the should be the shou cheek, sighting, firing, and dropping the wild figures that now leap into sight below. He doesn't remember when he began.

More Indians now; more figures leaping to view all over the hill; smoke and shots from the stage, smoke everywhere, the sharp smell of it; shots high and low and echoing din among the rocks; the stretched arms of soldiers, aiming and shooting; the flung puffs from their rifles. How it smells! How thick the smoke is!

Silence. Down on the road, a stage driver, wiping blood from his neck, with the remark, "Just creased me;" passengers getting out and shaking hands with him; cavalry soldiers moving warily on the hillside; a shot occasionally from one of these; prone figures, dark, painted,

slim, stretched quiet, faces down, arms flung flat out; faces up, arms twisted; dark bodies curved backward across rocks, full in view; dark bodies fallen half out of sight, half sticking out of cactus clumps; here and there a dark body still moving, crawling in a tilted falling motion for shelter; one last shot, the tilted body drops. Silence once more after a time; stage road C

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empty, everybody gone, and no arrests at all; merely a condensed funeral, and the Butter-field stage line safe hereafter in Apache Pass, till the completion of the Southern Pacific shall do away with it.

Captain Monk and his Lieutenant rode back together over the hills in the hot morning.

Tobacco can be useful at a pinch, Captain," said the Lieutenant. He got one nod for answer, and saw gather slowly over Monk's face that dusky red which Dr. Stoff had seen. It held for several miles and faded slowly. Then Jack ventured a word.

"Have one of your own cigars—now?"
"I don't mind if I do—now."
The Captain and his Lieutenant were within a mile of the post; during that last mile noth-ing was said, until just as they dismounted, when the Captain spoke again with a curiously

cutting voice.

"Those cigars are yours, Jack. I'm going to send to San Francisco for a fresh lot." News had preceded them, and the officers and ladies were gathered outside to see their arrival. The sharp eye of James Junior was the first to notice his father as he walked into sight; and the boy burst out loudly:

'Daddy's smoking!" Major Brewster stared a full half minute. "Godo'mitey!" said he.

He had sworn never to speak to a woman. Then he saw Sabina. How he kept his oath is Gouverneur Morris's entrancing story in next month's COSMOPOLITAN.

### 10,000 Men Who Hold Life Cheap (Continued from page 55)

defiant, as if they would gladly black any curious eye that dared to stare. But most are merely sad, utterly weary, trying pathetically to square tired shoulders and pretend indifference. Some of the boys are so young, and some of the men are so old, that you wonder how they can be taken on as soldiers.

Once out of the train, and marshalled into line, the corporal barks the roll call, shouting such names as the men have chosen to give, in being recruited. Each of the thirty-two promptly answers to a name which perhaps has

been his no longer than yesterday.

One—two—three!—off they step in their lines of four to the gate of exit from the station. And then you notice a feature of the scene which had not caught your eye; a number of persons—mostly men—drawn up, silent and patient, near the gate. Some of them are non-commissioned officers from different French regiments, looking to see if among the new recruits ("les bleus," they're called) are any soldiers who have deserted.

diers who have deserted.

There are at least three men in the group whom you are sure must be detectives. What there is about their faces, their hard hats and ordinary clothing to make you thus sure, you couldn't explain. All the same you are sure, and with a thrill you realize why detectives should be here, crowding near the gate, their eyes sharp as gimlets. They watch for "wanted" men. Once a man has become a Legionnaire, the Legion will not surrender him to the law of any country, even France, for a crime less than murder. For any save an crime less than murder. For any save an assassin, the Legion is Sanctuary. But, if a detective spots a criminal at that station gate, But, if a or a missing witness needed in some important case, he may be able to extract information. You wonder if—then, suddenly your vague wonder is startled into keen interest.

An elderly woman in dusty black has darted out of the watching group and seized by the arm the tall, fair Frenchman who looks like a

"Jean Behére! It's you—it's you! What have you done with my daughter?" she shrieks

have you done with my daughter?" she shrieks in the French of the Midi.

The man shakes himself free, firmly yet gently, as a big Newfoundland dog might throw off the embrace of a tiresome child. "Madame, my name is Robert Dumoulin," he says politely. "I do not know you or your daughter." daughter.'

"Madame, you hear?" asks the shepherdcorporal. "You must let this man pass." He is

a soldier of the Legion."

A boy of fifteen or sixteen pulls the woman back, and whispers in her ear. With a sob, she yields to the inevitable, and covering her face with her handkerchief, lets the procession

The face of the tall, fair Frenchman is as fixed as though his clear features were carved in stone. Impossible to judge his feelings by You are torn with curiosity. Is he Jean ére? Did he know the woman's daughter? Has he flung himself into the Legion rather than answer the question just asked, or is it a case of mistaken identity? You will never know, and the woman will never have an answer to her question. Jean Behére, or Robert Dumoulin, the Legion has got him. For five years he will belong to the Legion, body and soul. After that—he can begin a new life, for his past will be gone—obliterated, like a sand castle swept away by a wave.

Presently you give up your ticket and go out by the gate that has released the other pas-sengers. There are one or two shabby and oldfashioned horse-drawn voitures left disengaged. You rattle past villas in gardens, and then a wide green plateau which brings you to the city wall of Sidi-bel-Abés. Round the wall is sunk a deep moat; and your entrance to the town is made through a great gateway, one of four.

Overhead, carved in the stone, you read "Porte d'Oran, 1855." Your driver turns on his seat to tell you how, in old days, Sidi-bel-Abés was besieged by a tribe of Arabs who hated the French for defiling, as they claimed, the tomb of the saint whose name honored the city; how the gates were all tightly closed while guns firing through the loopholes mowed

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down the enemy.
"But now," the French-Algerian explains "not even the Arabs think much about the old shrine of Sidi-bel-Abes, that's surrounded in shrine of Sidi-bel-Abés, that's surrounded in these days by the Arab graveyard. Everything and every one that is Arab in the town is crowded into the Village Nègre. It is a mean place, and a bad place, out of bounds for the soldiers. You will see how French, and how chic and how up-to-date we are in Bel Abés. It is only La Légion Etrangère that is a blot upon our gay little Paris!"

"A blot—the Légion?" you echo. "The bravest soldiers on earth—"
"Oh, brave enough?" the man grudges. "If

"Oh, brave enough?" the man grudges. "If that were all! But they are devils. They have no joy in them. And if they had, they have no money to make merry with. Wait and see! If you stay here a little while you will understand what I mean."

Past the town clock-with four faces for the four streets of the Maltese cross—you go, on your way to the best hotel. There is great your way to the best notes. There is great noise of wheels on cobbles, huge wagons piled with purple-stained casks of Algerian wine; jingle of bells on horses' horned collars; whips cracking over obstinate heads of mammoth mules; but through it all you catch a far-off strain of music, wonderful music; so wonderful that you are half frightened, thinking that your excited imagination has played you a trick. By and by, however, you are to find out the truth about that music. Half unconsciously following the rhythm, your feet seem moving to music when you've jumped from your voiture in front of the hotel.

Smart officers who mess there are sauntering in: soldiers who have never seen the inside of the place pause to salute; and seeing one of these you utter an involuntary cry of recogni-tion. His eyes meet yours. Resolutely they tion. His eyes meet yours. Resolutely they turn from your greeting. His jaw hardens. He hurries past in his plain, unattractive uniform of the Legion.

Were you mistaken? No, you know that you were not! That Legionnaire is the son of a British baronet. He was in the Navy when you met him last—a jolly young middy. He had tea with you in London once, on leave. There was a story about his getting drunk with several comrades at Gibraltar, and making a scandal of some sort. After that nobody heard any Well, here he is, a soldier in the French Foreign Legion, known perhaps as Private John Jones! The chances are that even his father is ignorant of his whereabouts, for the Legion men are strangely secretive, and few letters go out from, or are received at, those

After all, why let people know where you are, when you believe they are fervently hoping you're dead, and when—even if they wished to bring you home—the Legion would not give you up till the first five years of enlistment have run out. have run out.

Only one man was ever yielded up by the Legion before his "time" was ended. That man was the son of an English peer. But the accident of birth was not the reason his family got him back. More than one British peer has given sons involuntarily to the French Foreign The true reason was, that the youth could not stand the tremendous marches which have helped to make the hard-bitten Legion so famous. He was dying, and the Legion let him go home to die

In front of the barrack gates you're just in time to strike another surprise. Beyond the In front of the barrack gates you're just intent to strike another surprise. Beyond the barracks of the Legion, on the way to the Porte de Tlemcen, is the Bureau de Recrutement, and going in at the door is a soldierly-looking young man who traveled in the same compartment with you, after the change of trains at dayn. Whence he came to take the trains at dawn. Whence he came to take the



But however they like it, they all like it. They can stick to this drink and come back to it time and time again. That's why they like it as well as they do. Order by the case from your grocer, druggist, or confectioner.

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train, you didn't know. As he never uttered a word, you could then only guess at the country whose son he is. He is dark, well bred and well dressed. He might be a Cornishman, a Virginian, a Roman; three sorts of men who are ginian, a Roman; three sorts of men who are oddly of the same type. Once or twice you would have spoken in the trains if he hadn't looked so bored with life, nervously smoking cigaret after cigaret. You had imagined him a relative of some officer stationed at Sidi-bel-Abés. Never would you have dreamed that the sort of the state that such a man was on his way to enlist in the Legion. Yet apparently that is what now, at all events, he intends to do.

That band of thirty-two men marched out of the station by a corporal, had been already recruited elsewhere; so your curiosity rises anew concerning this one. Had he some last hope when he traveled to Sidi-bel-Abés? there a woman or an obdurate father who with

a word swept that hope away? You will never learn the truth. But in mind you can follow your good-looking fellow-traveler into the Bureau de Recrutement, and

see exactly what happens to him there.

In a bare room, like a meanly fitted office, having no more furniture than a table and a few chairs, no ornaments other than posters on the wall, sits a corporal. The Traveler is passed on into a second room. "Bureau de Commandant de Recrutement" is printed on the door; and within presides a lieutenant.

"You wish to enlist. What is your name?"

the latter questions.

It might be The Traveler gives a name. Spanish or Italian, though the lieutenant's ears tell him that the accent is neither of Spain nor Italy.

"Your nationality?" After an instant's pause, and with an almost imperceptible smile, "Portuguese," comes the answer

"Age?"

"Twenty-six," the voice replies, though the face says some years younger. "Profession?"

"I have no profession at present, mon lieutenant.

"Ah, I do not speak of the present. What about the past? You look like a soldier, and not of the ranks. If you have been an officer in—your army, you can make a very good beginning here, and rise far more quickly in

beginning here, and rise far more quickly in the Legion than if you do not report such experience."

'Thave done my military service, of course, mon lieutenant, nothing more," he says.

"It is a pity," mutters the other. "For an officer of any foreign army, entering our Legion, promotion is very possible. Otherwise, as you may know, it is seldom that a Legionnaire receives a commission. Our officers come mostly from various French regiments. mostly from various French regiments . . . Well—go to the Médecin Major."

The Traveler walks into a third room.

There, two recruits await the doctor, who has not yet arrived. The pair look like twins, and are pale, boyish Arabs or Moors, wearing native dress. They have a frightened air. Evidently there's a reason why they wish to be swallowed quickly by the Legion, though they seem too young for soldiers, seventeen at most.

Presently the doctor comes in accompanied the lieutenant and a bored young clerk. While the doctor orders the recruits to strip, the lieutenant murmurs sotto voce to the clerk: "Ces enfants told me they were Arabs from Tlemcen, so they are certainly Moors from over the border. They say they are cousins, but without doubt they are twins. They claim to be eighteen, but throw your eye upon those sticks of arms. I give them sixteen at the out-

side. But what of it? Moors, even babies, make good soldiers. Vive la France!"

The boys are passed—"bon pour le service."
Then comes the Traveler's turn. All three Frenchmen tactfully avoid showing interest in him as a "case," and feign not to notice that him undersold the resulting of sells. his underclothing is a fine quality of silk. Le Médecin Major pummels and pounds the firm, athletic body, pinches the biceps, tests

lungs and hearts, then compliments the latest recruit upon his physique.

Cosm

Meanwhile, the clerk has been writing in a good-sized book. The Traveler is allowed to dress, whereupon he is handed a document. This he is instructed to read through carefully This he is instructed to read through caretuly before signing. He obeys, and scrawls—perhaps for the first time—that "Spanish-sounding" name which he gave to the lieutenant. The thing is done; irrevocable. He has solemly pledged himself to serve the Republic of France for a term of five years. He is already a soldier of La Légion Etrangère.

So far, so good. A corporal lines him up with the alleged Arab cousins, and marches the ill-assorted trio through an insignificant side gate assorted trio through an insignificant side gate that leads from the Bureau de Recrutement straight into the big square of the barracks. The guard, seated on a long bench by the guard house, gaze with greedy interest at the Traveler.

"Here's a person who thinks himself We shall swell!" those eyes seemed to say. "We see what he thinks a month from now!"

As rumor runs like quicksilver through the Indian Bazaars, so the news flies through the barracks that the thirty-two bleus arrived and absorbed this morning are not the only ones of the day. Windows are pushed up, along the façade of the yellow building that walls

the graveled courtyard on three sides.
"Encore les bleus!" the word goes round; and not only are windows peopled with heads, but soldiers in white fatigue uniform appear from everywhere. They gaze, they grin, they joke, they sneer, or catechize the newcomers. Soon the butts of their wit will cease to be novelties. They will become like everyone else, once they are in the Legion's uniform. But for the present they are a little amusing. One knows

how they squirm within!

The recruit of the train who looked like a sailor from Brittany is dressed as a soldier now.

He draws near to the Traveler. "Don't get angry," he advises in a low tone. "It is not meant for an insult, when these chaps call you a 'bleu.' You are not French, like me, so you t know that our great Napoleon's may not young soldiers were nicknamed les bleus, because at first their high collars made their faces turn blue. And one more thing, mon ami; I turn blue. And one more thing, mon ams; I was advised this morning not to sell my civilian clothes too cheaply. Make a decent bargain with the Jew who will try to get all you have for nothing. One says that here a few francs in the pocket beyond our five centimes of daily are God's best blessings!"

pay, are God's best blessings:

Knowing something of the routine which will

knowing something of the routine which will be the Traveler's, you gladly accept an invitation from the lieutenant who has recruited the "Portuguese" to view the dormitory where he "Portuguese" to view the dormitory where he and his comrades will sleep. The great room is untenanted when you look in, but your eyes are attracted to the double rows of incredibly neat beds. The lieutenant loves the Legion! heat beds. The neutrant loves the Legion's the Legion's manners—especially the Legion's may of dealing with any soldier who dars make a noise during the afternoon siesta, or the Legion's hours of sleep at night.

"Sapristi! The hours may be short, but they are sacred!" the officer laughs. "If a man snores, mon Dieu, he is soon cured, or he is half murdered. No soldiers' life is so hard as ours. They earn their rest. They will get it, or know why! I tell you there's no place so still on earth as this dormitory at night, till reveillé sounds—except a cemetery. One must not even have nightmare! There is only one excuse here for a noise in the night. Only one!" The tone, the look, rouse curiosity. "And

The tone, the look, rouse curiosity. "And that one?" you hazard.
"A thief at work," comes the grim reply.
"Oh, not a thief from the outside. None save a ghost could get in. But a soldier has been known (it is rare!) to want money so much that he steals from a comrade. Sacred camel, he steals from a comrade. Sacred came, many steal each other's clothes and belts! That is bad enough. It is severely punished by the Legion men, But money! To steal money is the unpardonable sin."

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## "Pearl Chicken" is a Chinese Delicacy

A<sup>ND</sup> here is how you make it!

Then you cool it.

Then you cut it into pieces the size and shape of small pearls.

Then you dip each piece in white of egg.

Then you dip each piece in cornstarch.

Then you fry the tiny things in deep fat until pale brown.

Then you have a dish of "Pearl Chicken."

How does it appeal to you as a wash-day dinner?

Or for the day when you rush through the lunch dishes in order to go to the Mothers' Club Meeting?

Or the night that two unexpected, but of course welcome, guests come out on the 5:18?

Just the same way I feel about it.

Such cooking is art! It is patience. It represents hours of careful and painstaking labor.

But is the result worth the effort?

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He is not expected to be up on the latest in child psychology.

Civic Welfare and school health inspection are not questions that trouble him greatly.

He can afford to put his whole mind and all his energy on making "Pearl Chicken."

But you can't.

Elaborate recipes of either American or foreign origin are not for the modern American woman. It puts the labor of meal preparation out of all proportion to the other demands of successful living that you must meet.

Well balanced, plentiful, meals with the drudgery of preparation removed as much as possible are the ideal of the educated, progressive mother.

Your children need your love and sympathy. They demand that mentally you keep not only up with them but a little ahead—if you are to retain their companionship and confidence.

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- 5. -And What For Dessert?
- 6. When Company Comes.
- 7. Tea At Five.
- 8. Two Cups Left Over.
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"Do you know what I mean when I speak of the Legionnaire's paquelage? No? But it is famous, that paquelage! What is it, you ask? Why, it is the whole of the Legionnaire's earthly possessions: his uniforms, his underclothing, everything he owns and values, though God knows he owns little that would be valued by others! It is the making of the package that is so remarkable. It is artistic, it is incredible, that structure he piles together on the shelf above his bunk! If he has a few francs saved up, they are generally hidden there because they are harder for a thief to find than under the sleeper's head."

"Well, not long ago there was a terrible scene in this quiet dormitory. A man was caught stealing from the paquelage of his neighbor in the next bunk. It was the falling of a coin on the floor that roused the room. The fellow was taken red-handed, clutching the great sum of five francs. In a second the dormitory was in an uproar. Like a pack of wolves the men were on the thief. Before the guard could come and rescue him, he was a bloodstained bundle of torn flesh and broken bones. So now you may guess that Legionnaires, even the worst, do not often

steal money from each other." No sooner has the lieutenant finished this story than he seems to regret his frankness. He doesn't want you to go away with the impression that his beloved *Légion Etrangère* composed of Apaches. "There are a few bad ones, of course," he admits, "and wild ones, yes, many! That's why the Legion gets such ldiers. Men come to us who for splendid soldiers. ne reason or other have lost their love of life The man who doesn't care whether he lives or dies fights as no man can who wants to live. But one need not be a thief or a murderer to welcome death. Mon Dieu, no! There are other things. One can have seen wife or sweetheart die, and wish to follow. One can have been betrayed by his best friend. One can be starving for lack of work though his spirit has broken in the search for it. And then, in the Legion there is also emulation for an in-Each man wishes to march better, die better, than the next one, and better than any other one in history. Our Legionnaires grumble at the Legion, its discipline, its hardships, its poor pay. Yet at heart, they worship the Legion. Not one but would give the last dreament of the blood with a laugh for its glory. the Legion. Not one but would give the last drop of his blood, with a laugh, for its glory.

Valcur et discipline, you know, is our motto."
With the ring of these words in your ear, you hear the soul of the Legion poured forth in music; poured forth by the most magnificent

band in the world.

Yes, those are the words! The First Regiment of the Legion (there are but two regiments, ten thousand men altogether) has the most magnificent band in the world. Nor is this so strange, when you know that many of the world's finest musicians have chosen to hide their identity in the Legion. So it has been, ever since the French Foreign Legion was created over sixty years ago, and so it will ever be while the Legion lasts. For it is men of temperament who feel the call of the Legion. There are great painters, too, and actors, as you may guess from the little theater which the Legionnaires themselves have built and decorated and where they perform. There are decorated and where they perform. priests and monks, opera singers, playwrights and poets; but it is of the musicians alone you think as the lieutenant, still your guide, leads you to the Place Carnot.

The warmth of spring comes late to Sidi-bel-Abés; so the afternoon concerts are still given in the Place Carnot, though later the music will draw the townsfolk, especially the women, to the public gardens. There is pathos and irony in this—that women flock to hear the Legionnaires play their hearts out, for at no other time do they care that in the Legion there are hearts. Pretty girls turn their faces from the Legionnaires, though they may smile at other soldiers. The Legion has nothing to give, which the women of Sidi-bel-Abés want, except music.

Once, the Legion wasn't allowed to listen to

its own band, in the Place Carnot! Smug little Sidi-bel-Abés objected to rubbing shoulders with "those desperadoes from God-knows-where." But submitting to insult and enduring scorn (save from women) is not a characteristic of La Légion Etrangère. It rose, to a man, wrecked the bandstand and smashor chairs in protest. The musicians refused to play, unless their comrades might hear them. So now, as you enter the Place, there are many Legionnaires who walk there.

The glorious music wells out like the prayer of a passionate soul that yearns to remake the past. It is the Voice of the Legion—its only voice. Each man has his secret. He guards always. To be silent becomes his habit. But this music speaks for him. It tells God what he cannot tell in words. The voice of the he cannot tell in words. The voice of the Legion is the voice of each Legionnaire's soul

his soul in prison.

You and your guide do not exchange a word till the concert is over. Then he says, "I know how you feel. There is an exaltation—a thrill, n'est pas? Without such an outlet a this music gives to a shut-up heart, many more of our men would go berserk and end up in the 'Batt d'Af,' as we call the penal battalion of Africa. As it is, few go—especially since the war. And despite unjust stories of the Legion, written by enemies or those who do not know there are no cruel punishments nowadayshave not been since early times, many year ago when novelists like Ouida told tales about us. It is the cafard from which the men suffer most, and that too is relieved by

Cafard! What is le cafard spoken of in this ay, you wonder? You have enough French way, you wonder? to know that literally "cafard" means beetle, and seeing a question in your eyes, the liettenant, half smiling, half sad, explains that k cafard is a very special disease of the Legion

"It is the ennui, the monotony, the being out of life while still alive, that makes a man feel the black beetle, le cafard, boring into his brain, We officers understand. If a Legionnaire commits some minor military offence, we know by his face if *le cafard* is to blame. Then we let him down lightly. But even the cafard is not so bad since the war.'

'There seem several things that have im-

proved since the war?" you venture.

The lieutenant shrugs his neat French

"We were practically wiped out in the war," he ys. "It is forbidden us soldiers to talk of that in detail, but our men stiffened every line and every engagement where the work was hardes. Luckily you could kill all the men of the Legion buckly you could kin air the men of the Legione except two and in a year the new ones would have the old spirit of the Legion. It is like a contagion. It spreads. And another strange thing is this; men come to us thick and fast, as sand falls back into the emptied end of an hourglass. We never lack for recruits. Mow us down; and before you know what has hap pened we have again our ten thousand men In the war, all but Germans went to the front in France. The Germans stayed to guard the in France. The Germans stayed to guard the frontier of Morocco, and the southern reaches of our Algerian desert. But I believe if they had been sent to fight their countrymen, they would have remained loyal—not, perhaps to France for France's sake, but to the Legion. You have heard that we had a rush of Irish recruits when the war began. There were a good many Americans too, before the American Legion was formed. Oh, the Legion is God and And it is this country to the Legion's men. spirit which fills our ranks in that mysterious way which no one can put into words

It is in this mood that your guide takes you to the Salle d'Honneur of the Legion—just a little low building, ochre-yellow like the bar racks, whose miniature neighbor it is. a tiny garden adorned with a few palm trees and very precise flower-beds—a garden made

by the Legion, as neatly as its paquetages.

In the Legion's music is its heart and soul In the Salle d'Honneur is the Legion's pride. Here, its records are kept. Here is the history

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pride.

A short corridor has a huge frame displaying portraits and names of men and battles. The proud crest of La Légion Etrangère is at the top.
Ah, those battles! There are other frames too. Ah, those battles! There are other frames too. How many have been added since 1914—and how many names!—for the hardest jobs, the most difficult places then, as always before, were allotted to the Legion. It is that which the Legion wants, that for which it was created: hardship and glory: "Valeur et discibline."

reated: hardsmp and giory. Valent is assistant of the corridor, and as the lieutenant enters, he salutes. Your eyes follow his, and rest upon a flag in a long case of glass. It is the darling of the Legion, and was decorated after one historic fight by the Cross of the Legion of these. This was to comprehence the course Honor. This was to commemorate the courage of the whole First Regiment: but since then, each man who survives the Legion's terrific battles in the war, has the right to the decora-tion. This is unique!

As your gaze travels round the small, simple room, it falls upon banner after banner, tattered and blood-stained some of them; all sacred. You find that you are looking through tears at the crowding portraits of heroic men in uniforms of today and of long ago; at the drums and masks and weird idols which in old times Legionnaires fought to take in Tonkin and Madagascar.

and Madagascar.

"Names—names!" you murmur, as you read the endless list of those "Mort pour la Patrie." How many of these names which camed glory were the real names known at home by wives and mothers? Ah well, God has the list!

## Exit Master Grub, Enter Mr. Butterfly

(Continued from page 88)

seems to be set on it. Now what possesses children to want such dangerous things, is a thing I'll never understand if I live to be a thousand. Why can't he be satisfied with something that he can't hurt himself with or till himself with? Why, if he had a loaded rifle I know I'd never sleep another wink in peace. Why, only just here the other day I was reading in the paper about—""
"Don't fret yourself needlessly, Helena; I'm not going to let him have a rifle." Juney's mouth dropped at the corners. "But I've about decided that along in the fall, when the game law goes off, I might invest in a light single-barrel shotgun."
The corners of the mouth came up and

ngle-barrel shotgun."
The corners of the mouth came up and

stretched in a joyful grin.
"Oh, pop, shore 'nuff—a twelve-gauge britch-loader?"

britch-loader?"
"That's the general idea. I've got my eye on one down at Hart's—eight dollars is the price, with a cleaning-rod and a set of loading tools thrown in for good measure."
"But, John!" cried Mrs. Custer, "a shotgun at his age—now I know I wouldn't sleep!"
"You don't understand the difference in firearms," explained her husband. "If he's going to shoot himself or somebody else it'd be better to have him sprinkling them with bird-shot out of a cylinder-bored fusee than putting a bole clear through them with a solid chunk of lead. You can't expect to keep on keeping him in the kid class forever. What say, son, if on the opening day you and I go out yonder in the country somewheres and see if between us we can't massacre a feeble-minded old Miss us we can't massacre a feeble-minded old Miss Molly Har? I'd like to be along with my own boy when he plugs his first cotton-tail—by gum, I would!"

For the time being the boy was speechless. But he leveled an imaginary fowling-piece and aimed and fired it, and all over the yard the slain game dropped, squirrels, ducks, rabbits, partridges, wild turkeys and one deer—a terfife elauphtor.

rific slaughter.

## Just say Scot lissue

SAVES CONVERSATION



THE traditional excellence of ScotTissue makes it acceptable, without question, in homes that typify the best. Its purity, whiteness, soothing softness and quick absorbency make it peculiarly adapted to the fastidious woman's requirements.

Ask for ScotTissue by name. Wrapped in dustproof wrapper — 1000 sheets to a roll. Economy as well as quality. Free sample upon request.

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## Gray Hair is becoming to but few Women

A YOUNG, piquant, unwrinkled face, with pink, unblemished skin, may compete, charmingly, with snow white hair.

Seldom does hair turn gray uniformly—evenly. Usually it grays in unsightly streaks or single scattering strands. Such hair is trying to the most beautiful face and complexion.

plexion.

It is easy to overcome this handicap. A little Brownatone applied to the unsightly streaks will restore the "look of youth." Also it will tint gray, faded or bleached hair to becomingly natural shades from lightest blonde to deepest black.

Easy to apply—instant in action—guaranteed harmless to hair, scalp or skin. Apply only as hair grows.

All druggists sell Brownatone—Colors, golden to medium brown, and dark brown to black. Two sixes, 50c and \$1.50. Send for Booklet with valuable information and complete directions. A trial bottle will be sent on receipt of roc.

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We recommend Na Tone Lemonated Shampoo for washing the hair. At dealers or direct, 50c

He twisted about then and stared through the darkness, trying to make out his father's face. He had now, all in a rush, a new feeling about his father—a curious kind of grown-up,

comradely feeling.

A woman must mother the creature she loves or the creature for which she has compassion, whether it be a child or a bird or a lap-dog, a cat, a husband or a beggar-man. But when a man's soul opens out and warms to someone else he must, regardless of differences in age or condition, make a crony of that other —a confidant, perhaps, but certainly a chum of sorts. If his own offspring is in question be must sooner or later sink the paternal attitude into the fraternal, else the pair of them swing apart instead of drawing nearer.

And in this very moment Juney, without consciously analyzing the matter, somehow knew that the great gulf which heretofore had seemed to intervene between him and this dad of his had moved to close itself up. He no longer was looking up and across it to the immensely higher farther edge of it where parents abided. He was seeing his father eyeto-eye on kindred levels and seeing him thus, father. Why, he was more like an older brother—a brother who was home. to understand things and who would go on understanding them. It was—well, it was just hunkadory—that's what it was! And it was getting to be hunkadorier every second that passed, for by his next words

the new partner was proceeding to justify the new faith the younger partner had in

"But look here, you all. We're getting off the track. This shotgun business has got nothing to do with the birthday blow-out." In their eager rapture Juney's ears twitched. "How about it, kid? Suppose, just for instance now, that on the morning you're fourteen the two of us—and nobody else—took a short walk down to Felsburg's Oak Hall Clothing Store and picked out a new suit for youlong-pants suit!"

The boy let out a quavering whoop of ecstasy—the Indian's scalping call.
"Juney, hush that," commanded his mother.
"You'll rouse the whole neighborhood." She addressed the elder colleaguer: "Now, John, you know he's not old enough or big enough either to be wearing grown-up things yet!" "What's the reason he's not? He's old

enough, and if he keeps on climbing the way he's started just recently he'll be big enough, too, in three weeks and four days and a frac-tion. Besides, it's time I cut him loose from the apron strings—I'm not forgetting those crazy duds you tried to saddle on him here in the spring. I thought to myself then it was about time somebody stepped in and saved the poor youngster. No, suzz, we're going to have our say about what we wear from now on eh boy?" on, eh, boy?

"You betcher! Oh, say, pop, you mean a reg'lar long-pants suit with a vest and all?"

'Of course

"And-and suspenders?"

"Absolutely. I guarantee the suspenders. Felsburg always throws in a pair, or else a

'But I did so want to keep him a boy a little

while longer!"

Neither of the males present heeded her. Their joint wills were working in perfect unison

and not missing a beat.

"And, oh, pop, will you get me some bore-'nuff men's birts like the kind you wear-you know, with a stiff front to 'em and you pull 'em on over your head and they've got those little dewdabs, with buttonholes, down where the stiff part leaves off?"

You took the words right out of my mouth. Such a shirt would be great for Sunday wear.

"And some reg'lar stand-up men's collars that you put 'em on and take 'em off sep'rate?" "Still you read my mind. I was just thinking

about those collars."
"Well then, I'll get the celluloid kindthey're shinier and you kin notice 'em further off

Mrs. Custer rose up. She had the conviction that she was being baffled, circumvented, con-spired against. And she had it right—she was. "Well," said the offended lady, "if I'm not

going to be allowed to even express my views about all this tomfoolery I might as well be getting those babies yonder in bed." She sniffed loudly as she went to the hammock to

rouse the little snoozers.

Juney sat in his place after she was gone, hugging his bare knees. It was strange, but vas not thinking of the pleasant excitement which would be occasioned in the collective minds of his gang—among Earwigs Erwin and Clabe Lanier and Bubber Ferguson and the rest—on his dedicatory appearance in his first long pants. The strange thing was that he should be trying to visualize the reactions of Milly Hollister. Somehow Milly Hollister and the initialed heart he had that morning carved on the big water-maple down on Jeffenon Street was concerned with and mixed up in his present exquisite musings. His father best forward and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, let's get to bed, old man. Even if you are getting to be almost fourteen you needn't be staying up all night."

They went indoors, each with an arm about the other.

Alone in his room, and half-undressed, June found himself swiveling before the looking glass above the washstand. The Narissistic mood was a new mood for him. Up to nor, his own mirrored reflection had not been particularly entrancing. He turned this way and that, studying effects over his shoulder. He was holding a preliminary rehearsal. He was picturing the hang of the coat, the fit of the vest, the sweep, unbroken to the ankles, of

Midway of a slow swing of his body, he hecked. On his breast his eye caught the checked. gleam of a thing pale but sharp, a minute thing that silvered in the gaslight like a fine short penciled line. He stared at it, touched it with a finger-nail, made it move. There could be no mistake about it—he had hair growing on his chest. One hair, anyhow. "Hod zickertee!"

those new trousers that were to be.

Something curious happened to the latter word. The hod part came out in the usual treble but the middle syllable of the zickertee was thicker and deeper, as though a stranger with a baritone rumble in his throat had inter-rupted him. He tried it again and again his

He finished undressing, put on his night-shirt, turned off the gas and crawled into bed, tucking the mosquito bar in behind him. He had meant to lie awake for hours and hours

and think great thoughts.

But almost immediately he was off. When the tardy moon got above the trees in the side yard it cast its skimmed-min shafts in through the window by the bed. One persistent beam sifted through the netting and shone upon the sleeping boy's naked flesh. Purposely he had left his nightshirt open at the throat and turned back all the way down the front. He was giving the summer air, which was reputed as so good for making young things sprout, a chance at the hair on his chest.

Nobody else can write a dog story quite as well as Albert Payson Terhune to whom dogs have been life-long comrades. He contributes a story of a collie mother who risked her life to save her young to the October COSMOPOLITAN.

## Eyes of Asia

(Continued from page 31)

ride over. I knew you were home. Yet when I telephoned, some servant told me you were out riding."
Where the walk threaded the begonias, he

warm as his voice staying her.
"Oh, Cherry!" he breathed.
"Won't you? Do, do say yes."
"Silly one!" she answered.
"How often

must I tell you what you do know? It is impossible.

But, oh, Cherry, I am sick-sick for you. You must be mine, or I will die. I know, now, that men can die of love. I could die for you,

And while she listened to his impassioned words, her face softened with gentleness. Nevertheless, permitting him to cling to arm and pour out his soul, she saw past him what by no quiver did she let him know she What she saw was the Number Four yard boy moving slowly through the screenage of begonias. His eyes did not meet hers, which were filled with anger for his insolence; she knew he had watched, and was watching, as he slowly passed along. When he had disapshe had a sense that still there, con-

cealed from her, he was looking on.
"Your mother would be very glad to have you marry Miss Harrison," she said bluntly in the first pause.

Kenneth nodded reluctantly

'And to marry me, she would not be glad." "Cherry!" he protested.

"Your mother would be glad to have you marry me?" she persisted cruelly.

My mother has no more to do with me and my love than had I to do with her love before ever I came to be born!" he cried out.

"But she has, Kenneth. And your father, too. And they will disinherit you if you marry

You se

He gripped her arm tightly to stop her, but she went steadily on to the completion of her sentence.

"You see, Miss Harrison is American, good old American New England stock, and I am Japanese."

You are not Japanese," he cried. "We are what our thoughts make us . . . and our beauty of spirit. You are not American. You are not English. You are all the world. You are universal. You are not of time or place or race. You are beauty undying, and woman

eternal, and—"
"S-s-sh," she admonished. "I am the slave of time and place and circumstance. As old Honu would say: I am bound to the wheel, and the wheel must turn its accustomed course. I am what I am, and what your good knows it, I know it: which is a pretty conjugation of the verb 'impossible.'"

Young Argyle by classically in the conjugation of the verb 'impossible.'" mother loves in every way save the one way of being her daughter-in-law. You know it, she

futilely to hush her.

"I am what I am, Kenneth. I am Cherry. I am Japanese. I am a waif of shipwreck Nor my father nor my mother are known. I nursed at the breast of Kanakaole. I was adopted by Father and Mother Mortimer. I

am Cherry. I am Japanese."

And as she drove home to him the hard lesson which she had long since learned from the world's judgment, she was half certain her



-if he's that way again today

HER friend saw her hesitate a moment before entering his office. This was the dictation that she derey none. The office. This was the felt the same way, yet, of course, none of them would have dared to discuss the real reason with him. It became a matter of general office gossip.

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deen saved present disarder. the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is

only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant.

The take permanelable declaration of the permanela

a breath deodorant.

Test the remarkable deodoraine effects of Listerine this way; Rub a little noing on your fingers.

Then apply Listerine and note how quickly the onion on your fingers.

This safe and long-trusted agriculture has designed of different to the design of the design odor disappears.

This safe and long-trusted antiseptic has dozens of different uses: note the Your druggest sells Listerine in the Your druggest sells with the Young Listerine in Your druggest sells with the Young Listerine in Young Listerine in



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eyes had glimpsed through the twilight dim-ness of begonias the vague movement of the yard boy's neutral-colored, coolie kimono.

'You should not say such things," "You should not say such things," young Argyle almost sobbed above his breath. "You are gem, and jewel, and gold of woman. You-

"A poet! Behold, a poet," she laughed, in an endeavor to tease him into a lighter mood. Still holding her forearm and thrusting her

partly from him with a grip that bruised and hurt and thrilled her, he stretched forth his free arm. The extended arm shook with

excess of emotion as he spoke.

"I am a poet, Cherry. You have made me one. That hand is a testimony. Watch it. You see it hollows to the shape of the jewel of your tiny, gold-shod foot that it longs to clasp. I have written a sonnet on your golden foot and my clasping hand. And if you will ride with me tomorrow to Nahiki I will be proud to read it to you among the ferns in the mists of falling waters

"And if I ride with you tomorrow, will you listen to reason now?" she half entreated, half

commanded.

"Oh, if you will," he breathed.
"I will, but do listen to me now. There are other men beside yourself in Anahau. It is now cocktail time. The house is filled with thirsty men . . . and women. It is my function . . ."

He seemed to shiver and shrink, releasing her arm, the life going out of him as the light of the passing sun was going out of the day.
"But I sit beside you!" he declared hope-

fully

"You shall sit opposite me, as near opposite as I can place you," she laughed.
"Midgley Maxwell is here tonight!" he flamed angrily. "He shall not sit beside you!"
"It is not so arranged, Kenneth Lad," she retorted.

"Nor shall you flirt with him!" he flamed on

"Then shall I certainly flirt with him," she announced. "He isn't a half bad sort, and he is

"That's the trouble," Kenneth complained.
"He is wise, too wicked wise. I am not saying anything, Cherry. But I warn you. He's . . . he's . . . well, it hurts me to see you even smile at him, or speak with him, or listen sweetly when he speaks to you. Snakes and crawling things are what I sense falling from his lips.

"Come," Cherry interrupted him. "The cocktails wait, and you behave as if already you have had more than several."

"It is you, Cherry," he proclaimed obeying. "You are the headiest drink, and yet am I ever

a-thirst for you . . ."
"Sonnets!" she laughed. "More sonnets! "Sonnets!" she laughed. "More sonnets!

Now, I'll tell you, ring me up tomorrow, and if nothing prevents, we'll ride at ten o'clock to Nahiki. And, not to be indiscreet, I'll ask your sisters and all the Wellesley kindergarten to lunch at Anahau . .

CHERRY was not tall, yet she did not give the impression of being diminutive as she moved down the broad lanai, greeting the haphazard dinner-guests the haphazard dinner-guests. To the older women, like Alice Blyth and Mrs. Wheelwright, and Mrs. Landsdowne, she responded in a filial and loving manner. She greeted the young men with handshakes and badinage; the old men with a serious youthful respect that balanced their old-fashioned, courteous respect. A word, a phrase, a compliment half-laughed yet never light, was her acceptance of Robert Wheelwright's and Thompson Blyth's decorous kissing of her hand. And to the girls, all old friends from babyhood, she was a girl herself. Two Chinese maids served the cocktails,

followed by two other Chinese maids with the caviar relishes, all four clad in white silken trousers and vee-shon blouse, their blue-black loose braids of hair as straight down their backs as were the straight lines of their costumes. From the doorway to the open dining-room, an old Chinese major-domo frictionlessly directed the famed service of Anahau

At length dinner was served. At either end the long table sat Father and Mother Mortimer, patriarchal graces of a board that for three generations had seated an amazingly bizarre and remarkable company. Under that roof-tree of hand-hewn beams, chopped from the ancient koa forest by native workmen who remembered the stone adzes and axes they had used in their youth, the flower of Hawaii, and of all travelers to Hawaii, had broken bread and known Hawaiian hospitality. Father and Mother Mortimer were the third and perishing generation, their sole issue and concern the adopted Cherry wrecked on their shores.

Cherry, midway along one side of the long table, faced Kenneth Argyle across from her, with on either side of her the guests of Robert Wheelwright, the one Professor Bryant, a visiting seismologist from Harvard, who had been studying Kilauea's activities, the other a Professor Jones of the College of Hawaii, botanist by profession, an ardent grower of

hibiscus by avocation.

To Professor Bryant's theory concerning the next outbreak of Kilauea she lent respectful and understanding attention, although to Alice Blyth, beyond him, she accorded equal attention when that lady criticized in unsparing terms the newest dances which the chits of girls from Wellesley had brought to Aliikalani. On the other side of her, with Professor Jones, she discussed the Mendelian law in connection with the growth of the To Robert Wheelwright, himself an ardent hibiscus grower, Cherry propounded her dream of producing a snow white blossom, double or single, the petal-edges of which would carry the ineffable stain of the coral. When Midgley Maxwell, catching her eye

from half way down the table, pledged her silently with his lifted whisky and soda, her beamed acknowledgment as her head nodded, though from the corner of her eye she had not failed to observe the jealous anger that sucked the colorful blood out of Kenneth Argyle's young face and left it a nervous pallor. Captain Kousmine, wounded in the first Russian drive on Lemburg and buying horses for the Czar's cavalry while he convalesced in America, she answered his good French with better French that was an irresistible delight to

After dinner, despite the fact that it was Sunday evening, and despite the missionary ancestry of the Mortimers back to Priscilla Peabody who had wedded the original Simon Mortimer, there was bridge for a cent a point for the oldsters, and for the youngsters dancing along the wide verandas to the music of the half-dozen Anahau singing and playing

Cherry was as young as the youngest of her guests, as merry as the merriest, and as old, almost, as the oldest of them. Although she flirted with Lieutenant Kittelle, of the Twentyfifth, and danced with Midgley Maxwell, while she discreetly observed Kenneth Argyle's jealousy, she found time to show Professor Jones her latest hibiscus creations, and to surround Mrs. Landsdowne, as the "First Lady of the Island of Hawaii," with a becoming and interesting court.

Mrs. Landsdowne was descended from the

high aliis, or high chiefs, and was three-quarters Scotch and Irish and one-quarter Hawaiian. A queenly woman sixty years of age, she was the grandmother of many, and the mother of a tribe of sons and daughters who were polished college graduates. Cherry understood Mrs. Landsdowne as well as she understood the other dwellers in Hawaii no matter of what race they might be. Perhaps this was because she was an alien herself but, whatever the reason may have been, she had thought much and was more conscious of the ten thousand nuances that differentiate the Hawaiians from all other people, than were the Hawaiians themselves.

Hawanans themselves.

To the problems of racial differences Cherry gave a delicacy and subtlety of consideration that in her was the product of thirty centuries of civilization and culture. However, she

always concealed the thought that a thousand years back of the date when most of the races with whom she came in contact were bar-barians, her race had developed the arts, the sciences, and the refinements of intercourse and ceremonial.

A girl-blossom or woman-blossom of twentywith the eternal urge of youth strong in her veins, Cherry was often appalled at her own ancient wisdom. Young as she was, she had long since learned the peril and the loneliness of too much wisdom. And to Honu, her first proxy father; to Kenneth Argyle, her latest lover; to Lieutenant Kittelle, the slash-ing West-Pointer; to Midgley Maxwell, the polished personification of bitter-wise ticklish sinfulness, she could only talk, and sparkle, and thrust and parry in terms of their own idioms and understandings.

Cherry might have been a genius had there been no infantile mischance of travel, no mysterious sampan, no wreck and rescue on the shores of a stranger people. As it was she was Priscilla Mortimer, nicknamed Cherry, the adopted daughter of John and Sarah Mortimer, herself pure Japanese, her training and culture modern Hawaiian-English and Hawaiian-

American.

"Mercy," she begged of Robert Wheel-wright, when he proffered to lead her to stroll wright, when he proffer a dance twice encored. "The off the lanai after a dance twice encored. "The begonia walks are no place for us. Three of the young couples have already disappeared along them.

"Proper lovers' lanes," Wheelwright smiled

"From which you and I always return never quite happy," she warned. "Please, please, "Come," he overruled, the directing pressure

of his hand firm on her arm.

Cherry yielded and went down the broad steps with the finely preserved man, a thor-ough gentleman of fifty whom she had known all her life.

Whatever trade-wind might have been blowing under the vague stars had been loved to death by the warm peaks of the Kohala mountains, so that Anahau, in the sheltered lee, was breathless. As they strolled through the scented hollow of the garden they created a faint breeze by their own movement which

was heavy with the fragrance of tropic blooms.
"Here behind us come Lieutenant Kittelle
and Miss Kenilworth," Cherry said in whispered glee, as they left the dim moonlight for
the deep shades of the great begonias the belied their shrub-nature and almost grew to trees in so favorable a habitat.

"Miss Kenilworth would accept him, only he won't make the offer," Wheelwright ob-

served.

"She would accept any other man who would "She would accept any other man who would lead her along the begonia walks," Cherry tittered. "Please, Robert, forgive," she added contritely. "I am not a cat. You know." "Dear, dear Cherry, dear little Cherry," he crooned, his hand comfortingly patting hers. "The wisest little flower of woman in Christendom, or in heathendom." "Please . . ." she begged.
"Oahu is empty for you," he continued. "Hohani is beautiful but lonely. It waits for you, "Dear, dear, Cherry, I say it without

you. Dear, dear Cherry, I say it without swank or swagger, but I say what I know, and I know that there is only one man in all Hawaii who truly knows you for the wonderful woman you are, and that man is this man, whose heart is as lonely as Hohani is lonely whose heart is as lonely as Hohani is lonely for you. None of the gay young chesty youths, self-mesmerized by their own youth, can know you as I know you. Give them fifty years, and they would not know you. It is not in them ever to possess such knowledge . . "
"You know me better than Father Mortimer and Mother Mortimer," she answered quietly."

"Sometimes I know you best of all. Sometimes I think only old Honu knows me better than you do. But it can't be, Robert. over it all again?"

"Because Hohani will soon be more lonely.

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Edith will marry in two months. You are the first I have told. It is all arranged . . ."
"But whether she married or not," Cherry contended, "she is your daughter, and she is two years older than I. And there is Clara. We were classmates together. At Vassar we were in the same dormitory. We are about the same age. We talked ourselves to sleep in each other's arms when we were little girls together. Imagine me, imagine Clara, in Hohani, myself the step-mother, herself the step-daughter! We love each other devotedly. Honam, misser the separation of the step-daughter! We love each other devotedly. But . . please, please forgive . . ." she forewarned, her hand on his forearm tensing

months arm in appeal.

"Clara is only human, like all of us. She would inevitably turn against me if I were to become the wife of her father. It would drive her to madness. I know it would drive me to

madness were the situation reversed."
"You are so wise," he praised with firmness.
"It is because you are so wise, and know, and appreciate, and can say such things, that I find my sanction to say to you that above all women who live and draw breath you are the one woman to me. You consider the situaone woman to me. You consider the situa-tion strange. Yet no stranger is it than

"Which is all too strange for me," she broke in passionately, "for me who am as strange a bit of flotsam as was ever tossed upon the beach of a strange land."

"You are great enough to master even such difficult—" he began; but she broke in

a difficult—— he began; but she broke in upon his half-completed thought.

"Suppose it were only that, Robert. Of course I would. I am not afraid of life. But it is more. It is something else . . "

Her voice faded off, almost piteously. Her voice faded off, almost piteously.

"Something else . . ." he prompted grimly.

"I don't love you that way. I am not afraid
to tell you so. If I did, forty Ediths and forty
Claras could not keep me away from Hohani.
But I don't. I don't find it in me. I don't
know. I am before the threshold, that is all.
I may never cross it. But I do know that
consthing within me that is heyond reason

I may never cross it. But I do know that something within me that is beyond reason says to this thing you propose: 'No! No! No!' "And it is all this that you have said," he pursued steadily, "all your cardinal honesty and clarity, plus all your desirable womanly qualities, that vindicate me. I know your verity. You are beyond women, dear, dear Cherry. Cherry. And my days are an aching emptiness

"Not that, not that!" she half recoiled from him. "You are not that—how shall I name it?—that terrible, inevitable bridegroom; the bridegroom whose lure is as irresistible to a oman as is the lure of the candle-flame to

the weak-winged moth . . ."

In silence they strolled slowly on. Only when they emerged into the first lights of the

lanai did he speak.
"You have known me long," he said. "For me there will be no other you than you. I wait. I have learned to wait. I may never have you, Cherry, but I'd rather wait in vain for you than win any woman I know . .

Once again, after dancing, Cherry permitted herself to be led out on the begonia walks by an old lover. David Landsdowne had proposed first to Cherry a year ago. He was thirty-five years old; she was twenty-two. What made this particular stroll among the begonias especially difficult for Cherry was Martha Landsdowne's frankly pleased kokua.

Cherry, after the dance, apprehending David's desire for the stroll, had inveigled him into the little court assembled around Mrs. Landsdowne. There, before them all, David had suggested the stroll. And his mother, the old chiefess, had smilingly encouraged them, complaining of the heat that made such stroll-

complaining of the heat that made such stroll-ing desirable, complaining of her rheumatism and of the fact that a dearth of knights prevented her from enjoying similar relief in the

open air.

Cherry had understood. The fond conviction of Martha Landsdowne was that David, her oldest son, could make no more

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satisfactory marriage than this hoped-for one with the heiress of Anahau. Generous and great of heart herself, the old chiefess would not deny her son's heart anything, and that his heart had so wisely centered upon Cherry, whose lands-to-be marched many a mile with his lands-to-be, was a proud and fortunate circumstance. Anahau and Molua would combine into a ranch greater than the Parker Ranch, a ranch the greatest in all Hawaii.
Of dollars, it would mean millions added to millions; of acres it would mean three hundred and fifty thousand added to five hundred

Sad at heart, almost certain of what was coming, Cherry passed into the gardens. Yet a touch of pride at the same time thrilled her as she reflected on the dozen women, not mere girls all of them, but matronly widows some of them, who would give anything to be in her place in order to answer yes to what David Landsdowne was about to say. A further touch of pride was hers as she reflected that to the dozen other women Martha Landsdowne would extend no such kokua as she was ex-

would extend no such *robitia* as sne was extending to her, Cherry, who could not see her way to accepting David's proffer.

He made the proffer. Had he been merely a bookkeeper on a plantation on a salary of a thousand a year, his proposal would have been highly desirable. For he was thoroughly worthy. Healthy, wholesome, a graduate of Yale and of the College of Agriculture of the University of California, he was a handsome young man weighing two hundred and twenty and he was lean and graceful with his six feet two inches of height. Reckoned one of the three best polo players of the Islands and the best baseball pitcher of Hawaii who had never gone professional, he possessed qualities to draw the heart and arms of any fine woman.

David Landsdowne was director in a score of enterprises, president of three corporations, the step-father of the pineapple industry, the manager of his mother's vast lands, and was only coming to the flower of his activities in the financial, commercial, and political management of the Islands. There are men of this caliber. They are born, on occasion, to inherit and decently to control and manage large affairs.

Among the begonias, which seemed ever the abode of love, David Landsdowne made his proffer of his hand and heart, his lands, possessions and future, for the third time within the year, to Cherry Mortimer. And Cherry for the third time and "No."

within the year, to Cherry Mortimer. And Cherry for the third time said "No."

"It's little use for me to tell you how proud you make me, David," she said. "You know that yourself. But I can't help it. I can't say

yes."
"Don't make a mistake on one point,
"Don't make a mistake on one point,
"This is true love. "Don't make a mistake on one point, Cherry," he hurried to say. "This is true love. It just happens that you will inherit Anahau, and that I will inherit Molua. But were you any other than you, wild horses, much less Anahau, could not drag me to marry you. I'll tell you more. There is a thought of Anahau in my mother's mid. But I don't need to tell in my mother's mind. But I don't need to tell you that it is a very small thought and is merely incidental. You know her heart. You herely incidental. You know her heart. You know her big, old-fashioned outlook on life. Policy, in the big things, plays no part with her. She's watched you grow up. I do believe, if Father Mortimer should take to wild plunging and lose his last penny, that she would be the one who would immediately rush to me and command me at once to go and ask you to be her daughter. As for my sisters . . . they adore you. You would not make merely me, but the entire Landsdowne family happy by marrying me."

"I wish I could, David, I wish I could," she cried sympathetically.

"Don't think I am a cold lover, Cherry. is only regard for you that keeps my arms from going around you right now and crushing you into submission. If I thought I could win you that wav-

"You couldn't, you couldn't," she assured him quickly, although at the same time the thought flitted through her mind that if he

did not treat her so deferentially, he might almost sweep her away in his arms with the

strength of his imperious will. "That is what I admire in you, David. And I do appreciate it. You are still and deep and I do appreciate it. You are still and deep and strong. Your discipline gained from training in athletics, your lack of swank, your lack of fear—oh, I don't mean of physical dangers, but of moral and social terrors—that is what

but of moral and social terrors—that is what I do admire in you. Anybody can be natural. But to control naturalness with . . . with control, is what distinguishes man from the brute. Only in that way could you win me, if I am at all winnable, which I don't know; and I wish I were, David, I wish I were. Her voice died away, and they moved on toward the lights of the house.
"You are not ready yet, perhaps," he said

"You are not ready yet, perhaps," he said slowly, as they began to mount the steps. "But I can wait until you are. It just seems, Cherry, that you are my destiny. To me no woman can exist beside you. You are ever in my thoughts. Before my eyes, behind my eyes, I am ever visioning you—"

And he ceased with easy abruptness to meet with her the young laughter and ripple of voices that greeted them as they continued the ascent and merged into the whirl of young life resting between two dances. David Landsdowne faced half a dozen women avid for him and for Molua, and Cherry had to meet the sick eyes and drawn face of Kenneth Argyle, the mask of cynical appraisement on Midgley Maxwell's face, and the knowledge that Robert Wheelwright, as he stiffly played a "no trumps' to a little slam, was aquiver, breathlessly aware of her approach.

"What is this Number Four yard boy's name?" Cherry asked of Yu Tsin. Yu Tsin was brushing Cherry's hair, while

she had been skimming through the fashion pages of a current magazine in quest of suggestions for the creation of her next gown She had laid the magazine down and glanced at her clock as she asked the question.

The clock marked eleven, and Cherry sighed at the lateness of the hour. For it had been a hard long day. It had begun at sixthirty, when she was breakfasting in bed while Chan Gum Foo, the aged major-domo, reported to her about his contemplated breakfast treatment of the house-guests. In turn he had

received from her suggestions for the day.

At seven-fifteen, at the telephone, she had heard Kenneth Argyle's young, warm voice reminding her of his sonnet to her feet of gold that he was to read to her at Nahiki, and telling her that her conduct of the previous eve-ning with Lieutenant Kittelle, with Midgley Maxwell, and with David Landsdowne had driven him to the madness of a sleepless

"Hush, hush, lad," she had stopped his w of passion. "Who knows whose cooks flow of passion. are giggling as they listen on the 'phone to your ravings. My mare is saddled now. I'll be at the crossroads in three quarters of an hour. And, I warn you, at Nahiki we'll have but little time, because the house is full and I must be back . . ."

At Nahiki it had not been easy for her to listen to young Argyle's sonnet on her feet of gold; nor had it been so easy by half to listen to and to dominate his passionate outpourings. Delightful as it was to be a young woman and to be so delectably entreated by a lad her own age, nevertheless it sapped her strength to handle the delicate situation decently and conhandle the delicate situation decently and considerately and honestly. Passion was pain, and, because she could not yield, it was pain unappeasable; so that she suffered her lover's suffering, as she strove to feel and think with him, seeking vainly to appease him and not to add further to his already grave hurt.

Back at Anahau in time to bid parting aloha to departing machines and riders, she had barely time to shift from riding costume to

barely time to shift from riding costume to morning holoku ere all Aliikalani's house-party poured in upon her. Their ages ran from seventeen to twenty-four, and they were mostly young girls, four of them from the State in ad Hono Nora stock Matt of the Still inclue Th Marg schoo ences in H

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Rol fatl States and the others Kenneth's sisters, with, in addition, two seven-eighths haole girls from Honolulu. These were the Matthews sisters, Nora and Edith, descended from old chief stock, whose father was at the head of the Matthews Trust Incorporated as well as one of the five powerful sugar factors of the Islands. Still further, half a dozen Islands youths were

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om ere Still further, half a dozen Islands youths were included in the Allikalani house-party.

The Argyle sisters, Lucy, Netta, and Margery, had been intent on shocking their access between life on the mainland and life in Hawaii. And in this enterprise Cherry in Hawaii. And in this enterprise Cherry had duly aided and abetted. The afternoon had proved auspicious, for, in the midst of driving trade-wind rain, to the apprehensive squeals and shudders of the malihinis, they must all go swimming in the great deep pool of Anahau. Especially are the children of the Islands born to the saddle and the sea, and Islands born to the saddle and the sea, and their exploits of diving, fetching, high-jump-ing, and water-tag in the pool that afternoon had not contributed to allay the chilliness of their guests.

neir guests.

Before this sport could pall, Lucy Argyle suggested an impromptu polo game on John Mortimer's grass just below the lawn. Cherry had nodded her head in agreement, and led the prompt invasion of the stables. Horses were commandeered right and left from boxstall and paddock, as well as the tough mounts of three Anahau cowboys who had just jingled in

three Ananau cowboys who had just ingled in.

The dispossessed ones, grinning, joined with
the grinning Hawaiian stable boys in the
scurry and confusion of saddling and bridling.
While this was going on, the malihinis
had dressed, so that they were ready, under
umbrellas, on the edge of the lawn, when the
rush to the field and the attempt to pick teams rush to the field and the attempt to pick teams took place. But the players were too many, for all insisted on playing, and Cherry had found herself, with Kenneth as her best support, with a team of seven opposed to Lucy Argyle's team of eight. As the ball went into play, all order and rule ceased, and it became a mad frolic of young savages in swimming suits, elipsing to elipsery, saddles and struggling clinging to slippery saddles and struggling with excited mounts in an effort to drive the ball, fair means or foul, across the line of their opponents. And it had all taken place in the thick of the rain. Each horse's hoof bit the soft sod and rained showers of muddy soil on all steeds and riders.

The pandemonium of shouts, cries, and laughter reached the lanais of Anahau, and brought John Mortimer, with Professor Bryant and Robert Wheelright, under umbrellas, down to the line that divided lawn from mere grass sod. John Mortimer had hobbled down on a leg lamed twenty years before by a horse on a leg lamed twenty years before by a horse falling on it; anxious and fearful of accident to the young ones, he forgot himself in the joy

"Look out you don't break your fool necks!" he yelled at them one moment.

And the next moment he was yelling, "Hey! get off my lawn!" as the wild rout followed the ball past him into the precincts sacred from s hoof.

"You're out of bounds!" he cried out at Cherry, who, plastered with mud, streaming with rain, her hair down and flying, one steel stirrup lost to her naked foot, clinging to the saddle like a bare-back rider, was racing neck and neck with Lucy Argyle at a dead gallop in pursuit of the ball that leapt and bounded ahead.

"She's a remarkable girl," John Mortimer confided to his two companions. "And she's a scholar. Would you believe it! I used to be afraid she was going to develop into a woman professor and wear glasses. And when she was thirteen, I thought, and Doc Watkins was more than half certain, that she was going into a decline, what with her nose perpetually in a best and hard the distribution for proof in book and her disinclination for sports."

'Nothing to worry about now, at any rate,"

Nothing to worry about now, at any rate, Robert Wheelwright adjudged.
"Nothing to worry about!" her adoptive father snorted. "Good Lord, man, isn't she in danger of marriage at any moment? My

worries are just commencing. She's the kind that's too hopelessly marriageable—the kind that's so worthwhile that she's just the sort to take a cropper."

"But I head one form the kind The

"But I should say, from the little I've observed of her, that she is very amenable,"

Observed of her, that she is very amenable,"
Professor Bryant contributed.

"Amenable! My dear sir, she's the sweetest, gentlest, amenablest creature in the world that ever had her own way."

"Now, John," Wheelwright chided.

"Oh course I didn't mean just that,"
Mortimer was quick to reply. "When it comes to all the little things in obedience, consideration, anticipation of others' needs and wishes. tion, anticipation of others' needs and wishes, and forgoing of her own wishes, she can't be beat. But don't forget that the bull is half the herd. When I imported Royal Villager to head my Jerseys, I knew from the herd books that he came from a grand line of butter-fat dams; but I also knew that his sire, and his line of sires, had sired an immense aggregation of high butter-fat cows. And by the same token a human child, boy or girl, is half its

token a human child, boy or girl, is half its father and half its mother.

"Now you get what I've been driving at. The men of her race are iron men. They will have their will, as the Russians found at Port Arthur, at Laioyang, at Mukden. And so with Cherry. She will have her will—when she wants it. If the thing appears to her to be a big vital thing, she will not be denied. Not that she's a tornado or an earthquake. Her determination takes rather the form of determination takes rather the form of a continental ice-sheet, slow-moving, irresistible

He broke off to look at Robert Wheelwright,

who had burst into an abrupt hearty laugh.
"I was recollecting the time she went on strike and wouldn't contribute her dime to the raissionary fund," the latter explained.

Mortimer joined in the laugh, then turned to

Mortimer joined in the laugh, then turned to Professor Bryant.

"That was a time. We'd had warnings through her babyhood, but she was eight years old then, and Sarah'd never raised a child of her own. The thing that occurred was unthinkable. We can laugh now over it, but the line it was tragedy.

unthinkable. We can laugh now over it, but at the time it was tragedy.

"When Cherry quietly announced that she was not going to drop the ten cents into the plate, Sarah wrestled with her. And Sarah's never wrestled that way since.

"'Are there missionaries in Japan?' Cherry demanded to know, Sarah told her yes. 'Then I shall not put in ten cents,' said Cherry. And Sarah wanted to know why."

'Then I shall not put in ten cents,' said Cherry. And Sarah wanted to know why."

"Cherry told her," Wheelwright laughed, taking up the tale. "I was present at that confab. Cherry told her that the Japanese were heathen, or else why would they send missionaries to them? And she told her—"

"Listen," Mortimer chuckled, "this is what Cherry told her: 'The Japanese are heathen. I am Japanese. Everybody knows I am Japanese. All I have to do is look in the glass. And I like heathen. I know a lot of Christians

Japanese. All I have to do is look in the glass. And I like heathen. I know a lot of Christians that I don't like. Carley Black is a Christian. Only last week he got angry with his horse and hit it with a monkey-wrench. I heard the coverage of the covera boys talking about it. I won't give ten cents to change a heathen into a Carley Black.'"
"And she didn't!" Wheelwright proclaimed.

"Sarah couldn't make her."

"Sarah couldn't make her."

"It nearly killed both of them," Mortimer held on. "Sarah got her New England blood up. Cherry had to obey. Cherry couldn't be made to see that she had to obey and, to prove her stand, said she was done with church. Never again was she going to church. And this to Sarah! The very next Sunday Sarah took her to church was a second to the church Sarah took her to church anyway. Cherry fought like a little she-cat. Tears, wails, screams, hysterias—one would have thought

screams, hysterias—one would have thought it was pig-sticking time on Anahau. She capitulated only to superior strength."
"But do you know," Wheelwright broke in, "though she was carried, figuratively, hog-tied to church, she never made a scene when she got there. Her face was swollen from crying, but she got out of the carriage by herself—we didn't have automobiles in those days we didn't have automobiles in those days-



## "Good Bye, Boys!"

"To-day I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a sparetime study course that would give me special training for our work. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more responsibility and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at \$5000 a year! It just shows what spare-time training will do."

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shows what spare-time training will do."

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and she walked into church on her own feet without having to be dragged in. She was a

"But once in the pew, when the services began," Mortimer took up, "she stuck her fingers into her ears in refusal to be a party to the services. I admit it, I brutally admit it, Sarah was less the lady; for she jerked Cherry hands away from her ears. And Cherry didn't put them back. She folded them on her lap, and just sat there, the transcontinental glacial period that she was—"
"Gracious," said Professor Bryant.

"And that's a sample of Cherry at eight years old. Imagine Sarah's mortification! As for me, I'd given up. I'd broken, and been broken by, too many spirited colts. I recognized the danger signals. Here was something unbreakable—at least, as Kipling it, here was something that would di dumb-mad in the breaking yard before it would be broken. Sarah'd never broken colts, nor had a child of her own. Sarah was

England to the core. Sarah was set in her will as Cherry, and Sarah was sated for a breaking lesson for herself."

"She got it, too," Wheelwright chimed in.
"She did, Robert, she did," Mortimer agreed; "but merciful heavens, it nearly destroyed Anahau. You see, Professor Bryant, Sarah employed rigid New England methods on that million versold child, come methods on that million-years-old child, confined her to her room, never let her see anybody but her nurse, though Sarah was in and out several times a day to wrestle with her. Talk about the 'Captive in Chains'!

"Cherry made the most of it. She played with her dolls and toys and was making out famously, until Sarah took her toys from her. Next she devoted herself to a couple of 'Chatter-boxes' and several bound volumes of 'St. Nicholas.' These Sarah removed. Cherry These Sarah removed. Cherry made no complaint. She sat all day at the window looking out, from daylight to dark,

till Sarah threatened to nail up the blinds."
"But she did complain, John," Wheelwright prompted. "Remember the locked door?

"Oh, surely, surely, Robert. Cherry com-plained to Sarah the very first time the nurse neglected to lock the door, and assured her that a locked door was unnecessary anyway and that never would she cross that threshold until Sarah had said she was sorry for her wilful and tyrannic conduct—or words to that effect—and had asked forgiveness. This was the boot on the other foot. Sarah wasn't happy. She lost weight, and she never did have much to lose, until Doc Watkins grew anxious about

her. He'd already been anxious about Cherry, "Cherry won at last. It took weeks but she would have died rather than give in. That was Never again. Sarah's last wrestling match. Something of hard New England broke in her; and finally she told her sorrow to Cherry and

asked Cherry's forgiveness.
"We had learned that Cherry was an individual, and not a paste and putty doll child. And we've never had to complain. She was, as she always had been, the most amiable of creatures. It wasn't six months ere she made the grand surrender and attended church again. Yet she has never, ever since, contributed a postage stamp to missionary funds. Give her rope! We didn't. We took all ropes off. She was free. And she was the sort. She always remained in the fold, and as a young girl would seek our advice if it were not proffered her. Being free, she took no liberties with her freedom. And I've seen so have you, Robert—more than a many young girls grow up here in the Islands. She avoided their mistakes. She's always done as

she pleased——"

"And her pleasure has been to do yours and Sarah's pleasure," Wheelwright completed for

him.
"Precisely, Robert. Precisely. And never to displeasure us. We've given her her head and she has kept the road. No complaint, sirs, no complaint. Anxieties? Yes. And right now? Yes. Gravest of all. She is so eminently marriageable! I never saw a girl

with so many lovers-I mean, as well, splendid

He broke off abruptly, in a breath-holding pause, to call their attention to her. The extempore polo game over, she was neck and neck with Kenneth Argyle, Lucy Argyle, and a stables. The Islands youth in a mad race for the stables. The Islands youth seemed to be winning until the zest of the race overbalanced caution and overbalanced his mount, and the slippery grass-mud. The three remaining steeds were floundering, and Lucy Argyle, starting a fall and escaping it by a miracle of recovery on the part of her horse, discreetly checked in and dropped behind. Kenneth Argyle knew no discretion. It was like racing horses on ice, the way the pair of them left the field behind and sprawled with speed over the dipping rolls of streaming grass

"The young fool!" John Mortimer grated through his teeth in objurgation of Kenneth.
"He knows she won't quit! Break both their

necks! Why don't he pull in?"
But Cherry solved it. The agreement and spirit of the polo game had been that all fouls were fair. With a sharp cry she jumped her horse a yard to the fore and, her knee against the neck of Kenneth's animal, leaned forward and swept her right hand out to clutch the cartilage that divided the wide open nostrils. The grip achieved, despite Kenneth's shout, she forced the animal's nose and head down and in against its chest and the next moment was a full length in the lead; and, a full length in the lead, she led the triumphant way

'What is this Number Four yard boy's me?" was Cherry's query to Yu Tsin.

And Yu Tsin, steadily brushing her mis-tress' hair, replied: "His Japanese family name, Nomura. His first name, Naojiro."

"Is he a good boy?" was the next question.
Yu Tsin debated. "He is very good yard
boy," she said finally. "He works all the time.
He works too much. The other yard boys do
not like. But they are afraid."

"Afraid?" Cherry prompted, her mind only half on the subject, the other half being occupied by thoughts of the cool sheets of bed

occupied by thoughts of the cool sheets of bed for which her wearied body yearned. "Sure. Much afraid. Nomura is very rough Japanese. He is strong. He makes trouble. The Number One yard boy is afraid. He cannot get fresh with Nomura.

'What does Nomura do when Number One

tries to get fresh?"

"Nothing," replied Yu Tsin. Cherry laughed heartily, and became

"He is very rough Japanese," Yu Tsin reiterated in her effort to explain away what Nomura was plantation coolie on a large Nomura was plantation coole on a large plantation on Maui, one Portuguese field luna (overseer) have very black day. Maybe ten Japanese coolies cutting cane. Luna on horseback, just ride up. He swear at all horseback, just ride up. He swear at all Japanese coolie. Before, this luna kill a man on Kauai. The court judge say all right. Well, this *luna* very black in heart this day. He is a fool. He cannot look see that Nomura is strong. This luna is big 1001, but well heart. Night before this luna's wife run away. This luna is big fool, but very black in This luna is pupule (crazy) because his wife has run away with Swede sugar-boiler at the mill. His name Anderson, very nice man.
"The luna talk rough to Japanese coolies.

They are quick to do what *luna* says. They are low Japanese, very common. But Nomura is not quick. He is slow. His eyes talk. The pupule luna on horse has riding whip, his wife run away with sugar-boiler the night beforethe pupule luna hit Nomura on the head with riding whip because Nomura is not quick like the low coolies. Bingo! Nomura, the whip on his head, is very quick. He take the pupule Portuguese luna by the arm. It is like when you pick a flower that is tough in the stem, and that you jerk with a bend on the stem at the same time to break it, just like stem at the same time to break it-just like

that, Nomura pick the luna from the saddle like a flower, and the luna is on the ground on his back, and his arm is much broken in the inside of the shoulder. Two months that pupule luna is off the job in Queen's Hospital. Cos

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"O Haru San. She is wife of Number Two cook boy here at Anahau—you know, Titsuka. She speak with me. She tell me all low Japanese much afraid of Nomura. He is too strong. When he goes from Maui to Honolulu, in the tea-houses he has much trouble. rough, bad Japanese men in Honolulu. They get fresh with Nomura. Just the same, bime by, there is no more trouble. Bime by they are afraid for Nomura, and are no more fresh with him. All low Japanese very much afraid. Plenty low Japanese say he look very much like Kuroki San. Kuroki San very high blood and big war general in Japan. This cannot be. Nomura just coolie. Just the same Japanese all talk, talk, all the time . . . Charley Choy Lee San says he think Nomura is Japanese spy."

That is a great foolishness," Cherry udged. "He has worked years as coolie adjudged. on the plantations. He cannot spy anything in the sugar cane except centipedes and rats.

"Charley Choy thinks so," Yu Tsin stolidly affirmed. "Plenty Honolulu Chinese think reaffirmed. so, Charley Choy says. They think, too, maybe he is soldier, officer of soldiers, and when war begin with United States and Japan, all Japanese men in Hawaii will be soldiers, and he will be their officer, and they will make an

"That sounds more reasonable," Cherry conceded. "He might be a lieutenant or a captain. And the Number Two cook boy maybe will be a corporal, and that is why he is afraid of Nomura. But it is all a foolishness, Yu Tsin. It will be a long time before Japan and the United States could ever fight and Nomura would be an old man with rheumatism and walking with a cane.
"No. I think he is what you said first—a

rough Japanese. He is strong and rough. That is why other Japanese men are afraid of him And now I am all ready for bed. And you'd

better go to bed."

But Cherry did not go immediately to her waiting sheets. For a long time, in silence, she gazed upon the Lady of the Screen. She thought little. It was more a mood of dreaming. And she was only reminded of bed when from across the stillness of sleeping Anahau, she heard, distant and far, frail and thin as some elfin piping, the unmistakable plaintive notes of the whistle-flute of the Number Four yard boy.

At length she got into bed, pressed off the last light, curled her body on its side, nestled her head half into the pillow, half onto her arm, and in the darkness still heard or halfguessed, the broken rhythms of the whistle-

'For a coolie, he does not sleep early," was her thought. And, next: "For one so strong and rough, his music is most gentle and most Does he dream of some home farmvillage of Nippon, high in the mountains amid terraced rice-fields, or of a fisher-village beside the sea?'

Cuddling the thought as one of poesy, there passed before her the disordered pageant of her days, inchoate, intangible, days of house-parties and trade-wind seas and skies, of canefields and galloping horses and falling waters, of books and all the mirages of books, of myth-monsters that pursued as lovers, and of lovers. She thought of the dear lost lady of Uncle Mortimer, of her own poet Kenneth, of great and good Robert, of splendid and noble David, of the cynical and devilishly forbidding Midgley Maxwell. And, in the sea of troubled thoughts and images of full days of living, she sank and drowned to sleep.

"IT IS good," Honu announced, standing up in advertisement of departure, and nodding approbation at the harp, tall and fragile, glinting jeweled lights from its pale gold patterns and strings still quivering from Cherry's fingers. "The piano is good, too; but the harp wins deeper into the Hawaiian heart. The harp has strings, like the ukulele, and the ukulele is very dear to us."

"So has the piano strings," Cherry corrected, nodding to her own miniature grand of boudoir white and gold. "Look and see."

"I have looked into a piano," he declined. "It has strings. But the strings are hit by wooden hammers as I have well seen. It is like the boiler shop at the Honolulu Iron

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wooden hammers as I have well seen. It is like the boiler shop at the Honolulu Iron Works, where the kanakas hammer with a hammering sound. But fingers are not wooden. Fingers are alive. Fingers feel with the heart. And fingers do not strike the strings of the harp and the ukulele. With the fingers on the strings we draw the music to us, we do not shoot it off and away with a hammer like the hammer of a shotgun. When we love, it is not driving apart but coming together . . "

There was such magic in the old withered ones's description, that it set Cherry all a-quiver

one's description, that it set Cherry all a-quiver and tingling. The monsters of her own frustration clamored through her, stirring the frustration chainfield mough let; stirring the deeps restlessly and ominously. She was thrill-ingly aware of a fiat of destiny young as her-self and older than history, the compulsion toward complement and completion and realization. The plenitude of love was all about her, singing through music and along

scented begonia walks. The arms of love were extended to her by Kenneth, and Robert, and David, and devilish Midgley.

To these gentle and imperious arms she could not quite yield. She knew she was ripe to yield to their seduction and promise of rest, and the within her seduction and promise of rest, and the within her seduction and promise of rest, and the within her sed knews a practical content. and yet within her she knew a mysterious and perturbing inhibition.

ro withhold was painful. And yet to yield might mean more poignant suffering. Pain lay everywhere. The whole thing was blind, confused and incomprehensible to the woman in

her that yearned. Old Honu knew why Cherry was disturbed, ond Honu knew why Cherry was disturbed, and his knowledge set her trembling as his caressing fingers lent demonstration to his words, in the empty air before her he drew to him the vanished maids of his youthful days.

And then Cherry cheated.

And then Cherry cheated.

"Oh, Honu," said Cherry, "you do not understand the piano. All loving and caressing can be in one's fingers on the keys."

"There are the wooden hammers, the wooden

"There are the wooden hammers, the wooden hammers that are between the fingers and the strings." He shook his head. "Can a man love with thick buckskin gloves on his hands?" The simile caught her breathless. "The piano is rough," he went on triumphantly. "It is for the making of war along the beaches and up the hills, it is like the beating of dynamics of the planting of greathers."

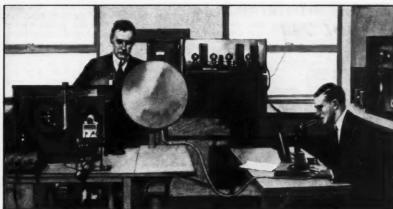
the beaches and up the fulls, it is like the beating of drums and the blowing of conches—"
Cherry persisted in her deception.
"With my finger-tips I can draw war from the harp," she proclaimed. "One may pluck the strings of the harp, just as well as draw on the keys of the piano. Listen! you have heard the Red Fox on the piano. Now you shall hear it on the harp."

it on the harp. With the first chords she wrought from the With the first chords she wrought from the strings, imperative as trumpets, singing shrill and thin as whistling battle steel, Honu knew that he was cheated and had lost. All his days had been torn between loving and ighting; he knew he was beaten, not by logic and argument but by the magic invasion of his senses, by the alchemy of sound that sent wildfire racing through his veins, making his body sway to the swinging rhythm of marching warriors' feet, his eyes kindle with the light of man's eyes when love and woman are forgotten, his nostrils dilate, his face stiffen into fierceness, all as he yielded himself into the arms of ness, all as he yielded himself into the arms of

ness, all as he yielded himself into the arms of the old red paramour, War.

A minute passed, after she had ceased, ere he returned to himself from the mirage of himself she had invoked. He placed his huge, ageshriveled, great-boned hand on her shoulder.

"My name for you is best," he said. "You are Kekuni. You have in you flaming devils—oh, not the little playful child-devils, but the great devils, the master devils of life. You have played a trick on me, on Old Green



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Turtle, your ancient foster-father. You have overruled the judgment of my many years, you have made the stiff joints of my wisdom limber, and in my soul plucked on the strings of war until, wisdom all forgotten, I felt the drums beat and the conches blow through my

"I go now, Flame Flower. But I go not happy for the man who will marry you some

day and who will not rule you."
"I will never, Honu, and I tell you true—I will never marry a man who cannot rule me,"

"Then you have never met the man who will marry you," he stated as simply as if he were proving the rule of three.

She nodded, almost fiercely, but his own yes saw well up in hers a sudden softness almost of the weakness of self-pity and doubt and fear.

His great Mexican spurs jangled as he strode out to the *lanai* and along its length to the steps, the stiff movement of his body the steps, the stiff movement causing the light frame house slightly to shake on its old foundations. Cherry remained as he on its old foundations. Cherry remained as he had left her, save that, again seated, she had rested her hands and fingers on the harpstrings. Herself at war, she deliberately struck war from the strings, repeating again the Red Fox.

As she played she heard the soft touch of sandaled feet on the orchid *lanai* outside her open French windows, and glimpsed Number Four yard boy zealously attendant on his in their hanging fern-baskets and mossy trunk sections of native forest trees.

His back toward her, clad in coolie kimono of cheap cotton, there was nothing pleasing in his appearance. She wondered idly why he persisted in wearing his native costume in Hawaii where all men wore trousers, and, the next moment, as idly concluded that it was no more unlovely than the overalls and nondescript cotton shirts the other yard boys

As she played she watched him discreetly from the corner of her eye, and tried to imagine

what effect her music was having on him who whiled away the sleeping hours of the ordinary coolie with his own music. She was certain that he lingered overlong at his task with the orchids, and she felt the vague pleasure of such a compliment. Several times he forgot his ork to glance at her, and she observed with glee that he was not aware that she was at the same time observing him.

His eyes surprised her. They were remark.

His eyes surprised ner. They ably un-Japanese in size and shape. Long ably un-Japanese in size and shape, Long hinted of languorousness. But it was a hint, no more; for, on the other hand, they were bold and bright and insolent.

She observed, too, his hair, vital, virile, straight as the straightest line of the geometrician and as black as his eyes. His complexion, swart with the sun in the canefields, showed, nevertheless, a basic delicacy of skin-texture and pigment. His body was short, thick-set, almost massive, the muscles of the powerful shoulders plainly delineated under the single thickness of his garment. His feet, thrust naked into their sandals, her eyes informed her, were small. And her eyes quested to his hands Likewise were they small, and well-shaped, but square and strong. She could see him plucking the luna from his horse and bending and breaking him as one would a tough stemmed flower.

The Red Fox finished, she tried on him the tinkling delicacy and consummate artificiality of Boccherini's Minuet. To her surprise, she won him. He forgot his task, straightened up, turned about, and stared at her. The forehead, above the large, long eyes, was square, sloping slightly from hair-roots to thick black brows. He had an average nose that flared with strong nostrils—nostrils that scented and threatened. She was enamored, as any artist might be, with this striking face. An alert, backward carriage of the head, gave a curiously Egyptian aspect which was augmented by the large long eyes, bold and inscrutable with hard glittering lights that seemed to

emanate from within.

### JACK LONDON WROTE THE LAST WORD OF THIS STORY

on November 21, 1916, the day before he died. The manuscript was unfinished, but fortunately he had often talked over the plot and characters with his wife, Charmian London. He frequently consulted her woman's point of view about Cherry and her lovers. From these talks and from his memoranda and voluminous notes, Mrs. London has constructed the end of the story. In next month's Cosmopolitan she gives an intimate picture of the way such an eminent writer as Jack London developed a new story, and of how an author's wife helps and inspires him even though she does not write a word.

## The Pleasure Buvers

(Continued from page 61)

gray eyes which she had hidden momentarily with her hands were horror-filled. But Work-man objected to this summary dismissal of important matters. He looked rebukingly at Mrs. Wiswell.

"We can guess at generalities," he said,"but generalizing gets us nowhere. Miss Ripley may refrain from telling us certain things, but let me be the judge as to what matters may be omitted from her account. When did you make the engagement to go motoring?"

"At tea yesterday afternoon," replied the girl.

"With whom did you have tea, and where?"

he persisted.

At Cocoanut Grove. There was no one else with us. But someone overheard us!" she cried. Her gray eyes widened as though suddenly she comprehended things that had puzzled her. "Why, the man that overheard us even knew that I wasn't married! He spoke

to me last night at Bailey's. He threatened Mr. Cassenas there. They quarreled. Why, Doctor Workman, we have the murderer! It must have been he! He said that he had devoted years to finding out things about Mr. Cassenas. He said that last night was the date of payment of Mr. Cassenas's debts. must arrest him at once."

But even as she uttered the words she was faintly conscious of a regret that circumstances manusy conscious of a regret that circumstances necessitated their utterance. Terry might be a man of violence; he might, in self-defense or aroused by anger, kill; but he had not seemed the sort to kill with a cowardly dagger thrust. The knife was not the weapon for a man of Terry's sort. But she dismissed this strange protective feeling toward a man whom she had met only last evening.
"Tell us about him," said Workman.

Hastily she recounted her conversation with Terry, and Terry's talk with Cassenas. "Don't

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you see," she ended, "exactly, what happened? After I escaped from Mr. Cassenas, he kept his appointment with Terry and was killed!"
"Before we leap to grave conclusions it is well to examine the ground," said Doctor Workman.
"You hear Cassenas threatened. You find an apparent motive for his murder in Terry's hatred. Exactly as Wolters finds an explanation of Cassenas's death in your midnight engagement with him. Exactly as others, perhaps, will find solution of the mystery in General Gary's quarrel with Cassenas last night aboard the West Wind. The first point with us, Miss Ripley, is to prove your innocence.

"But isn't the proof of someone else's guilt the surest proof of my innocence?" retorted the girl. Again that instinctive protectiveness toward Terry made her wish that there was another way to establish her blamelessness.

another way to establish her blamelessness.
"In the twenty-seventh chapter of the first book of Samuel it is written that Achish said to David, "Whither have you made a road today?" Now David had a ready answer for Achish, but I am no prophet, Miss Ripley. I am simply a humble worker in the vineyard of the Lord. You ask me what road I shall travel and I do not know. Perhaps, in proving your innocence, I may stumble along the road of another's guilt. Possibly in traveling the path of another's guilt I shall come upon proof of your innocence. Give me time. Also, give me your innocence. Give me time. Also, give me information. You talked with Cassenas in the presence of Terry, you tell us. Did you have any other talk with him before your appoint-

"Outside the ladies' dressing-room at Bailey's I told him that I had heard he was giving a party to announce his engagement to Gladys Gary. We quarreled; he asked for another hour of trust in him. I did not grant that request in words, but I think my attitude gave it."
"You did not go to the party on the house-

boat?" asked Doctor Workmau. She shook her head. "I was not asked. I left him at Bailey's and took a chair to the hotel. Shortly before one I took another chair and rode north to his place on the Lake Trail. I dismissed my chair man at the entrance of Seminole Lodge and walked the few yards to the patio. There seemed to be no one in the the patio. There seemed to be no one in the house, although it was illuminated. After a moment or two I became nervous at the loneliness. I rang a bell, but no one answered. The wind in the palms frightened me. I thought every moment that I heard stealthy steps. I looked at my watch and found that it was a quarter past one. I started to leave, and as I did so Mr. Cassenas entered the patio." She stopped short, color streaming over her cheeks and throat. "Must I tell what happened?"

"A moment ago you said that you had escaped from Cassenas. I think that this is something that we can well imagine," said the minister. "What was his manner? I mean, saide from his attitude toward you? Did he seem frightened, as though impressed with the

seem frightened, as though impressed with the threats of Terry or fear of General Gary?"

"I know nothing about his differences with the General," she replied. "As to Terry—I can't tell about that, either. The man was drunk, beastly drunk. That is all I can tell you about him, except that from the first moment of his entrance I have that I was in the same I. his entrance I knew that I was in danger. He was violent at once. I managed to get away, into the palms about the house. I hid there for half an hour. He was not merely intoxicated; he was insane."

Doctor Workman's blue eyes were eager. "Tell us the things he said that sounded insane.
Oh, not his profanity or the threats I assume he
made, but the incoherencies that were not
merely drunken."

She shook her head. "I can't think of them She shook her head. "I can't think of them now. I was too frightened, too fearful that he would find me." She passed a hand across her forehead. "Yes, I do remember one thing. He said several times, 'I will marry!' "Did you interpret that to mean that he would marry you?" asked the minister. "No," she answered. "That was after he



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seemed to have given up his pursuit of me. He had returned to the patio and was seated, as nearly as I could tell, upon one of the long wicker chairs there. It sounded as though he were replying to someone who was telling him that he couldn't marry. At least that's how it seems to me now as I think it over. But I'm certain that there was no one with him. I was certain at the time. That's why it seemed

"But it might have been the speech of a drunken man," suggested Doctor Workman. "It might," she admitted. "But I don't believe so. The man was mad."

Workman's head, sunk between his two great lumpy shoulders, inclined in assent.
"And you returned home?" he asked. "When it seemed that he had forgotten all about me-when his incoherencies had become

mere mutterings, I ventured flight. I reached the Lake Trail, after forcing my way through a "Did you have to break your way through the hedge?" interrupted Workman suddenly. "Yes," she replied surprisedly. "Wby?"

"There may be a mark there to prove your story," he told her. "Can you tell me where you went through the hedge?"

"I was too excited—yes, I can! When I broke through to the Trail I turned to the left and ran blindly along it. But I remember that I didn't pass the entrance to Seminole Lodge. And that proves that I must have emerged from his grounds at a point south of the entrance. For I went directly to the hotel, which is south."

"Good girl," said Workman. "You have brains. You must have, to be able, after such

an experience, to tell anything definite. Was your dress torn?"
"He tore it," she whispered.

"By the hedge, I mean," said Workman.
"I don't know," she replied.
"I ot was see the dress "he demanded."

"Let me see the dress," he demanded.

From the trunk which she had been packing she took the pink muslin gown which she had worn last night. It was crushed and torn. The Reverend Workman took one swift look at it. He leaped to his feet.

"Where are you going?" asked Helen. He smiled assuringly. "I'm going to look at He smiled assuringly. "I'm going to look at the hedge and investigate other matters. But

don't you be afraid. No one will harm you.'
"Indeed they won't," said Mrs. Wisw
She put her arms around the girl. said Mrs. Wiswell.

Workman seemed to forget them; he had learned all that he could learn at present. Without a word of farewell he bruskly left the

Mrs. Wiswell walked abruptly to the mirror. "Where's your lip-stick and powder?" she asked. "My hat will cover my hair, if I arrange it carefully, but the cherubic lips need touching up. And the creamy cheeks need a dash of color."

She suited the deed to the word and began

making up her good-humored countenance.

Over her shoulder she addressed the girl.

"Get the prettiest frock you own out of that
trunk," she ordered. "If you ever looked lovely in your life, this morning is one time when you want to break your record. The sunlight on the beach is trying enough, but it's nothing to the eyes of the women.

Helen stared at her in amazement. "What

do you mean?"
"I speak plain American, my dear," said
Mrs. Wiswell. "You and I are going down
to the beach. There'll be a thousand people to the beach. There it be a thousand people there, all of them buzzing with gossip. The way to meet gossip, my child, is to look it in the eye. It's a cowardly thing, gossip, that does not care to expose its face. You and I will look not care to expose its face. You and I will look at it so contemptuously that in very shame it will run away and hide.

"But I couldn't; I'm going to leave Palm Beach on the first train," cried Helen. "And justify gossip's charge that you were Cassenas's mistress?" asked Mrs. Wiswell.

'What do I care what gossip says?" cried Helen.

"You care a great deal," retorted Mrs.

Wiswell. "Some day you will marry. And you are ambitious; you want to succeed in the profession you have chosen, don't you? Well, the people down here come from all parts of the Wherever you go you'll encounter some of them. Unless you are cleared of any hint of wrong-doing, your career will be nipped in the bud. Further, the newspapers all over the country, and in Europe too, will raise a hue and cry. Gene Cassenas was too well known for the papers to miss playing up his murder. And another thing—the police, my child, are not going to permit you to leave Palm Beach until Cassenas's murderer is definitely known, or all hope of discovering the criminal has been abandoned."

The girl's gray eyes widened. "But I thought that Doctor Workman—"

Mrs. Wiswell interrupted her. "He isn't a miracle worker! I know that you had nothing to do with Gene Cassenas's death, and Doctor Workman believes this. But it must be proved. Surely you understand that."
Helen had risen from her chair; she dropped

wearily into it again.

"Then I must stay here? Face them all? But I can't!"

Mrs. Wiswell smiled at her. "You can and will, my dear. But you are going to be spared a great deal of annoyance. People will hesitate to be rude to the house guest of Mrs. Wellington Wiswell."

"What do you mean?" The girl's lips

"I mean that your things are to be sent at once to my villa. I mean that you and I are going to take a wheel-chair from this hotel to the Breakers Beach, and that we're going to sit in my chair from twelve until one. After that,

"I think," said Helen, "that you are the nicest person in the world."

"I'm quite sure of that," laughed Mrs.
"Signal" "And now let's have some office. Wiswell. "And now let's have some coffee. I bolted breakfast, and I'm positive that you've

had nothing.

She walked to the telephone, called up the room service and ordered coffee. Then, wav-ing aside the traveling dress which Helen had planned to wear, she selected a white flannel sport suit with a snugly fitting white cloche and shoes and stockings to match. These, after the coffee had been served and drunk, she made the reluctant girl put on. Then maids were summoned, who carefully packed trunks and bags, and porters took the baggage away, strickly enjoined not to delay in the delivery of the articles at Mrs. Wiswell's villa on the ocean front. And then, encouraging the girl with word and smile, Mrs. Wiswell led her from the

At first sight of the curious hotel guests who thronged the corridors, Helen would have retreated but for Mrs. Wiswell's reassuring clasp. The girl nerved herself to the ordeal. She looked at her protectress. That lady was staring down the eyes of the curious; her calm insolence of manner stilled most of whispers.

At the office desk the matron stopped. Calmly she asked for Miss Ripley's bill. It was

not ready.

"No hurry," said Mrs. Wiswell lightly.
"You may send it to her in my care. Miss
Ripley is to be my house guest during the
remainder of her stay in Palm Beach."

She made the statement in a voice much louder than was necessary to convey information to the clerk. Helen knew that her patroness was speaking for the benefit of the loungers in the lobby. Gratitude filled her heart. She was sophisticated enough to know that Mrs. Wellington Wiswell was the most powerful woman, speaking from a social stand-point, in Palm Beach. That her power was more than social was proved by the fact that as they emerged from the hotel to the veranda, a man blocked their way with the statement that he represented the sheriff's office.

"You may see Miss Ripley this afternoon at my home," Mrs. Wiswell told him. "I will be responsible for her in the meantime." "Just a formality, Mrs. Wiswell," said the man pleasantly. "I'd like to talk to the young Any time today.

The matron nodded and proceeded down the veranda. Helen whispered to her.

When my head is clearer I'll be able to ank you," she said.
"Don't bother about that now," replied Mrs. thank you,"

Wiswell. "The third degree that I've just saved you from is nothing to what you'll face in a moment on the beach. Clear your head for

At the foot of the flight of steps they stepped into a wheel-chair. Curious folk ordered other chairs, and followed them. Those new arrivals who did not know Mrs. Wiswell by sight had heard of her. On any morning she would have been an attraction. Women would have nudged each other and said, "Mrs. Wiswell; the Mrs. Wiswell; New York and Paris." many would have followed her. Today, accom-panied by a girl who already had been linked with the murder of Cassenas, she was a magnet.
As they passed along the hotel golf course,
players paused to stare. For Wolters had players paused to stare. For worters had talked; attaches of the hotel had repeated his important sounding speech. Like wild-fire rumors had spread. The Ripley girl was not a married woman; she had been with Cassenas early this morning. What on earth was Mrs. Wellington Wiswell doing? Why did she take under her wing a woman involved in scandal and perhaps in criminal tragedy?

The thousand minds that put the questions seemed to vibrate against the brain of Helen Ripley; she seemed to hear the question as though it were put to her in words. She turned to Mrs. Wiswell.

"Why are you doing this for me?" she asked. Mrs. Wiswell smiled. "One reason is because I liked you at sight; another is that I believe in fair play; a third is that I've often wondered at my own position. The newspapers tell me that I can do anything in the world and, as they say get away with it. I have an inordinate curiosity. I want to know just how strong I Will the thousand toadies on the beach still kiss my hands when they see you with me?
Will the climbing snobs that infest this community dare treat you, accompanied by me, as they would treat you if you were alone? Well, we shall see.

She laughed gaily as the wheel-chair stopped before the Casino. And Helen, bewildered, tired, and still frightened despite Workman's enlistment in her behalf, did not know that enlistment in her benan, did not know that Mrs. Wiswell's mirth was due not merely to that good lady's wish to impress the pleasure buyers and their satellites, but also to her desire to show her confidence in Helen to the man who had followed them from the Lanthia. For the man from the sheriff's office had had companions and, despite his courtesy, he was not to be ruled by a word from Mrs. Wiswell, important though that lady might be.

#### CHAPTER VIII

THE canopied chairs reserved for Mrs. Wiswell were at the end of the bathing beach farthest removed from the Casino. Strangers to Palm Beach were apt to think that strangers to raim beach were apt to think that the choicer chairs were placed directly in front of the Casino, but these were vulgarians who did not know that it is possible to be exclusive even when the brine is dripping from one's hair, when one's stockings have parted from their supporters, when one's make-up has been obliterated by the surf and when one can hardly be told from one's maid. And if one, emerging from the waves, advances directly up the beach and drops into, or in front of, a chair by the Casino, one may be one's maid. On the other hand, if one walks drippingly down the beach away from the buildings, no such ghastly error will be made by those learned in the right in the right in the right was the control of the contr learned in the niceties.

"Get away from the crowd," is the first commandment of society. The second commandment reads, "But not too far."

Careers in society have been achieved by

persons who possessed nothing save a rare

judment of distances, who knew exactly how close one could approach to the common herd without being rendered déclassé, and how far from the common herd one could go and yet not fail to be observed by the plebeians whose worship is the only basis of society. For a politician deprived of his constituents is no longer a politician, and society would not exist save for the audience that insists on calling it society.

To Helen, the march to the beach chairs was like running the gantlet. It was only a matter of a hundred yards along the boardwalk and a rod or two more on the beach. But it was the bathing hour and all of Palm Beach had conaid the young wn the ble to d Mrs. e just

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bathing hour and all of Palm Beach had congregated on the sands. Even those who pre-ferred swimming in the private pool owned by the Everglades Club or who bathed on their own strips of beach, came down here after the bath to watch the crowd. For the leaders of fashion watched humbler humanity as eagerly as the latter watched them. How could fashion know that it was being enviously observed unless it sneaked a searching glance toward the audience?

A student of social customs might be amused at the eager comments of the tourists. Always the fashionable were referred to by their first the fashionable were referred to by their first names, or diminutives, if the happy outsider knew these nicknames. One acquired a certain distinction in the eyes of one's fellow vulgarian if one were able to state that Dickie So-and-So, whose first wife was now Mrs. Frankie Such-and-Such, seemed to be paying devoted court to Mrs. Johnnie This-and-That. Pitiful indeed the eager interest of the onlookers. But not one-half so pitiful, to our student, as the actions of Mrs. Johnnie or Mr. Dickie. For if by any chance Mrs. Johnnie or Mr. Dickie felt that the vulgar were not accord-Dickie. For it by any chance Mrs. Johnme or Mr. Dickie felt that the vulgar were not according them their proper need of interest, Mrs. Johnnie and Mr. Dickie paraded self-consciously along the beach, laughing gaily at each other's bon mots, greeting with bubbling cordiality members of their own exclusive circle, uttering each other's names loudly enough for hoi polloi to overhear. Harder than any business man toiling at his office, the pleasure buyers work at their play. They have their schedule, and faithfully do they observe it. To be at the right place at the right time and with the right people! To pretend unconsciousness of the eyes upon them, these press-made fashionables, and yet to speak or act in such a way that those eyes will not wander! To seek amusement always, yet to be unable to laugh without the stimulus of a cocktail! To be so incredibly stupid that they profess to like each other! And yet, here and there among them, are ladies and gentlemen, as rare in the circles of fashion as they are elsewhere. Mr. Dickie felt that the vulgar were not accord-

These latter understood at once what Mrs. Wiswell was doing; owning those instincts of Wiswell was doing; owning those instincts of kindliness and generosity which mean gentility, they could comprehend the charity that prompted Mrs. Wiswell. The others, that wast majority which thinks that money and ostentation marks the lady or the gentleman, thought that she was showing off. Actually, Mrs. Wiswell was partly guilty of this charge; but before the curious wish to test her own position which she had confessed to Helen had entered her mind, she had become the younger woman's champion.

entered her mind, she had become the younger woman's champion.

The interminable walk to the chairs ended at last. Helen, sinking into one of them, was grateful for the slight shelter of its top. At least she was secure from the observation of those in the row of chairs upon the boardwalk behind her. But the approach of one of the many photographers upon the beach made her realize that the ordeal which she had just underrone was nothing as compared with what undergone was nothing as compared with what was to come

But Mrs. Wiswell intervened. She beckoned But Mrs. Wiswell intervened. She beckenied the photographer to come closer. She addressed him by name. "Anderson, come back in ten minutes," she said.

The photographer smiled deprecatingly. "What harm will a photograph do, Mrs. Wiswell?" he asked.



#### If interested in school information see pages 5 and 6.

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charges being considered in each individual case.

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"I'm too old a bird to be fooled by you, Anderson," retorted Mrs. Wiswell. "There will be no photographs taken of Miss Ripley alone today. Do you understand?"

The gray-haired photographer smiled again.

From Southampton to Newport, to Bar Harbor, to Lenox, to Tuxedo, to the Hot Springs and to Florida he followed the pleasure buyers. For years he had been sending to the newspapers pictures of the fashionables. He new them all by name; everybody liked him He advertised them. Why not? He could Why not? He advertised them. He could have told off-hand the exact social rating of anybody on the beach who had any rating at all. Through long years he had watched the climbers; he could foretell accurately whether or not a climber would eventually succeed, and the exact measure of success that would be attained.

"I certainly do understand, Mrs. Wiswell," he said. "What's more, I think you'll get away with it. But can it be done in ten minutes?"

"If it can't." replied Mrs. promise you that Miss Ripley will pose alone for you as many times as you wish."

The photographer bowed and walked away. Mrs. Wiswell looked at Helen.

"One difficulty overcome," she said

"I don't know what you mean," said Helen. "Anderson is what one might call the dean of newspaper photographers down here," said Mrs. Wiswell. "He represents a syndicate that supplies photographs to the leading newspapers of the country. The other photographers respect him and are advised by him. People will pose for Anderson when they would refuse another camera man. That is because Anderson is scrupulously honest. He That is to say, when never steals pictures. Anderson photographs one, he gives fair warning, asks permission. He doesn't wait until The other photogone is in an awkward pose. raphers will do, in this present affair, what he tells them to do. He understood what I meant when I said that you would not be photographed alone. He realizes that I intend you to be snapped in a group with the most prominent people at Palm Beach. That, my dear, will have its effect upon editors of newspapers. If I and other people pose with you the same time that stories connecting you with Gene Cassenas's death are coming the telegraph wires, the editors will feel that your connection is an accidental one. It sounds like a little thing, but you have many years ahead of you, and the less scandalous notoriety you achieve now the happier those years will be." She chuckled. "I win, my dear! Here comes the advance guard!"

between the Threading her delicate way groups on the beach came a tall dark woman; a white shade hat protected her remarkable make-up from the sun; she wore a long white clinging dress which admirably showed off her figure. At a distance she passed readily for thirty; it was only when she came near that one saw that she was really twice her apparent age.

"The Countess Dumoulin," whispered Mrs. Wiswell. She chuckled again. "Note her She isn't quite certain; she almost wishes she hadn't started. But she's taking a long chance. The most assiduous climber on the continent. A clever one, too. She sees her chance to ingratiate herself with me. But I'm becoming a cynic; perhaps it is merely the goodness of her heart. Good morning, goodness of her heart. Good m. Countess," she greeted the new arrival.

The Countess smiled faintly, careful to reserve the make-up so richly plastered upon er face. She sank down upon the sand. Mrs. Wiswell presented her protégée. The Countess

acknowledged the introduction cordially.

"Miss Ripley is visiting me," said Mrs. Wiswell. "She is an architect and will do some work for me while she is here. She knew Gene Cassenas very well," she added daringly.

The Countess laughed. "So one hears. I think that you are quite the nicest woman in Palm Beach, Mrs. Wiswell. I have always thought so, but occasion has never before arisen for me to tell you so.

"Thank you, my dear Countess," said Mrs. iswell. "Frenel is to visit me next week. Wiswell. She is tired and I cannot ask her to give a recital. But I am asking a dozen people to dine with me and hear her sing informally.
Will you come?"

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"With great pleasure," said the Countess.
"It will be a rare privilege. Who else is

coming?

"The next eleven people who come to us on the beach," replied Mrs. Wiswell grimly. For the first time in many years the Countess endangered her make-up by a genuine laugh. "No wonder, Mrs. Wiswell, you are what you are, the undisputed leader of society. I see some fellow guests arriving."

For a brief moment the Wiswell throne had

tottered. It could not have fallen, for it was placed upon too firm a foundation. But people on the beach had almost come to the conclusion that if the monarch were not in danger, at least the form of government would have to be changed. But the flurry was over; the queen would have a few new members in her cabinet, but that was all.

The Countess Dumoulin was known as one who would do nothing to endanger her hard won position; wearer of a great name, the Countess had somehow failed to achieve the upper heights. She had not money enough to buy her way. So every step she took was care-fully planned. Today she had acted on impulse, an impulse as kindly as that of Mrs. Wiswell. She was to reap a reward that not all her toadying had ever won for her. But the people on the beach did not credit her with kindliness; they really thought her uncannily shrewd and so decided to follow her lead. If the Countess dared to back up Mrs. Wiswell, then Mrs. Wiswell needed no backing, but was amply able to carry through the thing that she had undertaken to do. The Countess was too easoned a campaigner to take a chance.

Hardly half a dozen hours after the dis-covery of Gene Cassenas's murdered body, his erstwhile intimates surrounded, flatteringly young woman whose name was linked with his in scandal and who, it was loudly whispered, might have discreditable knowledge of the

manner of his passing.

When finally Helen and Mrs. Wiswell left the beach, the girl was practically assured that she would have more architectural commissions than she could execute, and had been compelled to refuse many invitations because they have conflicted with others already accepted.

"You are the most amazing person in the world," she told Mrs. Wiswell as they rode away in a chair to Mrs. Wiswell's villa.
"I'm uncanny at times, I'll admit," laughed her hostess. "I should have been born in England where women may enter politics. I have a flair for the spectacular. My dear, half the women in Palm Beach are envious because they didn't think of sponsoring you. You are a sensation. Excitement hovers around you. We are a childlike lot, who play the social game. The excitement you cause would be worth any possible unpleasantness. Not, my dear, that there will be any unpleasantness, beyond newspaper mention. You may rely on Holy Tad Workman to attend to that. But the other women, who now are jealous, were afraid, or would have been, had they thought of befriending you. They have not learned the secret of social leadership, which is to be afraid of nothing and nobody, the same thing which is the secret of success in love or war or anything else." thing else.

"How hard you try," said Helen, "to make believe that whatever you do is done for sport.

Mrs. Wiswell flashed a glance at the girl. "That is quite the nicest thing that has been said to me in many a long day." She lapsed into silence, and Helen refrained from breaking

in upon her mood.

For herself, the girl was grateful for silence. The strain of the cross-examination by Wolters and Workman had been enough to exhaust her. And the proceedings upon the beach had been even more trying. To play at unconcern, to exchange light talk, to make a pretense at laughter at idle quips, would have been a tax upon her at any time. She was by nature of the reserved type that likes to look on rather than be a part of the spectacle. This morning, shocked and horrified by Cassenas's actions of last night and the news of his later death, and taggidgered and frightened by the supplications. last night and the news of his later death, and bewildered and frightened by the suspicions that lay thick about her, the task of playing a part had been almost unendurable. Only a great courage and the support of Mrs. Wiswell had enabled her to come through the trial without breaking down.

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They were away from the Casino throng now, had passed the hotel cottages and were proceeding north along the ocean drive. The dancing waves, the bright sun, the gleaming sand and the green of the tropical vegetation seemed to exert an almost hypnotic effect upon her. She lapsed into that pleasant mental state which is half-way between wakefulness and sleep, so that she was hardly aware that the chair had turned in a path leading to a Spanish house until the front wheels grated upon the gravel as the man-propelled vehicle stopped. Then her eyes focused, and the present that for Inen her eyes locused, and the present that for the moment had been the misty past came suddenly back to her. Her hostess spoke firmly as they stepped out of the chair. "Now, Helen—I may call you that, mayn't I?—you are going to bed. Your luncheon is to

be served to you there, and you are going to stay there until tomorrow morning."
The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Sometime

I hope to be able to express my gratitude. But I can't now.

"If, when you are the most famous architect in the world, you will lend me social prestige by visiting me, we will call the account square," laughed Mrs. Wiswell.

"I'm afraid that when I have prestige to lend I will be another person," said Helen clumsily. "You never can tell," rejoined Mrs. Wiswell.

"Now, bed!"
"But that man from the sheriff's office,"
objected Helen.
"I will tell him when he comes that you are

in no condition to receive anybody. My dear, you are more tired than you know. I shall not have you annoyed until you are strong enough to endure annoyance. Please leave it all to me.

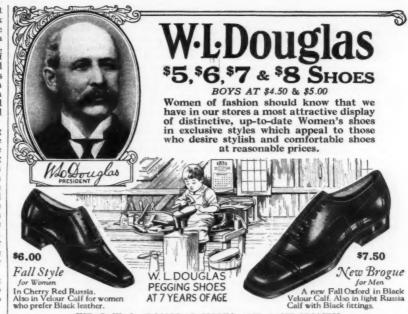
She led Helen through an open court or patio in which grew stately royal palms that looked, for one-half of their journey into the air, like columns of cement, into a wing of the house. Helen stepped directly from a sort of veranda that ran around the patio into a bedroom. In a corner of the room stood her trunk, unlocked and open. Her toilet articles had been removed from her bag and were upon a dressing-table. The door of a closet was ajar and revealed the contents of her suitcase nanging inside. She walked across the room to another French window similar to the one through which she had entered. Lawn stretched away for a dozen yards, broken pleasantly by orange trees and beds of flowers, to end in a tangle of banyans. The house stood on a rise of ground, and she could see shimmer-ing in the distance the placid waters of Lake Worth. From the other direction she could hear the dull soothing boom of the surf. She turned to her hostess.

"I am so tired," she admitted.

Yet as she sank into exhausted slumber, her mind was less concerned with what had hap-pened to Cassenas than with what might hap-pen to Terry. This argued a callous heart; or, on the other hand, it argued a tender heart. She did not know which; she knew that she was ashamed of herself, unaware that we are not responsible for what creeps into our minds. It is how we welcome unworthy thoughts that fixes our morality.

#### CHAPTER IX

A HUNDRED yards south of the entrance to Seminole Lodge the Reverend Workman paused. He had never been in this vicinity before, but the group of whispering idlers ahead



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of him and the presence of a uniformed policeman told him accurately that the neatly trimmed hedge at his right hand must mark the beginof the grounds surrounding Seminole

Lodge.

According to Helen Ripley's story she had broken through this hedge last night at a point somewhere between where Workman stood and the buzzing group ahead of him. He surveyed the green wall earnestly. It was formed of closely clipped Australian pine whose long needles moved gently in the breeze from the lake. About four feet high, it was obvious that no woman encumbered by skirts could have jumped it. And the trunks of the clipped trees were set so closely together that it was incredible that one dressed in flimsy garments could have passed through it without tearing her garments; especially would this be true of who essayed the passage late at night, pursued by fear.

The Reverend Workman's lips moved audibly. "All men are liars, saith the psalmist, but Miss Ripley is a woman. And in Proverbs we learn that a foolish woman is clamorous. This quiet girl is not foolish, and only the foolish lie. Therefore she had told the truth about her adventure last night, and it is for me to find evidence of her truth."

The merriment was gone from his blue eyes and the upward twist had departed from the corners of his wide mouth. The broad nostrils of his big bony nose seemed to flare as might the nostrils of a hound on the scent. His quick glance took in the topography of the Cassenas For several hundred yards it fronted the lake; it ran east, he knew, to the ocean boulevard. On either side, north and south of the landscaped grounds, was jungle, and right here the minister could see writhing banyans and spreading mangroves. The sandy soil from which they sprang seemed, with its from which they sprang seemed, with its sprawling undergrowth, to be a fitting haunt for the rattler. Workman frowned sympathetically as he thought of the girl's flight. Not merely human terror, but the stealthy terror of the jungle must have stalked her flying heels

"'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' So the Lord told us, and yet I seem to find less evil in the death of Cassenas than in his living." He shrugged his lumpy shoulders. Suddenly he seemed to dismiss any personal feeling; a mantel of impersonality seemed to clothe him as visibly as the flapping black frock coat

which he wore.

He drew close to the hedge and began a slow advance toward the entrance to Seminole Once he paused, but it was merely a bit of newspaper tossed by some careless picnickers that gleamed whitely against the green of the long pine needles. But ten yards farther along it was no bit of white that arrested his gaze; it was a bit of pink muslin caught on a broken twig. The springy trunks had come together, but this bit of flimsy cloth corroborated the girl's story. Moreover in the soft earth were several distinct prints of the heel of a slipper. Workman bent over; his ingers were upon the bit of cloth; then he relaxed his grip. He straightened up and walked rapidly toward the entrance of Seminole

The group of loungers looked at him curi-Doubtless he was a clergyman sumously. moned to offer spiritual consolation, to form the last rites of the church. The police-man guarding the gate evidently agreed with the opinion of the idlers; he saluted respectfully and offered no objection to the revivalist's Into the grounds to the patio entrance.

walked Workman.

A businesslike man, alert of countenance, looked up at the sound of Workman's shoes upon the brick walk. Engaged in the examina tion of a mass of papers, which he had brought from the house into the better light of the patio, he frowned at the intrusion. Then he recognized Workman. He leaped to his feet. He held out his hand.

"My name's Quintard," he announced.
"Attached to the District Attorney's office.

Trying to make life a little less cheerful for the bootleggers, but assigned this morning to this You're Doctor Workman, aren't you? The house dick at the Lanthia told me that you were representing Miss Ripley on behalf of Mrs. Wiswell. Glad to meet you. I saw Miss Ripley and Mrs. Wiswell a little while ago. Wiswell said that I could interview the girl this afternoon. Just sort of brushed me aside." He laughed heartily. He scratched his sandy-haired head. "Mrs. Wiswell cerhis sandy-haired head. "Mrs. Wiswell cer-tainly takes the cake. I'll bet a hat she thinks that I was plumb scared to death of her. She gets away with anything in this man's town, but the reason she does it is that everybody is crazy about her. Bless her heart, she's done more nice things down here in Palm Beach than you could stick in a book. And it doesn't matter a hoot when I talk to the girl.

"Glad you feel that way," said Workman. "If you don't believe the girl did it-

"Good Lord, it takes strength to drive a knife through a man's body. Of course she may have been half crazy—a frightened woman might have been able-

"She was frightened all right," said Work-

Quintard's green eyes flickered. His sharp nose went upward. If Workman suggested a great good-humored hound whose mother had been indiscreet with a bulldog, the other man suggested an alert fox-terrier.
"What do you mean?" asked Quintard.

"You aren't here to spring a confession, are

Workman shook his head. "I am here to investigate the murder. Miss Ripley is absolutely innocent. I hope to convince you. And as the first step in convincing you, I wish you to walk down the trail with me.

Quintard reached for a vase that stood upon a wicker table. In it was a single long-stemmed rose that yesterday had doubtless been brilliant and fragrant. But the water in which it stood had not been changed; the morning sun had beaten down mercilessly upon it; it made Workman, not given to poetry, think of the man who yesterday had owned this establishment, had probably caused the rose to be placed in the vase.

Quintard placed the vase on top of the papers

which he had been reading.

"Certainly," he replied.
But instead of going down the trail, Workman crossed the lawn, which was studded with royal and coconut palms, with hibiscus and poinsettia bushes and with beds of flowers, diagonally toward the hedge. His eye picked out the piece of pink muslin. Six feet from the hedge he stopped. He pointed at a depression in the rich black soil.

"Mr. Quintard, what made that mark?" he

asked.

Quintard promptly dropped upon his knees, bringing his face close to the mark. He straightened up after a moment and looked inquisitively at the revivalist. "A woman's heel print," he stated. "Too narrow and deep for a man's shoe, and too wide and not deep enough for the mark of a stick or cane. "See that bit of cloth stuck on a broken twig?" Workman pointed

twig?" Workman pointed.

Quintard reached for it. "All right to remove it?" Workman nodded assent. The other The other man carefully picked from the hedge the bit of muslin torn from Helen Ripley's gown. He looked again at Workman. "Tell me your little story," he grinned.

Those who knew Holy Tad Workman only

as a long-winded exhorter would have been surprised at the terse sentences in which he repeated to Quintard the tale told him earlier

today by Helen Ripley

"Giving away the defense to an officer of the prosecution, aren't you?" said Quintard at the end of Workman's brief recital.

Reverend Workman nodded gravely. I left Miss Ripley over an hour ago. has taken me ninety minutes to reach this Why do you suppose it took me so

"Looking up other facts that would substantiate her story?" suggested Quintard.

"In the days before the Lord called me, that would have been true. But this is my first detective work since I doffed the livery of the police and donned His livery. No, my dear young man; I have been praying for guidance. The Lord has told me that even in such a matter as this, where a human life may depend upon my ability to revive my former skill at investigation and deduction, I must not be guilty of chicanery or deceit. My cards will always be upon the table. You, representing always be upon the table. Four representing the law, want the murderer, not a victin. Therefore I have told you Miss Ripley's story and have offered evidence in support of it." "Still," said Quintard doubtfully, "she was half mad, and a woman in that condition might

have been able to drive a knife-

"If she is guilty I would not protect her. Let us find, my dear young man, the guilty

"Are you offering to help the State?" demanded Quintard.

"I am," replied Workman.
"You've accepted a job," said Quintard.
"Let's go back to the house."

In a purse he carefully placed the bit of muslin. "Exhibit A," he laughed as he led the way back to the patio.

Sitting down in a wicker chair where he had been when Workman entered, he motioned the minister into another chair. He reached for

the papers underneath the vase.

These are all of Cassenas's personal correspondence that I've been able to find as yet. His butler Kildare, who's also been a sort of secretary, gave them to me. He told me that his master destroyed all private correspondence except an occasional letter that he overlooked Business correspondence Cassenas always placed in a vault at the bank, either here or in New York or Paris or London, wherever he happened to be. Nice chap, Kildare; used to be quite a welter-weight. Now, there's not a thing in any of these letters that amount to anything. Just invitations to tea and that anything. Suppose I go over to the bank and have his box there opened. I might find something in his papers that has a bearing on his death. And this Terry that Miss Ripley mentioned to you—I might have a little talk with him."

The Reverend Tad frowned. "Suppose you leave him to me, Mr. Quintard. I rather think I may be able to handle him a little better."

Quintard's face showed no resentment. "I've heard all about you, Doctor Workman. Wolters, at the Lanthia, tipped me off to you. I'm proud to be associated with you, and I'm under your orders—to a certain point. But after all, you're retained by Mrs. Wiswell to protect Miss Ripley. So if you don't mind, while I'll be glad to turn over command to you. while I'll be glad to turn over command to you, I'll keep a sort of friendly eye on the young lady; I'll just see that Terry and his friends don't leave town, and I'll let a man linger around General Gary's house. Just linger, you

Workman smiled. "As you like, Mr.

Quintard."

"Then that's that," said the other. "But if I finish the bank job in a hurry—what then?"
"Look me up; there'll be plenty to do," said
Workman. "Where's the body?"

The coroner ordered it removed as soon as he'd seen it. It's upstairs. We've telegraphed relatives of Cassenas and there ought to be some word as to interment in an hour or so

Want to see it?"
"By and by," replied Workman. "Just now I'd like to look around the grounds and through

the house." "Just as you say," said Quintard. "Ill get busy on the bank end and I'll tip everybody

off to give you a free hand."
"Much obliged," said Workman.
He walked as far as the gate in the hedge with the representative of the District Attorney's office. He asked then the direction in which Cassenas's body had been found. Quintard pointed to the north. The Reverend

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e hedge District irection found. everend Workman changed his mind about examining

Workman changed his mind about examining the Cassenas grounds and house first. A wheel-chair man who had just deposited a curious couple opposite the gate was engaged by the minister. He gingerly deposited his great bulk on the cushioned seat and ordered the boy to wheel him north.

In ten minutes he arrived at a place on the trail which was quickly identified as the scene of the murder. For another uniformed officer was stationed there, keeping the curious moving in order that people whose estates bordered the trail at the scene might not be annoyed by the presence of too many idlers.

Workman alighted from his chair, introduced himself to the policeman, who did not question his authority, and asked to be shown the exact spot where the body had been found. But the police had not been careful, or else sightseers had arrived here before a guard had been placed at the result.

had arrived here before a guard had been placed on the spot. For the ground was trampled by scores of feet; even a row of Spanish bayonet had been rudely broken.

"Souvenir hunters, I guess," said the police-

wan.

Workman nodded. His quick blue eyes took in all the surroundings. "A wheel-chair man found the body, eh?"

"Yes, sir," assented the officer. "A boy employed by an independent wheel-chair concern."

"So I heard."

cem."
"So I heard," said Workman.
He wasted no more time here; there was nothing to be gained from an examination. But he determined to see the chair man who had found the body, at the earliest opportunity. But that opportunity would not arise until he had gone over the Cassenas house.
He returned to Sawingle Ludge and in the

He returned to Seminole Lodge and in the

patio he encountered Kildare.
"I'm Doctor Workman," he announced.

Kildare bowed respectfully. "The officer on guard told me about you, sir."
"I'd like to go through the house," said

Workman.
"Certainly," said Kildare. "I was Mr. Cassenas's butler; name of Kildare," he said.
Workman eyed the flat-faced man. With a jerk of his thumb he indicated his own left ear.
"You took many a wallop there, eh?" His manner and speech had nothing of the sanctimonious about them. "Didn't anyone ever

monious about them. "Didn't anyone ever show you how to block a right swing with your left shoulder?"
"I was champion," stated Kildare. There was resentful rebuke in his voice. "Yes, and you'd have been champion a lot longer if you'd known how to block," said

Workman.

Kildare grinned. "There's two kinds, sir—
the kind that fetch it to the other fellow, and
the kind that has it fetched to them. That
second kind needs to know how to block. But I used to be so busy belting the other guy that

I used to be so busy betting the other guy that I never bothered with what he was doing. Maybe, as you say, I'd have lasted longer, but I done pretty well at that."
"You sure did; after all, you were a champion. Tell me something about Mr. Cassenas."
Kildare immediately stiffened. "He was the best employer a man could hope to have."
"Of course," agreed Workman. "But he was a gay young blade and I suppose he had lots of

a gay young blade and I suppose he had lots of

enemies."
"I never heard of them if he had," declared Kildare. "How would he make enemies, a man that just had a good time?"
Workman laughed. "I'm sure I don't know if you don't," he declared. "Let's go inside." Kildare became obsequious again. "Certainly, sir," he said.

He opened a glass door and ushered the revivalist inside. It was a beautiful room into which Workman stepped. Of noble proportion, its stucco walls were not drab, but were blue and tan. Tapestries hung upon them, and great candelabra supported huge candles, several feet high, that were blue and pink and several feet high, that were blue and pink and orange in coloring. Workman could readily imagine that at night, gently lighted in this primitive fashion, the great room would be entrancing in its beauty.

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But he paid little attention to its beauty. His eyes lighted upon a great fireplace in which were ashes now. He walked directly to it. He turned to Kildare.

'When was the fire?" he asked.

Kildare's pugnacious face showed bewilderment. "You mean in the fireplace?" he asked. "Yes. The last few days have been so very warm that I wondered."

"Mightn't it have been lighted last week?"

suggested Kildare.

Doctor Workman shook his head. "In that case you would have caused fresh logs to be laid there instead of leaving this pile of ashes. Besides, and he stirred the ashes with an iron

poker, "there are still glowing embers there."

Kildare laughed admiringly. "You cer-Kildare laughed admiringly. "You cer-tainly know your business," he exclaimed. "Mr. Cassenas had a fire last night. It was lighted when I came in from the house-boat. He'd been drinking and perhaps he had a nervous chill."

"Of course that might have happened," agreed Workman. "What a dreadful affair it all is! It makes me ill. Could you bring me a glass of water?"

Kildare deferentially hoped that Workman did not feel too badly and hastened from the room. The revivalist bent swiftly over the fireplace. He straightened up and his fingers clutched a scrap of paper, barely an inch long and less than a quarter of an inch wide. a thick glossy paper, official seeming. It bore only two letters—"le."

Workman slipped it in a pocket. Why had Kildare lied? For if Cassenas had lighted the fire, Helen Ripley would have seen its flames and would have mentioned it to Workman this morning. And she had not done so. Although of course the blaze might have been lighted by Cassenas after she had gone. But in that case the fire would have burned out long ago and the embers have been cooled by now. His brows wrinkled, but they smoothed as Kildare returned to the returned to the room.

He drank the glass of water, announced that he felt better and asked permission to see Cassenas's body. Kildare took him to the up-stairs room where the man who yesterday had been a figure in the life of the community here, whose name was nationally known, who was the friend or at least acquaintance of the great

in the capitals of the world, lay dead. That too great beauty had left him; like some poisonous thing whose fascination has been eclipsed by death, he lay in the upstairs room.

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"In the twentieth chapter of Proverbs, in "In the twentieth chapter of Proverbs, in the twenty-ninth verse, it is written that the glory of young men is strength." The Reverend Workman's voice regained that nasal twang which is piety's vocal accompaniment. He turned suddenly to Kildare. "And the strength of this young man has gone forever. Show me the knife which killed him."

"I'll show you a copy of it." said Kildare.

"I'll show you a copy of it," said Kildare ith a queer smile. "The police have the with a queer smile. original."

"What do you mean by copy?" asked Workman. His voice was suddenly divested

of its pious quality.
"Why," said Kildare, "last year Mr.
Cassenas bought half a dozen knives that were all alike. He gave five of them away to people here at Palm Beach. With one of them he was killed."

(To be continued)

Could the frail hand of Helen Ripley have driven home the blow that killed Cassenas? Was it true that he had given away five knives similar to the one which stabbed him? And what was the reason for this bizarre whim? "The Pleasure Buyers" grows more exciting with each succeeding instalment,

## Youth Has Its Fling

(Continued from page 53)

both weeping because of love's tragedy." He felt sentimental and romantic, stirred by old regrets and memories. But this buxom lady opposite only laughed at him.

"I cried my eyes out for a week, languished for a year, and then fell in love with one of Dick's pals from Sandhurst. He was killed in the hunting field. I had many lovers after that. Oh, I was a wanton creature, Frank! You little knew."

"But you never married!" he answered.
"You never married! How was that Betty?"
He hoped to hear that she had been loyal to his memory, though he had forgotten for a time, but she gave him no such flattery.

"I wasn't cut out for marriage. Too fond of hunting and out-door games and the comrade-ship of all nice boys. Besides, God had other ship of all nice boys. Besides, God had other plans for me. I was born to be the 'Aunty' of the soldiers in the great war. It was always, 'Hello, Aunty, and how's the tea today? 'Good-by, Aunty, back soon with a Blighty wound!' I used to send them picture papers and get back postcards from the front trenches—hundreds of them—sending their love to the lady at the coffee stall. That was me. A good reward for a cheery word to men who were going out to die. Men who wanted

who were going out to die. Men who wanted mothering . . . Boys!"

"Good work," said Mr. Easton. "And to think I was out of it all! . . . But now what's happening to England? Is all that forgotten? What's all this I hear about a Labor Govern-ment and Bolshevism and Revolution? What's the meaning of all the beggars cadging in the streets? Has the bottom fallen out of poor old

England?

England?"

"Do you see much sign of revolution in this crowd?" she asked with a smile. "Poor devils! They haven't the spunk to make a row. Trudging about the streets looking for jobs takes the spirit out of men, I can tell you. They're not even bitter—yet! They're wonderfully patient with bad luck."

"Isn't it worse than bad luck?" asked Mr. Faston "With all this wealth in England—"

Easton. "With all this wealth in England-Miss Lavington looked at him with irony.
"All this wealth? Where is it?"

"In the streets, in the shops, in the hotels, everywhere," said Mr. Easton. "Thousands of automobiles. Lots of luxury."

"Yes," said Miss Lavington, "we have our new rich, though even they are feeling the draught, because of murderous taxation. The

middle classes are doing pretty well, and work-ing men in regular jobs. Oh, we're not down and out yet, by a long way."

"Then what's the trouble?" asked Mr. Easton.

Miss Lavington answered cheerfully. "Nothing much. Only a million unemployed and a little breakdown in world trade, and the poor old gentry getting shabby genteel, like the Lavingtons. Our day is done, Frank! Well, we've had our innings and it was good while it lasted, for half a thousand years. I'm

"Tm rich," he said simply. "What's the best way to spend my money in England?"

She was amused by that question. She knew many ways in which he could get rid of his money to good advantage. She could do with a bit herself for this canteen.

"How much do you want?" asked Mr. Easton. He pulled out his pocket book and took out some crinkly notes and pushed them across the deal table.

"A hundred pounds!" said Miss Lavington in a whisper. "The man is made of money!" She put the notes into the bib of her apron,

like a child hiding a splendid secret. "I'd like to cooperate in this work of yours," said Mr. Easton with humility. "I'd like to do something for England now that she's hard pressed. If you would let me join hands with

Sentiment began to well up in his soul again. This meeting with Betty, so friendly, so gracious, after all those years, made him feel less lonely. Perhaps, with a little luck, he would never be lonely again. After all, they were still in the prime of life, both of them, and she had never married. Was it too late to pick up the thread which they had dropped in the hayfield in the springtime of the world?

Miss Lavington seemed to read his thought. Perhaps that expression "join hands with you"

remaps that expression "join hands with you" had been too open and abrupt. A queer little smile softened the corners of her lips.

"You ought to marry a nice gir," she said.
"Prop up one of the old families and save an old house from ruin. That would be a good work for England."

It was strange how she had read his thoughts! All the way from Australia he had been thinking of that idea . . . But was there any nice girl who would love an old fogey like himself? Past fifty! They would think that old, though he felt so young. Far wiser to mate with a woman of his own age. And here was one with whom he could be very happy, his first sweetheart.

first sweetheart.
"Gracious alive!" cried Miss Lavington, interrupting his moment of reverie, and looking towards the door of the canteen. "There's my abominable niece! What in the name of mischief is she doing in London?

She called out in her cheery voice, "Hello, Betty, Betty, my infant!"

A young girl of twenty or so, in a blue frock and a little hat with a blue feather, came across the canteen. Mr. Easton rose from his chair and stared at her as though stricken with amazement. For this was the Betty whose young beauty he had kept in his vision for so many years, his Betty, unchanged by any passing of time, just as he had seen her coming to him through the gardens of Highfield, across the little bridge over the trout stream, while his heart was beating at the sight of her, and all his soul was eager for her kisses . . It was wonderful, and rather terrible.

She held out both hands to Miss Lavington,

not even glancing at Mr. Easton.
"Hello, Aunty! I've come up on a week-end
ticket, just to see the lights o' London. If I
stayed another day at Highfield I should have scranny!

"How's that Die-Hard Daddy of yours?" asked Miss Lavington.

The girl laughed and raised her hands.
"Plunged in gloom because of the political
situation. Thinks Labor is going to complete the ruin of England. Also he has just had his new income tax returns. You can imagine the electricity in our domestic atmosphere!"

"Perfectly!" said Miss Lavington. "And if Labor gets in tonight your father will probably come down to Whitehall and murder some of

the Labor members."

Miss Lavington's niece confessed that she was "frightfully excited."

"Where can we go tonight to hear the elec-tion results? If Labor has the luck to win—"

"You're a traitor to the old traditions! You want Labor to win because you're in love with a long-haired anarchist. If your father gets to know he'll flay you alive. And I wouldn't blame him."

"If you're referring to Stephen Carey," said the girl very calmly, "you've got it all wrong. Aunty. He's not an anarchist, and he doesn't

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' said rong. besn't wear his hair long, and I'm not in love with him in the sort of way you mean. But I want him to get in tonight, for England's sake. He stands for the ex-service men who haven't had a fair deal."

had a fair deal."
"Hark at the younger generation!" said Miss
Lavington scornfully, yet with a look of tenderness in her eyes for this girl who was the
living image of what she had been thirty years
before. Then she remembered the man by her
side, who stood looking at the younger Betty

with a kind of wonderment

side, who stood looking at the younger Betty with a kind of wonderment.

"Betty, my dear, here's an old friend of mine, Mr. Easton—from Australia. He used to be the parson's son at Highfield—before you were born—and we were good comrades."

The younger Betty held out her hand very graciously and said, "How do you do?" She was surprised, and a little embarrassed when Mr. Easton took her hand and raised it to his

was surprised, and a fittle embarrassed when Mr. Easton took her hand and raised it to his lips, and said very gallantly: "All the better for seeing you, my dear, if I may say so. England has not lost her roses."

for seeing you, my dear, if I may say so. England has not lost her roses."

"Now that's a pretty speech!" cried Miss Lavington. She glanced at Mr. Easton with smiling eyes. Perhaps she could read him like a book, and guessed how the younger Betty reminded him of her girlhood, when she had been as fresh as that, as enticing as that. She put her hand on his arm in a comradely way.

"The young men of today have lost the art of flattery, Frank. It's good to hear again. We women like it, don't we, Betty?"

"Not my crowd," said Betty, in the calm, superior way of modern youth. "We prefer truth and sincerity."

"But I spoke the truth!" said Mr. Easton, very earnestly. "You're an English rose, Miss Betty, and to an old exile, like myself, there is no beauty so fragrant."

"Well, that is charming of you," said the girl, blushing slightly and laughing at this strangely old-fashioned gallantry. "But I must take my fragrance elsewhere, as I've heaps to do in London. I suppose you can give me a bed tonight, Aunty?"

"You bet I can," said Miss Lavington. "But what about those election results? You had better join me at dinner and we'll go and have a look at them at a place I know. Mr. Easton

what about those election results? You had better join me at dinner and we'll go and have a look at them at a place I know. Mr. Easton will 'escort' us there, as they used to say in the old days before women went about on their own, whatever the hour of day or night. Will that suit you, Frank?"
"Admirably!" said Mr. Easton with enthusiasm. "I'm tired of evenings alone in

thusiasm. London."

The younger Betty kissed her hand to her aunt and flitted away through the canteen where the tired, shabby men, the "casualties of peace," as Miss Lavington had called them, looked up as she passed, and grinned as though the sight of her had brightened life a moment.

That evening, before going to dinner with Miss Lavington, Mr. Easton was very careful in dressing. Twice he discarded a white tie because he could not evolve a bow to his liking. With anxious eyes he brushed his hair in a way that concealed most effectively the silver threads that betrayed his age. "In the prime of life!" he said more than once, as a kind of comfort to his soul.

After all, he was only thirty years older than Betty, this new Betty who was the reality of the dream with which he had come to London. He had known men of seventy to marry quite young things, though he did not approve of it. It was, in fact, abominable. But nobody could at was, in fact, abominable. But nobody could call him too old for marriage. In the prime of life! If he could win little Betty's heart by patient and loving kindness, he could do good to one fine old family in England, repair its ruin, bring back its old estate.

Miss Lavington—he called her that now in the prime of the life way wind after the programme of the

his own mind after the appearance of the younger Betty—had told him about the poverty of the old house at Highfield. Half the staff of servants had dwindled to an old butler and two maids. There was only one horse left in the stables. The park and gardens were Fre you letting your skin grow old?

T is a true saying that beauty is only skin deep. Therefore keep your skin young and you needn't worry about beauty or the number of your years. Perfect cleanliness through the use of the right soap makes it easy to keep your face as young as you areor even a little younger.

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overgrown with weeds because most of the gardeners had been dismissed. Saddest of all, many of the walls were bare because Dick Lavington had sold his best pictures to pay his father's death duties and his own income tax.

It was Miss Lavington who had encouraged the vague idea in his head, the stir of romance in his heart. She had startled and embarrassed

him by her sudden frankness.

"The best thing you can do, Frank, is to marry that pretty niece of mine and restore the family fortunes

He had protested his age, not with absolute sincerity, but she had pooh-poohed that.
"What about that boy she knows? The long-haired anarchist," you called him. Is 'long-haired anarchist,' you called him. there anything serious between them?"

"Oh, that's all nonsense. Some of my chaff! Stephen Carey was a penniless undergraduate at Oxford when Betty was there last year in a girls' college. He made a hit at the Union in political debates. Now he's standing for the Labor Party in some London slum. I met him once with Betty. An idealist with a sense of humor-I will say that."

"So Betty is fancy free?" Mr. Easton asked. Miss Lavington rubbed the side of her nose

with a comical expression.

"Oh, well, I dare say she's had her little love affairs. Such things happen in spite of comradeship. But she's not pledged, that I know. Go in and win, Frank! You middle-aged men are very attractive, I find, to the girls of today. ey like your old-fashioned ways!"

He was not quite sure that she was not chaffing him. There was a glint of humor in her which rather suggested that. And yet, thinking over her words, now, as he was dress-ing, they seemed reasonable, and comforting. least he could afford to make Betty a rich wife. He could deck her fresh young beauty in all the loveliness of fashion. His mind lingered with delight over the jewels he would give her, the frocks he would lay at her feet. An old man's darling! Well, why not? . . . And not so old, either!

It was a pleasant dinner at Miss Lavington's tiny house in Montpelier Square. Mr. Easton sat opposite the younger Betty, listening to her gay duel of words with Miss Lavington, and looking at her as often as he dared with a strange, troubled but delicious sense of having wiped out those thirty years in Australia— twenty-nine, to be strictly accurate—and come back to England to find Betty Lavington more beautiful, more charming, than he had left her. After dinner he helped her on with her cloak, a dainty thing of white fur, and his whole being thrilled when for a moment he touched her pretty arm. No, he was not so old!

Miss Lavington was peering out of the front door and gave a cry of dismay.

"We shall have to walk! A thick fog, and no taxis going. England in darkness—symbolical of the doom descending on us with a Labor Government.

"Perhaps if Labor gets in there'll be a little more light," said the younger Betty, in a

challenging way.

Miss Lavington took up the challenge.

"You're a naughty Bolshevik! Think of your noble father in an old house with a leaky roof and innumerable ghosts of the old régime watching him at work on his income tax papers!

"Awful thought!" said Betty callously "Little you care for the downfall of England! Your Stephen Careys have engineered a social revolution which will destroy our old gentility

and reduce us all to penury."
"It's happened already," answered Betty lightly. "Let's face up to facts and get on with the next chapter!"

"Easy for you to talk!" said Miss Lavington. "You with your arrogant youth, and love ahead. Not so easy for the old 'uns, used to the ancient ways of life."

Mr. Easton could not understand how a girl like Betty, a daughter of the Lavingtons, patrician to the tips of her pretty fingers, did not shrink with disgust, even with terror, from

the abominable doctrines of the Labor crowd, at least from their vulgarities. He would have to chide her for that, if ever he had the right of any tender authority. He would show her the folly and wickedness of Labor with its selfish Trade Unions and gospel of greed and grab. It was doubtless her girlish ignorance, perhaps her indiscreet friendship with a misguided young democrat, which blinded her to the

menace of these enemies of England.

Miss Lavington led the way into a great hotel somewhere in the world of fog. It was pleasant and wonderful to get into the lighted hall from the outer darkness and to find a crowd of men and women of all ages in evening There was a great floor space of polished dress. boards, and many couples were dancing those strange new dances which Mr. Easton had only seen once or twice in Australia and regarded with disapproval and shocked sensibilities. The band was playing the usual rag-time, in what, to Mr. Easton's ears, was a musical out-At the far end of the dancing floor was a big white screen on which the uncontested election returns had already been marked. Easton saw with a thrill of satisfaction that

the Conservatives were leading, well ahead.
"England is safe!" he thought. "That
God for that!"

Miss Lavington and Betty rejoined him after leaving their cloaks in the ladies' room. Mr. Easton was waiting for them a little nervously, fingering his white tie. He felt old-fashioned among all these people looking so elegant, so like the old crowd he had known in his youth when, as a nervous boy, he had gone on great nights into the social whirl with Oxford friends.

Miss Lavington and Betty were well known. Betty was surrounded at once by the younger crowd of men, who called her by her Christian In a few minutes she was carried off by one of them, and it was with a queer foolish pang of jealousy that Mr. Easton saw her dancing one of those new-fangled dances slightly improper dances as they seemed to him, though he had to admit that Betty and her partner were elegant and graceful. again thirty years were forgotten. That was Betty as he had once taken her to a dance in St. James's Square. She had been in a white frock like that. She had put her arms about him. They had waltzed together, and other men had envied him. How good it would be to have another waltz with her, now, and to feel the touch of those young arms again! . . .

It was Miss Lavington who touched him on the arm, and he turned rather guiltily, with a sense of shame, to the woman who was really that Betty of his, though so changed after all

those years.
"Frank," she said, "I want you to talk to the Countess of Longhurst. She knows Australia. Mr. Easton bowed to a pippin-faced old lady who gave him a little wrinkled hand and said, "It's forty years since I went to Sydney when my man was Governor General."

There were other ladies of the old régime in the room, and a number of peers and generals, with a queer mixture of hatchet-faced business men, and young bloods, as Mr. Easton had called them in the old days, with girls like actresses, and a miscellaneous crowd of whom Mr. Easton could make nothing until the Countess of Longhurst summed them all up as "the New-Rich—the people who have taken our money, you know." When the election results began to come in there was a hush in the room, followed by little

groans, subdued laughter, gasps of astonishment, a few cheers, a buzz of excitement. Mr. Easton could not believe his eyes. After many of the figures two words appeared again and again: "LABOR GAIN." The Conservatives were losing all along the line. Labor gradually winning ahead of the Liberals. Labor was was a Conservative rout.

Mr. Easton was bewildered, dazed, and afraid. This was the beginning of a revolution It was a revolution. The Labor Party, which he had regarded as the root of all evil, was climbing to the top of the poll. He regarded it as the doom of England.

He was astonished at the calm demeanor of this crowd about him. They were interested, even a little excited, perhaps even a little dis mayed; but it seemed to him that, on the whole they did not realize the gravity of it. more amused than dismayed, ironical than angry or afraid. And yet they belonged to the old order who were most menaced, who were actually sentenced to menaced, who were actually sentenced to social death by those dreadful figures on the screen.

The Countess of Longhurst, however, was angry, and Mr. Easton was glad of her anger.

angry, and Mil. Easton was gant a feet auger. It seemed to him right and just. "That's the end of Us," she said. "Ramsay Macdonald and his rascals will want to grab all Macdonald and his rascals will want to grab all that's left to us. We'll have to take in each other's washing. Well, I won't be one of the rats to leave the sinking ship! I'll see it through to the bitter end."

"In my opinion," said Miss Lavington calmly, "it won't make the slightest difference. "The Labor leaders are just as respectable as the Liberals, and rather more sincere. Besides, if they get into power they'll be as meek as if they get into power they'll be as meek as

if they get into power they'll be as meek as lambs. I've seen 'em tamed before. Look at Lloyd George!"

They were interrupted by Betty who came up flushed and excited, with a light of joy in her eyes. She whispered to Miss Lavington. "He's in! A three thousand majority! Hooray! Isn't it marvelous!"

She went away again with another girl and two young men who seemed to share her pleasure.

"Who's in?" asked Mr. Easton.

"That Oxford friend of hers, Stephen Carey. A member of Parliament without visible means of subsistence. Funny old world!"
"It's all very dangerous," said Mr. Easton

"It's part of the game of life," answered Miss "Very interesting, and exceedingly Lavington. amusing."

The later results were worse, and at mid-night the blow fell. Labor had wiped out the Conservative majority.

It was at a little past midnight that Miss Lavington expressed her wish to go home. "Do you mind fetching Betty?" she asked.

"Do you mind fetching Betty?" she asked. Betty was at the far end of the room, surapproached her she sprang up and left this group, going quickly to meet a young man, shabbily dressed, who was pushing his way through the crowd towards her. It was a young man whom Mr. Easton had seen and spoken to. He knew him at once by his empty sleeve and that square, self-confident face. It was the young fellow who had stood with him at Hyde Park Corner, watching the procession of unemployed. Mr. Easton heard Betty's greeting.

"Bravo, Stephen! Splendid!"
The young man laughed excitedly.
"Pretty good, eh? I've rushed on here to have a word with you. I wanted your congratulations, first of all."

"They're yours," said Betty, holding out her hand which the young man clasped. "You've got a brilliant chance, Stephen!"

she cried.

"Politically, perhaps, if I weren't so pen less. But what about other chances? Wh about your Die-Hard Daddy?"

Betty laughed, and a little color flushed her

face.
"You're thinking too far ahead, my dear.
Your career comes first."
"You come first," said the young man.
"First, and all the time."

"Hush!" whispered Betty, and she raised a warning finger. "Don't be ridiculous in public!"

It was then that Mr. Easton gave her Miss

Lavington's message.

"Coming!" cried Betty.

But she kept her aunt waiting an unconscionable time. When she appeared in her cloak there was a heightened color in her cheeks which Miss Lavington remarked. 'Late hours agree with you, my dear. The

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"It's excitement," said Betty. "I had no idea politics were so amusing."

Miss Lavington answered that remark by a

reminder of Betty's father.
"The domestic atmosphere at Highfield won't be improved when the papers arrive on the breakfast table!"

"Poor old Daddy!" said Betty. "He'll go off the deep end. Thank goodness I'm not at home!

But she went home a few days later, and Mr. Easton traveled down with her, paying for her first class ticket, though she protested that in these hard times she always traveled third. It was a letter from Miss Lavington to her brother Dick which had brought Mr. Easton a cordial invitation to stay a week or two at Highfield Manor.

Mr. Easton was excited on this journey down to Highfield, after thirty years! His old home! The place which belonged to all his memories of youth and England! With young Betty alone with him in the corner of the carriage he was happy and not unhopeful. It was as though his dream might come true. There was nothing between Betty and that young Labor lout, he thought. Nothing on her side, he was sure, because of the way she had turned him down with that "Don't be ridiculous!" on the night of the election. She had been glad of his success, but not at all responsive to his ardent

She was very friendly, very kind to him, quite amused with his stories of Australia, touched by his memories of Highfield, though he did not tell her of his love affair with that other Betty, her aunt. And when they arrived at Highfield Manor he was warmed by the charming way in which she led him to his room, saw that he had hot water and clean towels. and hoped that he would not be too uncomfortable in a barn-like house

Sir Richard Lavington had been out on their arrival, tramping round his park with an old dog at his heels, but he came in at tea-time and

greeted Mr. Easton in a cheery way.
"Thirty years ago, by Jove! It seems like a
thousand sometimes! But I will say time has

thousand sometimes! But I will say time has passed lightly over your head, Frank. Hardly a gray hair! . . . Look at my white poll!"

But it was not at his white hair that Mr. Easton looked, though he was startled by the elderly appearance of the man whom he had known last as a breezy, arrogant youth. His eyes were attracted by the mark of an old scar on the right right of his forehead fair, but on the right side of his forehead, faint, but plainly visible. It was where Betty-his Betty plainty visible. It was where betty—his betty, then—had jabbed it with the hay rake that day in the field, thirty years ago. Now he was a soldierly old man, who had commanded a division in the great war, and looked rather broken and haggard.

That night at dinner he spoke just for a moment of the two sons who had been killed in

the war.
"A pity Betty wasn't a boy! The old name will die when I peg out. And now it looks as though the old house would go. Those Labor scoundrels will pick the last flesh off our bones. It's the end of the old families and all they meant in English life."

"They've had their innings, father," said Betty quietly, and Mr. Faston remembered that the same thing had been said by Miss Lavington. "There's a new crowd pushing up. It's their day out. We can't put the clock back, or cling on to selfish old privileges of wealth and power. Somebody's got to pay for the war, and make a decent kind of peace for the men

Sir Richard Lavington pushed the decanter of wine away from him on the polished table

with an angry gesture. "My dear Betty, for God's sake don't give utterance to any of your Bolshevist sentiments at this table! I don't want to lose my temper with you before a guest, but I'm disgusted with your nonsensical ideas, which I regard as treachery to our family traditions. I was a

fool to send you to Oxford. Those women's colleges are breeding grounds of bad ideas, false philosophy, rotten economics, and in-tellectual immorality." C

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Mr. Easton listened to this conversation and to the argument that followed with a sense of tragic drama. It was, he thought, the tragedy of England, this division between the old and the young, most tragic to the old because all things were changing except their minds and memories; and all their hold on the past, in property and sentiment, was slipping out of their grasp because of new conditions.

Mr. Easton found himself between these two ages. In sentiment he, too, belonged to the past. All his instincts were on the side of Sir Richard, old Dick, his friend of boyhood days. And yet he was beginning to see something on the side. When the stoke something on Betty's side. When she spoke sometimes of the unemployed men, the unfair deal to those who had sayed England, the necessity of giving a chance of decent life to people who lived in mean streets, above all, the need of sacrifice among all classes because of the downfall of world trade—she spoke earnestly and well, checking her father's impatience—Mr. Easton was bound to grant some of her arguments. This child was convincing him against his will! At least she was showing the other side of the picture, and the courage of youth. He was getting more and more astonished, more and more abashed by the clear cut ideas, the per-fectly frank and fearless intelligence of this voung girl.

Betty Lavington did not seem to realize that he was paying court to her, and only laughed at his compliments, his old-fashioned flatteries, his tender words, as though they were vastly comical. She was not interested in that kind of talk, as he could see. She was much more interested in getting him to tell her of the social conditions in Australia, the lack of class distinctions, the democratic spirit of life out

When he spoke of her father's gloomy prophecies of doom and disaster, she mocked

at them as sheer nonsense. "But, Betty," said Mr. Easton, "surely you must admit that your father has had more experience of life than you! Surely you must

pay some respect to his ideas!"
"None whatever," she said audaciously.
"Of course he's the dearest old Die-Hard, and "Of course he's the dearest out Die-Hard, and I love every hair on his head, and of course I admit that we shall never get his type again—the best type in the world for the times in which he lived. But it's impossible to agree with a single word he says about the present

state of things."
"Why not?" asked Mr. Easton, profoundly

They were leaning against a stile below the paddock, he with his collar turned up because

of the shrewd nip in the air after a morning frost, she bareheaded and without a jacket.

"He belongs to the past," said Betty. "He can't understand, poor dear, that the old traditions are as dead as door nails. The war killed the last of them. We can't afford to keep up his jolly old type, in jolly old houses full of servants and ancient furniture and old ghosts. There are too many people wanting house room and a bit of land. We've got to reorganize the whole structure of society and even things up a bit. Aristocracy and all that is out of date. This house is out of date—hopelessly. It's got to go, whether we like the idea or not, and of course we don't."

Mr. Easton spoke rather breathlessly.

"Supposing a rich man came to you, Betty, and laid his fortune at your feet, and wanted to put the old house in shape again and restore the old beauty of its life, make the gardens bloom again, bring back the horses and the servants, give you all your heart's desire; wouldn't you be glad of that?"

Betty thought over the idea with a smile about her lips.

"Of course I like luxury as well as anyone. I adore the pretty things of life. But I hope I should be honest and say to my rich man, 'Spend your money on other things, my dear.

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ne. ope I man, dear.

We've no right to wallow in the flesh pots while a million men are out of work, and mostly homeless, or in the foulest slums.'"
"You're amazing!" said Mr. Easton. "You

bewilder me. There's something inhuman

about you!"

"Well," answered Betty, laughing again,
"the argument is academic. All the men I
know haven't a bean to bless themselves with, Rich lovers belong to fairy tales poor dears. and have disappeared from modern England, as far as my experience goes."

as far as my experience goes."

Mr. Easton did not answer. It was too soon tell her that one was waiting for her close at hand. A rich lover, not quite young, but in the prime of life, who would let her spend his money as she liked, in any kind of way.

But he was glad when she slipped her hand through his arm in a comradely way and challenged him to a game of ping-pong in the billiard room and beat him all round the board, and made him puff rather more than was good and made him puff rather more than was good for him.

It was too soon to speak to Betty, but not too soon to say a word to her father. That night Mr. Easton nerved himself to a delicate

onger Mr. Easton herved limiser to a defeate conversation with Sir Richard Lavington. "Dick," said Mr. Easton, "I suppose you know I'm a rich man, in a modest way?" "Glad to hear it," said Sir Richard. "If you take my advice you'll go back to Australia before these damned scoundrels steal it all."

"No," said Mr. Easton firmly. "I'm staying in England. I'm going to spend my money here. But I don't want to talk politics tonight. I want to talk to you about that Betty of

"A self-willed little hussy," grumbled Sir Richard. "She'll probably run off with a tinker, or something."

nker, or sometrumg."
Mr. Easton laughed quietly.
"What would you say if I ran off with her?"
"What's that?" asked Sir Richard.
"It sounds absurd," continued Mr. Easton
umbly. "I'm old enough to be her father, I humbly. "I'm old enough to be her father, I know. But I'd make her happy, as far as devotion could. And it would be a good thing for the family, Dick, and this old house...
I'd be glad to pay back something for the good days I had here as a kid. What's mine would be Betty's, to save the ruin of this place, to bring back its old estate. I'd share my luck with the Lavingtons."

Sir Richard Lavington spilt a little of his wine as he set down his glass.

"By thunder!" he said, with a queer laugh,

"do you think little Betty—"
He stared at Mr. Easton with a whimsical look in his steely eyes. Then he laughed heartily

'Frank, you old devil!" he said, "there was "Frank, you old devil!" he said, "there was another Betty once. Do you remember one day in the hayfield? Doesn't this scar remind you of anything, thirty years ago?"

"I know," answered Mr. Easton, rather sheepishly. Thirty years ago, Dick. I'm a man of fifty-two. I do not blink that fact. But I'm young for my age and it's young fact we get the said.

But I'm young for my age, and it's your Betty I want now. She's captured me—her beauty and grace and wit. I could give her a good time and help the family, and little old England hereabouts." hereabouts

"Good luck to you," said Richard Lavington.
"Betty's yours, if she'll have you. You'd be
a good catch for the little wretch, God bless

He was more moved than he liked to show. When they went back to Betty in the drawing-room he bent down and kissed her on the forehead, somewhat to her surprise.

"Why this sudden affection, father?" she

asked suspiciously.

"Because you're the plague of my life," he answered with sham sulkiness. It was on the following Friday, after an anxious night, that he decided to have it out with Betty, and that afternoon when Sir Richard suggested a stroll before tea he confided it to his friend. fided it to his friend.

"Give me a chance after dinner. I may as well know my luck."

"If she turns you down," said Sir Richard,



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"I'll whip the little hussy. It's the chance of a lifetime.

"Times have changed," his guest said.
"Parental authority doesn't go far these days!"
"More's the pity," said Sir Richard. "Marriage was happiest when it was arranged by the parents. My grandfather-

They walked down the avenue towards the little lake with its broken statuary. There was a mist creeping up from the woods. The ground was damp and smelt of rotting leaves

"Let's smoke a pipe in the wood shed," said Sir Richard. "That port last night has given me a touch of gout."

Two figures stood in the door of the wood shed, vague as shadows in the gathering twilight of a winter afternoon. Mr. Easton and Sir Richard were close before they noticed them, and overheard their words.

"Are you sure you're not afraid of being poor, Betty? Horribly poor?"

"Not with your love, Stephen. That's all that matters."

Sir Richard had not heard these words, being a little deaf in one ear. It was Mr. Easton who heard, with a sense of fear, a kind of numbness of the heart.

"Who's there?" asked Sir Richard, like a sentry challenging suspicious characters. He muttered something about "that damned little

pantry maid."

Mr. Easton saw, indistinctly, but almost certainly, that the two figures withdrew from each other's arms. It was Betty who answered. She stepped out from the wood shed, holding

a young man by the hand. "It's I, father. I wan

a young man by the nand.

"It's I, father. I want to introduce my friend, Mr. Stephen Carey."

She spoke quite fearlessly and frankly.

"Who the devil is he?" asked Sir Richard. "And why the devil are you holding his hand?"

Betty gave a gay little laugh.

"Well, to be quite honest, father, Stephen is one of the new Labor members, and I'm holding his hand because I've promised to marry him. You'll like him if you keep off politics!"

Sir Richard Lavington made queer noises in his throat and then raised his stick.

"If he doesn't clear out of my grounds I'll knock his damned head off," he shouted. "Sorry, sir," said Stephen very civilly, not moving to defend himself against the stick.

"Clear out." shouted Sir Richard. He strode forward a pace and brought down his stick, but it was Betty who received the blow

on her raised arm.

"Father!" she said, in a low voice, "you've hurt me horribly."

She cried a little, and the young man put his arm about her.

Mr. Easton pulled back his old friend.
"Dick!" he cried. "Steady, steady!"
Sir Richard spoke sternly to his daughter. "Send that scoundrel away or I'll put the

dogs onto him. Come back to the house and go to your room. You're a disgrace to the family. You've dishonored my name." family. You've dishonored my name.

It was Mr. Easton who spoke up for Betty.

A vision of the past had suddenly smitten him, blindingly, in his heart and conscience. He saw another Betty, the aunt of that little girl there, lying in the arms of a young man, who was himself, in a hayfield, in these same grounds thirty years ago. Sir Richard Lavington, this old soldier by his side, was Dick then, a smooth-faced boy, with whom he had fought.
The end of it had been a broken heart for him
and two lives spoiled. It mustn't happen
again with this Betty and that young man with

an empty sleeve.
"Dick," he said, "I happen to know this young man a little, and I have a high regard for him. I am sure he will do nothing without your consent, regarding your dear daughter. I suggest that you apologize for hard words and invite the gentleman to dinner.

"Well played!" cried Betty, and in spite of her bruised arm, which must have hurt horribly, she kissed her hand to Mr. Easton. Perhaps after all she had guessed the romantic thoughts that he had hidden in his heart, and knew the price, to him, of this chivalry

"I'll see him boiled first!" was Sir Richard's answer, and he strode back to the house alone. Mr. Easton spoke humbly and tenderly to

the girl whose love he had desired.
"Betty, my dear, I had no idea you were in love with this young man! But because of the friendship you have given me-so very kind, my dear-and my devotion to your family, I shall be glad to help in any way. In any possible way, I assure you. Don't hurt your father more than you need. He's very lonely, and life goes hard with him just now.

"He hurt me," said Betty. "Abominably! And he said horrible things to this boy of mine. "Abominably! I shall have to punish him. Fathers can't be allowed to behave in that way in twentieth

century England!"

The young man with the empty sleeve put his arm round Betty again and kissed her bruised wrist. Then, holding her tightly like that, he spoke to Mr. Easton.

"Try and convince the old gentleman that I'm not a dirty dog or a blood drinking Bolshevik, or anything like that. You might tell him that I'm one of the fellows who fought in his division when there was a little trouble somewhere in France. As for Betty and me, we shall be glad to have his blessing on our marriage when we can furnish a home on the hire system. No hurry just yet, until I wangle a job in the Labor Government!"

"I'm certain," said Mr. Easton, "that you won't do anything to hurt Betty's happiness.

If my friendship is any good to you . . ."
After that Mr. Easton went back to the house, feeling rather broken and desolate, cursing himself for a romantic old fool because of the hopes he had had. But he thanked God that he had been saved from saying things to Betty which would have made him an even greater fool and caused her to mock at him

That evening Betty "punished" her father by not coming in to dinner. She sent up a note from "The White Horse" saying that she was dining there with Stephen Carey and would be

back at ten o'clock.

"That's the younger generation!" said Sir Richard somberly, throwing the note across the polished table for Mr. Easton to read. "In my grandfather's days a daughter would have been flogged for a thing like that, and put on

bread and water for a month."
"Our days are better," said Mr. Easton.
"I'm on the side of youth. And anyhow, that young fellow Carey is a gentleman and a nice lad. Fought in your division, Dick, when you wanted his sort.

"Well, that's something in his favor," said Sir Richard Lavington grudgingly. He seemed to be thinking back to those days in France, and the hard lines of his face softened. "Stephen Carey!" he said. "Yes, I remember that name... There was a machine

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ber that name . . . There was a machine gun post on the right of Trones Wood. One of my officers attacked it single-handed. Lost an arm on the job. I recommended him for the D. S. O. . . . That was the fellow. Captain Carey of the Wiltshires . . . Well, I'm damned!"

This remembrance seemed to prick his con-

science. "I'm sorry I raised my stick to the fellow,"

he said. "Anyhow, Betty got the blow."

And at ten o'clock, when Betty came in,
Sir Richard went out to the hall and offered

"I'm very angry with you," he grumbled.
"You haven't the slightest respect for me. You pay no attention to my wishes.

You pay no attention to my wisnes.

Then he added very sheepishly, "Hope I didn't hurt that wrist of yours, my dear."

"You certainly did, father!" said Betty, in her candid way. "But I'll forgive you if you

promise to be reasonable." Sir Richard looked across the hall to Mr. Easton, and winked at him.

aston, and winked at him.
"The younger generation!" he said, ironilly. "It's the fathers now who have to be reasonable. No end to Youth's impertinence!"

Mr. Easton went back to town again a less romantic man. In time to the "chug chug" of the railway train he repeated a refrain which beat out in his brain: "There's no fool like an old fool!'

But he was not so lonely in London, as he took lodgings in the same house as Stephen Carey, and made friends with that young man, and liked the stuff in him, and his gift of laughter, and some of his ideas.

It was only a week ago that he outlined a new plan of life to Miss Lavington, of whom he had seen a good deal since his return to town. "I'm adopting that fellow Stephen," "I always wanted a son of my own. May as well get one ready-made! That boy is going to do big things. With my money—"

to do big things. With my money—"
"How about Betty?" asked Miss Lavington,
astounded by this revelation.

"I've arranged for the wedding pretty soon," said Mr. Easton. "I don't believe in long engagements."

"Any other plans for the welfare of man-kind?" asked Miss Lavington, with a certain

Yes," said Mr. Easton, "I've another little

plan at the back of my head. Utterly selfish, and probably ridiculous." "May I know?" asked Miss Lavington

politely.

Mr. Easton hesitated, laughed a little,

Mr. Easton hesitated, laughed a little, blushed rather boyishly.

"Betty," he said, "what about that other wedding, postponed thirty years ago? We're good friends, aren't we? And rather lonely in the world . . . Dick would like to have us live with him in the old house. How's that for the welfers of manifold?" the welfare of mankind?"

So after all it was the first Betty who in the summer of this year went hand in hand with him to the old hayfield where Youth had loved. The other Betty was very much amused.

## The Needle's Eve

(Continued from page 101)

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE destinies of men are the sport of circumstances often far less significant than the proverbial quarter of an inchon Cleopatra's nose.

Brophy the ex-watchman had been John's intimate friend ever since the latter had been intimate friend ever since the latter had been ten years old. Being responsible for the per-sonal safety of the various members of the family, he had come to regard himself as one of if, and it was natural that John, in mentioning

the coal strike to his old retainer, should inveigh against the hard-boiled attitude of his

two great-uncles.

Now Brophy, while devoted to Thornton and John, thought less than nothing of old Shiras and his brother Levi. As for Homer, he viewed him with a contempt only intelligible when it is realized that Brophy had taken his meals in the house and was familiar with Homer's predilection for "hot water and a little boiled fish."

because he doubted the eternal principles upon which the House of Graham had been reared? it not rather because of the light Rhoda's eyes? Unconsciously John stretched out his arms toward the bust. Something from the beyond flashed through the cold marble to the heart of the wretched boy. A smile seemed to hover upon the white features.

"Courage, Jacko!"

John pillowed his head on his arms.

If Mr. Johnny wanted to meet his men half-way, that two old fossils like Shiras and Levi should thwart his young master's good inten-tions filled him with a Hibernian indignation as intemperate as his loyalty was impassioned. That his feelings in this respect could possible that the property in the respect could possible the property in the property of the property in the property of the property in the property of the property is the property of the prope vor," said Ie seemed n France, I rememmachine affect a situation in a distant state involving the economic future of an organization numod. One ed. Lost bering over half a million men and one of the Captain Vell, I'm

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bering over hair a million men and one of the greatest industries in the country, would, at first glance, seem unlikely. Yet it did.

At about ten o'clock the following morning, Mr. Vincent Pepperill, who had returned from Newport the evening before, emerged from his doorway on Washington Square, remarked "Whew!" put up a white parasol, and slowly descended the steps.

The fact was that Mr. Pepperill had received

descended the steps.

The fact was that Mr. Pepperill had received a visit from Brophy, now an active member of Finnegan's secret vice-hunting squad, and that what the latter had confided had filled him with an amusement he had found it rather hard to conceal. He was, it must be confessed, a little world for he was supprisoned by nature and puzzled, for he was suspicious by nature and Brophy had sworn by all that was holy that his visit was a voluntary and unaccelerated his visit was a voluntary and unaccelerated act on his own part arising out of a profound sense of injustice. Mr. Johnny, he said, knew nothing whatever about it. He had gone further and pledged Mr. Pepperill to an everlasting secrecy in all directions save one. The crucial fact which led the lawyer to give him credence was that he did not ask for

money.

Mr. Pepperill picked his way gingerly across
Fifth Avenue and arrived half prostrated at
Shiras Graham's mansion.

He found the old man sitting in a faded
wrapper in front of a small table on which
stood the remnants of his meal, reading the
paper through a double pair of spectacles.

"Seen that?" he asked, pointing at the headlines

Mr. Pepperill had already read the article. Mr. Pepperin had already read the article It was a lurid account of a pitched battle between strikers and constabulary on the border of Pango County.

"Those strikers are a lot of murderers and assassins!" Shiras declared hoarsely. "I understand there are three thousand more of 'em

armed with rifles on the way across the border. armed with rifles on the way across the border. Isn't this a devil of a country? Sit down. Take this refuse away, Henri."

Mr. Pepperill sank into the low armchair in front of the mantelpiece.

"I suppose you've thought of something about my will?" suggested the old man.

The lawyer shook his head.

"Well, what with this infernal heat it's nearly driven me wild. I don't take any stock in those division me wild."

driven me wild. I don't take any stock in those high-falutin' new-fangled charities, as you know. I'd rather leave my money to a museum."

"Why don't you, then?" Shiras screwed up his nose.

"Fifty millions for art?"
"Well, part of it, say. How about Homer?
Don't you want to leave him anything?"
"No, I don't. A hot-water bottle is all he

"Well-John?"

"Well—John?"

"Curse that young trouble-maker!" Shiras banged the table with his fist so that it snapped. "He's got too much money as it is! What's biting him, anyhow! Why can't he profit by the experiences of others?"

"H'm!" Mr. Pepperill cleared his throat again. "The fact is that's what I've come to see you about."

Shiras arose and opening the wings of his

Shiras arose and opening the wings of his dressing-gown so that he exhibited a vast expanse of gauze underwear, waved the wings to and fro, as he said, "to let in the air."

"Lord, it's hot! Well, what's the jackanapes up to now?"

He released and took up a poly leaf for

He relapsed and took up a palm-leaf fan.
"I don't know that he's up to anything. Of course, one can't be sure. But have you forgotten that he's foreman of a vice-hunting grand jury?"
Shiras suddendy stream of the suddenders of t

Shiras suddenly stopped fanning himself.
"One of the detectives has found out about



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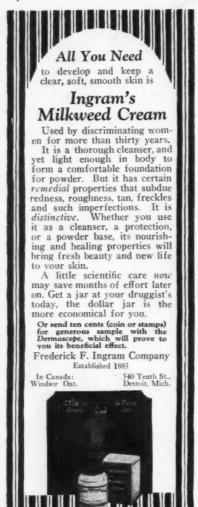
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the McCann woman," said Mr. Pepperill shortly.

His host stared at him with furrowed brows. "But I thought you squared her absolutely."
"We did—gave her twenty thousand and got a release and affidavit from her. But you can't keep a woman quiet. She will talk sometime to somebody. This lady picked one of your nephew's vice-hounds! Anyhow, he's on a lead which, if he follows it far enough, may blow everything wide open."

Shiras kicked over the table with a crash. "My God! What's to be done?"

"As luck has it, the woman has not asked for any more money as yet—she probably won't unless she's egged on to it—and the officer is willing to keep still himself-for a price.

The old fellow uttered a sigh of relief.
"Well, how much is it this time?" Will
ten thousand fix it? If so, there's my check-

"A hundred thousand won't do it." Shiras ran his fingers through his beard. "What kind of a game is this?"

"A rather unusual one. The officer is not looking for money, but he demands a price for silence. He agrees to shut the women up and to say nothing-guarantees immunity, in fact

be say nothing—guarantees immunity, in f--if——" He paused as if for effect.

"If what?" Shiras's face was convulsed.

"If you'll vote to confer." His voice was one of ent His voice was one of entire incredulity. "What the devil has that got to do with it?" he added suspiciously. "You're do with it?" he added suspiciously. "You're not trying to help that rascally young greatnephew of mine blackmail me, are you, Pepperill?"
"Hardly," answered the lawyer dryly. "He knows nothing about it. No, the proposition simply is this. Somebody else has got the goods

on you, or is in a position to get 'em, and so counts on your help in changing the Mid-West Company's labor policy. After all, that's get-ting off pretty easy, isn't it?''

Shiras was pacing up and down waving the wings of his wrapper.
"The little rascal!" he chuckled. "The little blackmailer! I'd never have expected it of him! Well, he's got me, I'll—I'll—have to come across

#### CHAPTER XXIX

THUS to his amazement, without striking a blow, did our champion win the battle for Instead of having "humanity in industry. "humanity in industry." Instead of having the fun of smashing the giant's numskull, Goliath had met him, to his intense surprise, with a polite. "Why certainly! By all means! I quite agree with you, my dear young sir!" More than that, he guaranteed to deliver Levi and Homer, bound and gagged, "body, boots, and breeches

John had not had the courage to go to the Pennsylvania Station to bid adieu to Rhoda; but he had both wired and written to her; and his assiduity resulted in the appearance of nine directors at the meeting on Friday morning, among them Randolph McLane. John briefly stated his belief to be that conciliation was the only policy now open to the Mid-West Coal Company, and requested authority to go to the scene of operations, to confer with the men, and to take such steps as then seemed to him wise to adjust their grievances. In a word, he proposed that the company's industrial policies should be left entirely in his hands. There was no debate, unless McLane's sneer qualified as such, and on calling the roll the resolution was found to have been carried, six to three-John, Shiras, Levi, Homer, Pepperill, and Maitland all voting "yes."

That day the common stock of the Mid-

West Coal Company lost seven points on sales of thirty-nine hundred shares. McLane resigned. The following day the stock sagged four more points, and the next day eleven. John had telegraphed the text of the resolution to Warren and Kurtz and ordered them

to make no attempt to prevent the holding of meetings or free access through the company's

property. A paraphrase of his telegram he sent to Rhoda, telling her when he expected to reach Graham and asking her to meet him there. Warren and Kurtz at once wired their resignations, to take effect on John's arrival. That evening all the New York papers car-

ried a front-page story to the effect that the Mid-West Coal Company, noted for its ada-mantine stand against unionism, had executed a volte face under public pressure and had voted to conduct its business in accordance with the principles enunciated in the Sermon on the Mount. This revolutionary development was stated to be the result of young Graham coming into control of the Graham millions, and the Mail, in a commendatory editorial, quoted the Gospel according to St. John 1:6:

There was a man sent from God, whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness to the Light, that all men through him might believe

#### CHAPTER XXX

SHIRAS had worried and fidgeted all through the spring about his will. Confound the money! The truth was he had nothing else to think about and the heat had got into his old head. Already everybody he knew had gone away except Pepperill, and even he disappeared every Thursday afternoon until the following Monday

He would gladly have gone away himself. but he had nowhere to go. All his contemporaries had died, and his manners had never been sufficiently conciliatory to attract the younger men. Jean had invited him up to Schooner Head for a fortnight, but he hated train travel. New York was good enough for New York was all he had-that is, all

except Cecily Coutant.

There she was—all alone—right at his back door! She piqued him, too. A saucy jade, with a warm streak of tenderness. Irish somewhere, he guessed. He had made a life-long of women and she put him on h mettle.

She liked the old man, and had a fully developed bump of curiosity. Besides, he knew how to spend money on a girl. Their relations were punctiliously decorous, the old beau were punctinously according, adopting a brusque, jocose manner toward her which opened wide the door to intimacy, but which only accentuated the deference and which only accentuated the deference and delicate consideration of his actual conduct. The affair took on a vicarious excitement through the recollections it aroused. At times she stirred the strings of memory's lyre poignantly. He went back over the years and concluded it was that Austrian girl at Ischel in 'sixty-eight. Well, he had had his day even if he was an old dog now!

Every afternoon at five o'clock the little limousine would pull around the corner into University Place and Cecily would join him on an excursion up the Hudson or to the beaches. He always found her alluring, often uncomfortably so. For the first time he felt the irony of his age. Feeling as young as ever, he began to wonder if physical decay were a recognitive.

He entered upon a period of recrudescence in which he invoked for the girl's pleasure all his ancient skill as an entertainer. There were dinners à deux at Long Beach and on the Merrick Road, suppers at Arrowhead and Pelham—déjeuners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners have better the second to the did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his het were dinners at Pierre's and the Ambasadon He did his ancient skill as an entertainer. Pelham—depenners at Pierre's and the Ambas-sador. He did his best, spending lavishly and asking nothing in return except the pride of having this stalwart young beauty with him. What he pretended to himself—and others is not for us to speculate upon.

In the midst of this second blooming he happened upon a novel in the library of the Corner Store, the plot of which turned on the possibility of rejuvenation. In it an apocryphal elderly lady became by means of some glandular hocus-pocus a slender virgin, susceptible anew to all the emotions of youth. The ideanot the novel, he despised fiction-fascinated

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Next day he began systematically to docu-ment himself. There was a medical bookstore near Fourteenth Street and the clerk there-a plucked student from the "P. and S."seeing an easy market, unloaded rather heavily seeing an easy market, unloaded rather heavily on an octogenarian enthralled by the possi-bilities of the pituitary. The whole business, it appeared, was more or less hypothetical. The books, however, proved a disillusion, although there had been some astonishing instances of fairly well authenticated rejuvena-

Abandoning theory for practice, he made inquiries as to the best specialist in the technic and secured an appointment outside the physician's regular office hours. Young Doctor Prauter asked him a multitude of irrelevant questions, listened to his heart and lungs, took his blood pressure and, leaning back, warned him earnestly against overexcitement or exerreally knew anything about it. Plenty of sleep, a quiet daily routine "far from the madding crowd," a light diet, abstinence from alcohol and tobacco, and some gentle exercise might give him an added year or

exercise might give him an added year or two.

"You can be thankful you haven't got cancer," remarked the young man cheerfully.

"What you have got to look out for is your blood pressure. It's unpleasantly high. However, if you want to try some glandular compound it won't hurt you, but neither is it likely to do you any good."

He scribbled something on a small pad and tore off the sheet. "Take that over to Bailey's," he said. "They'll fix you up."

Shiras accepted it, feeling himself to be the victim of a great personal wrong.

Shiras paid the nurse in the outer office the twenty-five dollar fee charged for the consultation and drove to the drug-store.

"Pltuitary? Sure! Five dollars a hundred. How many do you want?"

"A couple of hundred, I guess," replied the old man, and the clerk, with a wink at his fellow behind the prescription counter, handed him two bottles full of small gray mottled tablets.

Shiras returned home feeling cheated and

shiras returned home feeling cheated and disgruntled. However, not without excitement, he swallowed a couple of the pills at each succeeding meal that day. He had planned to take Cecily to Piping Rock, where he still kept his membership, but a heavy thunderstorm came up and the trip had to be postponed. In consequence he went to bed early and, since the temperature had dropped some twenty degrees, slept like a log. He awoke at half-past ten next morning feeling like a fighting cock. The pituitaries! They had given him a new life! Who said they had some feed. They would make him over-like

had given him a new life! Who said they had no effect? They would make him over—like that woman in the book.

It was a glittering morning—the streets rain-washed, the sky full of white cotton-bolls. The pills certainly had put "pep" into him! He took several more with his coffee and at once imagined that he felt even more kittenish. What a pity he hadn't been born twenty years later! No doubt in another decade or so they would have found out all about glands and cancer and—what was that other thing the doctor spoke of?—oh yes, blood pressure. Too late for him, though!

doctor spoke of?—oh yes, blood pressure. Too late for him, though!

But why? Slowly the great idea dawned. Why the devil hadn't he thought of it long ago, so as to get the benefit of it himself? He had been wondering for years what to do with his fifty millions, while all that time he could have had the best brains in the world working on the means to prolong life or even to defy death entirely. What better proof of the possibilities entirely. What better proof of the possibilities of an immediate return upon such an investment than his own instant reaction to the pituitaries? Fifty millions! He'd go down to history as the greatest benefactor of the human race, the man who made regeneration an established fact!

"Henri!" he called loudly. "Bring me my fountain pen and a couple of sheets of the heavy note-paper—with the gold crest."

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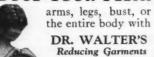
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#### CHAPTER XXXI

THE weather turned cooler and Shiras subsisting chiefly upon pills—continued to feel better and better. With his sense for the dramatic he had not disclosed the magnitude of his proposed gift, but had only written that he would like the privilege of meeting the board of directors with a view to discussing a possible donation toward the work of the institution; and he had received a courteous acknowledgment inviting him to be present at the next weekly conference.

He slept not at all the night before, and he

arose long prior to the usual hour at which Henri was supposed to call him. The great day of his life—one of the great days in the history of scientific progress-that of Shiras Graham's munificent dedication of his great

fortune to humanity!

He had told Cecily all about what he proposed to do and she had promised to accom-pany him to the Institute, and having dressed as elaborately as if he were to be married, he was downstairs ready at eleven o'clock, although the meeting was not to be held until noon. As he came down the steps in his immense shining tall hat, feeling his way his gold-headed cane, the girl felt a thrill of admiration for the fine old gentleman. It was a noble thing for him to do, for anybody to do.

Shiras himself was greatly excited. As they rode toward the Institute, he pictured the scene when he should announce his great gift, with a prideful swelling of his great chest. They would be aghast! Thunderstruck! Find it difficult to express their gratitude for his munificence. But he would relieve their embarrassment by treating the situation with

an amiable modesty.

By the time they had arrived at the Institute, Shiras, from being flustrated as a June had regained most of his habitual selfconfidence. At the foot of the steps stood Winty Emerson and two others who had evidently been on the lookout for him. It gave a fillip to his vanity. Very proper. But where the devil was Dominick?

"We are delighted to see you here, sir!" said Emerson. "I want you to meet Doctor Salomon and Doctor Capelli, both of our

Shiras shook hands formally with each of them. "How are you, Emerson! Glad to meet you, gentlemen.

'I am sorry that Doctor Dominick could not be here to receive you in person," went on Emerson, taking the old gentleman's arm. "But he is just leaving town for West Virginia otherwise you may be sure—"
"Tush! That's all right, my boy! Let's get

in out of this heat!"

It was sizzling, and the glaring steps were many and high. By the time he got to the top his temples were athrob and his ear-drums beating.

Emerson, smiling encouragement, waited for him to get his breath. They were in a high, white-plastered corridor which ran the length of the building. There was a smell of ether everywhere. Could that be what made him feel so dizzy?

"Won't you come in here?" Emerson indicated a small room furnished with a round oak table and a half-dozen oak chairs. Not a very impressive place. But he would make the scene impressive. He would play the part imperial. "Sit down, sir." Emerson pulled out a chair. "I don't want to sit down!"

The reason for his refusal was not altogether clear to Shiras himself. A shadow of irritation had drifted across the clear sunlight of his gratification. Dominick should have been there. Yes, undoubtedly! And to sit down would make the whole thing entirely too informal.

Emerson looked a bit surprised.

"Oh, very well. Exactly as you choose."
He glanced at his wrist watch. "Two minutes to twelve. If you'll excuse me for a moment I'll go and round up the others."

The doctor went out, leaving Shiras with

his two associates, who stood awkwardly, at a

loss for anything to say.

It annoyed him to be left standing there, By the time that Emerson returned with the rest of the committee he was fuming.

"Mr. Graham, let me present Doctor Schmidt—Doctor Fosdick—Doctor Gonzales-Doctor Kempel—Doctor Kioki."

Shiras bowed stiffly to the semicircle. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Graham?" suggested Emerson once more.

"No, I don't want to sit down!" reiterated Shiras stubbornly. "You can sit down if you want to." And then he chuckled to himself. want to." would make him sit up! Fifty millions wouldn't come their way again in a hurry!

Emerson broke the silence.

"Gentlemen, Mr. Graham has done us the honor to come here with a view, I understand, of contributing towards the endowment."

He threw a glance of interrogation toward the old man and the eyes of the others gravely gave him their attention.

The great moment had come! Shiras's heart was pounding against his ribs and there was a curious feeling of expansion throughout

"I am thinking of giving you fifty millions," he said as quietly as he could. In spite of himself he choked over it.
"Fifty millions?" Winty Emerson stretched

out his hand impulsively. "Mr. Graham! How magnificent!

Shiras interrupted the outburst of appreciation.

"No, I don't suppose you have such an offer every day. I've come to make it and I hope it

every day. I've come to make it and I nope it will be acceptable—but I've got my own ideas."

Emerson bowed deferentially. "Naturally. In view of your great generosity I imagine we shall be able to comply rather easily with any care to impose." conditions you may care to impose.

Shiras nodded brusquely. Once more he was the iron-master, the forger of steel billets. "Quite so! Well, I want the money, or at any rate the entire income from it, used for the study of rejuvenation."

There was no doubt about it, he'd knocked

the breath out of them! Yes, they were flab-bergasted—he could see that. A worried ex-pression had come over Emerson's ruddy face. "Your offer is truly munificent, Mr. Graham!" said Doctor Emerson. "But rejuvenation is rather a problem of the future, is it not? We should find it difficult to spend the income of such a colossal fund profitably at the present time in that way." He turned to a distinguished-looking man upon his right. "The therapeutic effect of glandular serum is Doctor Salomon's special study. The work is excessively slow and very trying. How much larger an appropriation could you use with profit, doctor?"

"I might profibly feed and feed

"I might possibly find work for one more assistant—at about eighteen hundred a year, answered Doctor Salomon. "Later of perhaps-

Shiras stared at them, chop-fallen. What were they talking about? Why couldn't they take the money and build a big laboratory, engage a corps of professors and hire a lot of people to experiment with?
"Am I to understand, then, that you don't

want my money?" he demanded roughly.

Emerson laid a protesting hand on the old man's shoulder.

"My dear sir! Of course we want it! Your offer is princely! We are deeply appreciative. Fifty millions of dollars is a great deal of money, but it will not do everything."

"There are mighty few things money won't do!" interrupted Shiras.

"Quite true!" agreed Doctor Emerson. "Yet, as you imply, there are still those few. We can't buy brains unless they be for sale. The radio had to wait for Marconi to be com-mercially practicable. We cannot discover the secret of longevity merely by deciding that we will do so and appropriating money for that purpose. To expend two or three or even one million dollars per annum on any such attempt would be equivalent to throwing it away

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vay.

"Do you mean that there's nothing in this gland business?" All the life had gone out of Shiras's face

"Not exactly that, Mr. Graham. Sometime, doubtless, we shall know a great deal about it. But we shall find it out gradually and when the time is ripe for it. The next discovery along that line may come quite unexpectedly and from a totally unsuspected source—in the course of prosecuting an inquiry into something We have to view scientific progress in the large-

"But if I want to have my money used for that purpose—" rumbled the old man

petulantly.

etulantly.

"We should be loath—very loath—to have you attach any such condition to your gift."

Shiras hardly heard him. The veins in his head were throbbing like distant tom-toms. "Very well, then," he replied; "I'll not give it to you for that. I'll give it to you for something the hard have given he had been to the form of boards have died of something. else. A lot of my friends have died of cancer. How about that?"

"But, Mr. Graham," said Emerson, "why limit the use to which the money is to be put? Don't tie up fifty millions so that it cannot be

used to the best advantage."

It seemed to Shiras that the fellow was haggling with him, and it aroused all his combativeness.

"What's the matter with cancer?" "The same thing is true of cancer."
"Pish-posh! The world is full of cancer institutes."

institutes."

"Yes. And nobody has discovered the cause of cancer or anything about it. Doctor Kioki here probably knows as much about cancer—if not more—than anybody else in the world. He couldn't spend another dollar in his laboratory and get any return from it."

The blood smarted in the old man's eyes. He wanted to charge at them, trample them in the dust. But noblesse oblige! He'd give them one more chance—just one! If they

them one more chance—just one! If they tried any more funny business—!
"How about arterio-sclerosis?" he asked,

endeavoring to keep his voice under control.
"But why, dear sir, hamper the usefulness of this very great benefaction? It would be a shame-

a shame——"
Shiras charged. "A shame!" he snorted, pounding the floor with his cane. "Poppy-cock! I never heard such nonsense! I'm not a fool if I am eighty years old. You're all of you stark, staring mad! I offer you fifty millions of dollars and you won't take it! Well, there are plenty who will!"
"Plenty," agreed Doctor Emerson.
It seemed to Shiras that there were many more needs than he had noticed before. The

more people than he had noticed before. drumming in his ears was almost deafening. He swayed. Emerson caught him. "I can't see!" murmured Shiras. "There's

something the matter with my head. I'd better go. Good morning, gentlemen. Some other day—don't wait for me—too late!"

#### CHAPTER XXXII

HE HAD only a confused notion of how he got back to the elevator and out into the motor again, where Cecily was waiting for him; and once inside the car he leaned his head against the cushions and closed his eyes until the rumbling in his ears had somewhat subsided. The girl was, he said over and over to himself, worth the whole lot of them! The smart of his chagrin turned to anger. Yet he was baffled. They had actually refused his millions—turned him down flat! Was it possible that you couldn't give money away? If so, what was the use of it? Well, it would still buy the good things of life—as long as life lasted!

More than the fancied insult to his gener-osity, he resented Emerson's implication about the pituitaries. He had been banking heavily on them—already felt years younger. Why should the biologist take that supercilious attitude toward rejuvenation? It was jealousy, pure jealousy!

Cecily began to seem more desirable than ever. She had never permitted him the slightest



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prematurely gray hair, and I know just what it will do.

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familiarity, but today, to his delight, besides holding his hand on the way home, she kissed him before she got out and called him "a dear." It started all sorts of curious emotions singing through him. He wondered instinctively if he were too old to marry. Serve 'em all right if he did!

At luncheon he doubled the number of pituitaries and then sent Henri to the drug-store for more. He also had him get out a special bottle of very old sherry—fruity, like port-and polished it off in good style during

the course of the afternoon.

By five o'clock when he and Cecily started out for the Tumble Inn he was feeling de-cidedly frisky. She had never seen him exactly like that and at first it amused her. She could not help laughing at his Rabelaisian stories, and when he put his arm around her she let him keep it there out of a sense of obligation.

He had telephoned for the corner table in the window where they watched the broad bend of the Hudson to the south—the "Tappan Zee"— reflect the welter of mauves and scarlet from behind the Highlands until the night's black shadow crept up from the sea and devoured all

the outlines.

What a moon! From the gray smoke of his choice cigar as from the incense of an incantation the old man's evil spirit darted backward through the years to just such moonlit nights on the terrace at Monte Carlo or Lake Lucerne. His evil spirit tweaked his ear. "Do you

His evil spirit tweaked his ear. "Do you remember, Shiras, that peppery little Italian girl you picked up at Turin and took along to the Oberland with you in 'seventy-eight' And that trip in the landau over the Splugen? And how you sent her packing back by herself from Geneva after that frightful row at the ation?" He chuckled in spite of himself. The spirit waited a moment and nipped station?"

him again.

"Listen, Shiras! Do you recall that night with the German countess on the pylon of the temple at Karnak? You stole her from under her lover's nose in Cairo! But she discreet! She was willing to go to India with you, but you shied away from too much of a good thing! That was in 'eighty-three, sn't it?"

He tried to bring to mind the face of the

countess, but could not.

"That beautiful blonde at Copenhagen—you remember her, don't you?" asked the spirit. "I can see her now! She was only seventeen, but looked thirty! And that princess at St. Petersburg! The married one, with the fat, gambling husband! And the little music teacher at Prague! That, Shiras, was really a crime!"

He had lived! He would live some more

Women were pretty much alike, after all. There was no question as to the girl's enjoyment as she sat with her lips half parted gazing into the softness of the moonlit night with its background of quivering lights, among which she could not tell those of earth from those of

"Isn't it time for you to be getting home?" she asked presently. "It takes nearly two hours, you know."

He agreed readily and paid the bill with his old flourish, thrusting a bill into the hand of each of the head waiters, and growling goodnaturedly at them at the same time. He was at his best among that class and could play

the prince to perfection.

Cecily liked him that way—better than when he was sentimental. She knew that his rough, domineering manner was only a pose that A dear old fellow hid a heart full of kindness.

The dear old fellow held her hand in his all the way home through the moonlight, imparting to it now and again a gentle pressure. He dismissed the motor on Fifth Avenue and walked

dismissed the motor on Fitth Avenue and walked through the Mews with her to the studio.

As they reached the door he said, a little thickly: "Come, my dear! It's still early. Let's go up to my den for a while. It will be hard to sleep a night like this. I've something on the ice, too. A glass of 'Cordon Rouge' would taste good, wouldn't it?"

"Why—yes!" she answered, unsuspecting. The ride home had been a dusty one. "An iced drink would be very refreshing."

Cecily had never been in the rooms over Degoutet's studio and had a natural curiosity to see what they were like. She waited while he fished in his pocket for the key and fitted it in the side door. It was stuffy and, at first, pitch dark in the passage. Then his fumbling fingers caught the button at the foot of the stairs and the light leaped out. She noticed that he seemed to find it difficult to pull himself up, but at length he managed it and pressed another button at the top.

"There!" he panted, throwing open the door.
"What do you think of it?"
"Delightful!" she answered, going to the

window and lifting the shade.
"Don't do that!" he protested hastily.

His tone startled her and she turned toward him, standing with her back to the window. In this position the light from the fixture above fell directly upon her bosom. Shiras, looking at it, turned gray.

"Where—did you—get that?" he asked in a flat voice, peering at the brooch with which her fichu was fastened.

She glanced down at it to make sure what

he was referring to.

"That brooch? That belonged to my grand-mother," she replied, relieved at his change of interest. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

"Let me—look at it!"

She unfastened the trinket and handed it to him. He held it to the light.

"What was your grandmother's name?" he asked in a feeble voice.

ked in a teetor ...
"Mabel Fearing."
"You! Mabel's granddaughter! Why,
u're——" He sank heavily against the vou're-

The little street of stucco studios which, but a moment or two before, had seemed so picturesque and lovely in the moonlight, now looked to him like a row of whited tombs. Cecily was startled.

"What is it?" she inquired anxiously. "Can I get you something?" "No, thanks," he answered. "Excuse me!

I think I had better get home."
Suddenly he thrust the pin at her and, with

strange motion of his hands, collapsed into

"Please—go! Leave me!" he cried hoarsely, waving her away. "Thank you for com-

The girl, thoroughly frightened, hesitated to obey. The change in his appearance had been instantaneous and startling. A moment before he had been sitting erect—gallant, smiling, vivacious, with almost a touch of youth about him; now he was slumped in his chair, his head fallen forward with his chin cnair, his head fatten forward with his chin on his shirt-front, his mouth partially open, as if suffering from a stroke. An oily sweat exuded from his forehead and temples. "Go!" he repeated thickly, turning away his head. Then as she made no movement, he fixed his watery, lack-lustre eyes upon her with a glance almost venomous. "Go!" he screamed. "Get out!" Do you hear? Get out!"

hear? Get out!'

Miss Coutant turned and fled down the stairs. Shiras heard the door bang behind her with a relief that was physical. The business had made him feel nauseated. He got up weakly and shakily, poured himself a glass of whisky. It steadied him momentarily, but whisey. It steaded him momentarily, but there was a sizzling sound in his ears that ter-rified him. He must get home, get to bed. That brooch! He had given it to Mabel Fearing, the girl's grandmother, sixty-one years ago! He was an old man. A very old man, according to common standards. He might

look out! Shiras felt his way down the narrow stairs and turned off the light from the bottom, then opened the door leading by the outside passage through the yard to his house. It was dark out there, but the air was cool with a faint breath of wistaria; over the fences and stable

not have many more years to live. He must

walls he could see the stars swarming. He felt his way along with his hand on the fence. A single light burned in the kitchen. The servants were all out, for he had told Henri he should not be in before eleven. He had trouble with the back door but got it open finally, crept up the back stairs to the front hall, and switched on the electricity.

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crept up the back stairs to the front hall, and switched on the electricity.

Glancing into the mirror at the foot of the stairs, he was shocked at his appearance. Was that he? That doddering old man? All hunched up! No, that was Shiras Graham, and he was sick and must go to bed. That was old Shiras Graham. He wondered if the old devil would be able to get up the stairs. He didn't look equal to it. Serve him right if he never got up! Serve him right if he never got up! Serve him right if he died right there on the stairs and rolled down to the bottom.

Mirrors! Mirrors everywhere! From each one of the carved gilt frames a decrepit old man

Milrors: Infino serveywhere: From each one of the carved gilt frames a decrepit old man with beard awry, in a dress suit, peered out at him. He moved his arm and they—all of them—moved too. He made a face and each one lecred . . And this was the thing that he, Sam Tinker, had sold his life to for six hundred dollars!

The house was still save for the thumping of his heart and the snapping of the floor when he shifted his weight. Why had he let the servants go out? Perhaps Henri had come

'Henri!" he called up the stairs, but his ce died at the next story. "Henri!"

voice died at the next story. "Henri!" He looked stealthily over his shoulder at all He tooked steatthiny over his shoulder at all the other Shirases. Each was peeping at him. Damn them! It was like being surrounded by a circle of ghosts in a nightmare. He must escape—break the spell if he could. Would he ever be able to drag himself up those stairs by the hand-rail with his feet so heavy?

by the hand-rail with his feet so heavy?

He was standing beside a small bronze bust of Napoleon in front of the big mirror at the foot of the staircase. With a great effort he moved in its direction. The floor creaked and simultaneously the nearest figure in the glass stepped toward him threateningly. With a shriek Shiras seized the bust and hurled it at the apparition. It tore a jagged hole in the glass, which fell out with a crash, leaving the brown boards exposed behind.

Teeth chattering, Shiras turned about, to find another dishevelled Shiras waving its fists at him from the end of the drawing-room. He'd fix that one, too! Picking up the bust by the head, he advanced courageously and

He'd fix that one, too! Picking up the bust by the head, he advanced courageously and with a yell smashed the reflection full in the face! Ha! Two of them! The fury of battle possessed him. His fighting blood was up. He knew where they were—all of them. He wheeled swiftly. Ha! He had not let go of the bust the last time, but still held it in his hand. Crash! Another Shiras! He looked about eagerly. Yes, a row of them! He no longer felt old, but young and lusty as an eagle. He could do for the lot! A few moments and he had demolished them all, one after the other. The place looked as if a firm of house-wreckers had been at work there. No more old Shirases! had been at work there. No more old Shirases! Only one

Panting, he pushed his way through the broken glass toward the stairs, with the sweat running down into his eyes and with the hum of a dynamo in his ears. Or was it the rumble of guns?

of guns?

Where was the flag? He must earn his six hundred dollars! His heart was racing and he raced with it, half staggering, half dragging himself up the stairs to the library. The windows into the Square were open, and through them floated the smell of humid earth and bursting leaf. Against the blue velvet night glowed a cross of white fire. Somewhere a distant band was playing—a marching tune—accompanied by faint cheers. Hurrah!

He heard the order to fall in. The guns were thundering now close at hand—just across the brook. The flag! He lifted it from its place

the brook. The flag! He lifted it from its place by the mantel, pressed his lips to it, and waved it free. They were calling off the fours, pre-

paratory to the attack. "Tinker?"

With a thrill he answered "Here!"

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COMPANY

The color guard stepped forward on each side of him. There was a rattle down the line as they fixed bayonets. Shells were bursting overhead, and a distant line of smoke marked the course of the brook. The noise had become

"Forward march! Charge!"

With a soundless cheer, waving the flag, he staggered forward toward the hall that separated the library from his bedroom. Twice he fell and twice with difficulty he climbed to his feet.

"Come on, boys!" he gasped. "I can carry the old rag yet!"—then stumbled over the threshold and fell senseless across the bed with

the flag still in his arms.

Shiras Graham perceived that Color Sergeant Samuel Tinker was dead, and that his body was hanging limp and lifeless across the rail fence at the foot of the bed. It seemed entirely natural that he should be there. He had got six hundred dollars for dying, but he would

have gone anyway and died anyway. And then Shiras became aware that he too was going to die. There was a brilliant light in the room that seemed to come from just over his head, and that made every object stand out with unearthly distinctness. Sam Tinker's mother came with her canary and a little guil with a pan of milk. After a while they went away. A terrible faintness overcame Shiras away. A terrible faintness overcame and the light over the bed fluttered.
"Henri!" he called in a tiny voice. "Henri! I'm dying!"

"Henri! Bridget! Help! I'm dying!" cried Shiras, his eyes fixed in terror upon the body of Sam Tinker, whose arms seemed to sway toward him.

Then for an instant before extinction his brain cleared and he knew himself for what he was . . . what Tinker had called him in the diary . . .

(To be continued)

The next instalment brings a smashing climax in "The Needle's Eye" in which Arthur Train looks deep into a rich man's heart.

## The Enchanted Hill

(Continued from page 75)

"We're fools for luck, Joaquin. Listen. see it all now as clear as mud. I was working on the motor of the other ship all day yester--and I was the only man on the ranch. The boss, you, Link Hallowell and all the riders had gone down to San Onofre with the cattle About four-thirty yesterday afternoon I got this motor shooting on all six and con-cluded to take her up for a short flight—to test her.

"Just as I was hopping off Miss Hallie waved to me from her window and I thought: 'The boss has been gone two days. He will be anxious to know how the little one is feelin',' so I made up my mind to fly down to San Onofre and report to him. Half-way between Arguello and San Onofre I saw a car dustin' along the road, so I came down low an' sure enough it was the boss. I wirelessed him 'Hallie O. K.' Then I started back, developed ignition trouble an had to land to tinker with it. The point I'm making is that I was gone an hour and a half and I left this door open.

"The skunk just had time to do a neat, com-plete job before he heard my motor, homeward bound. So he just slipped out and into the brush yonder, where he lay low until I had landed and put up my ship. Then he vamosed. Tonight he came back to doctor the other ship
—and Rory smelled him and warned him
away. I, thinking Rory had a skunk, whistled to the dog, who concluded at once that every-thing was O. K. with me, so why should he raise a fuss with the stranger?"

Joaquin nodded, as solemn as an owl, and Tommy got into his leathern coat and helmet. "I'm going to fix that boy's clock for keeps," he declared. "He'll be back again tomorrow night, but he won't be traveling on a return trip ticket. And I'll change that padlock right

Half an hour later, when the Enchanted Hill wam in the light of the moon now well up in the heavens, Tommy Scaife hopped off and headed for Arguello. Joaquin José Ramon Orena y Sanchez stood in front of the hangar and watched him depart-and when the sound of the motor grew faint, Joaquin José Ramon did a curious thing. From his trousers pocket he produced a six-inch section of round steel, which he had found on Tommey's work-bench; this steel he inserted in the claw of the padlock and twisted until the padlock fell apart. Casting the broken lock from him Joaquin slipped inside, climbed up into the fuselage of the remaining two-seater, drew his six-shooter and sat down to await the arrival of gifts such

as the gods might provide.

He had not long to wait. Scarcely ten

minutes had passed before his ear, alert as are the ears of all primitive peoples, detected a cautious crunching of the gravel in the rear of the hangar. Slowly the footsteps passed around to the front, where ensued a brief pause while the visitor reconnoitered. Apparently satisfied, due to the absence of lights in any of the buildings on the Enchanted Hill, the stranger entered the hangar and struck a match, seeking for the electric light switch. He

match, seeking for the electric light switch. He found it, turned it on, looked up at the airplane which towered above him and—

"Rosy," said Joaquin José Ramon Orena y Sanchez in the soft sibilant accents of his mother tongue, "I dedicate this animal to you."

Once, at a bull fight at Torreon, Joaquin had heard a famous toreador dedicate a bull to his light of love in just these words.

light of love in just these words.

He had no need to fire a second shot. He sat calmly in the fusilage and watched the twitching body grow quiet. Then, "Joaquin," he murmured, "you are one fine fellow, and I hope nobody finds it out."

#### CHAPTER XIV

WHEN Gail Ormsby left the Arguello hospital Lee Purdy watched from the window until he saw the airplane, with its two passengers, rise over the squat red-roofed adobe houses and soar away toward the Enchanted Hill. He followed its flight with musing gaze until, climbing, it disappeared from his ken.

He sighted sadly. "Another bright day-dream shattered," he soliloquized. "The fogs of illusion dissipated by the sun of reality. Carramba! plicated." Life grows interesting and com-

He went down the corridor to the room occupied by Ira Todd and rapped upon the

Todd's voice bade him enter. Todd's voice bade him enter.

At sight of his face Todd had started perceptibly. He cleared his throat twice. Lee Purdy, in his day, had known the same peculiar necessity for clearing his throat a couple of times before speaking. Fear does that and Lee Purdy had known fear and could understand it. Todd's voice was husky and

understand it. Todd's voice was nusky and not very convincing as he demanded:

"Well, Purdy, what do you want?"

"Oh, I just dropped in for a quiet, uninterrupted chat! By the way, your tongue is just a trifle out of control, isn't it? That rap on the head must have paralyzed some of the feeigh news." Todd nodded, "Hittle blood in the paralyse of the region of the state of the range of the region of the r facial nerves." Todd nodded. "Little blood clot somewhere, I take it. Is the paralysis just starting or is it wearing away?"

, 1924 ay. And too was stand out Tinker's little girl hey went ne Shiras

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"It's wearing away," Todd admitted.
"That's comforting, Todd."
Purdy sat down in the chair so recently vacated by Gail and gazed long and interestedly upon his enemy. He did not speak and Todd's face commenced to twitch. He attempted to outstare his visitor, but failed.
Purdy shifted his gaze to the colling and blem. Purdy shifted his gaze to the ceiling and blew

smoke rings. Finally:
"Well, Todd, it's a fine night for a murder, isn't it?

Ira Todd's sickly pale face turned the color of a ripe Swiss cheese.

"It's so much nicer to be able to chat comfortably with you here," Purdy went on. "Two is company, three is a crowd, Todd. The presence of your witnesses always did tend to hamper my conversational stride."
"I'm sick. I'm in no condition to talk to you, Purdy," Todd blustered. "You're not welcome here."

"I wasn't in any condition to talk to you in Chan's restaurant yesterday morning, Todd. I was alone and unarmed, but I didn't whine or look out the window or plead illness as an or look out the window or plead illness as an excuse for refusing to listen to you. As I recall the incident, I ignored you, even when you spat in my face. By the way, Todd, that's an old, cheap killer's trick. I am amazed that you, who have never killed a man—at least openly—should have the courage to resort to that moth-eaten strategy. You hoped I'd reach for my handkerchief to wipe away your foulness and the movement toward my coar opeket would then have given you an excuse pocket would then have given you an excuse to construe my action as an attempt to draw a gun. I fooled you, didn't I?" Purdy's faint smile of contempt caused Todd to writhe. "It must have been a great disappointment to you when I raised my arm so very, very slowly and when I raised my arm so very, very slowly and when that failed, you decried my sister's virtue by hinting broadly that she wasn't my sister. And still I ignored you."

"I wanted to show you up," Todd managed to say defantly. "And I did just that."

"You say a consumpt to foul. You signed.

"You are a consummate fool. You signed your own death warrant, Todd."

"Are you going to kill me now, when I'm unarmed and too helpless to defend myself?" "Nothing so stupid as that, Todd. I thought you might like to know that a week ago Link Hallowell and Tommy Scaife shook dice with each other for the privilege of killing you.

Tommy won." "Interesting, if true," Todd murmured

"Tommy asked me to call upon you and inform you that unless you print, in the next issue of the Arguello Citizen, an abject and complete retraction of every dirty charge you brought against me in Chan's restaurant morning, he will kill you on yesterday

"He's bluffing. Why don't you kill your

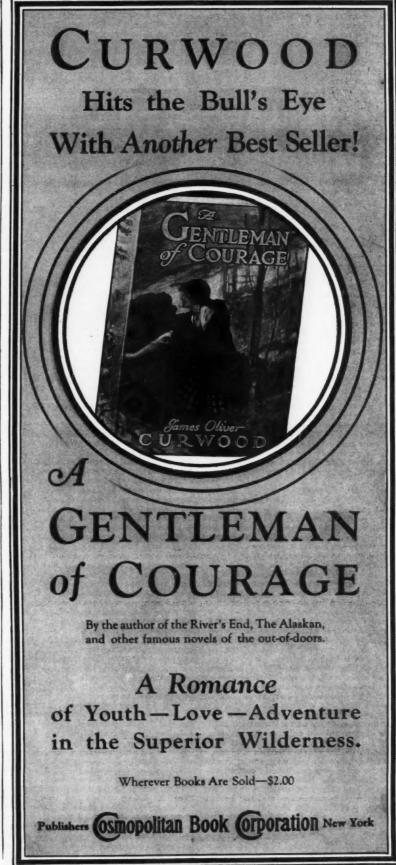
own enemies, Purdy?"

Tommy and Link object. Of course, it's really my job, but those confounded senti-mentalists argue that I can't afford the luxury mentalists argue that I can't afford the luxury because of my invalid sister, and that it's up to me to be in position to bail Tommy out of jail and see that he gets a fair trial. It is well known that you have publicly given utterance to a statement which, to the New Mexico way of thinking, places you in the category of one who wants killin'. And it isn't customary, in this state, for juries to convict men who kill other men who 'want killin'."
"Guess I'll have to have Tommy Scaife put

"Guess I'll have to have Tommy Scaife put under heavy bonds to keep the peace," Todd countered. His first fright over, he was regain-

countered. His first fright over, he was regaining his customary composure.

Purdy blew another smoke ring. "Well, of course, in that case Link Hallowell will have to be considered. He sighed deeply. "The yearning for peace is very strong in me, Todd," he continued. "I'll be content with a public apology, sworn to before a notary public. Just a plain blunt admission that you're a liar, Todd, and after that you will be free to depart in peace and never come back. How does the program strike you?"



"It doesn't strike me at all, Purdy. You

know I can't do that."

Purdy shrugged. "You have the courage of an egotistic coward, and I'm not so certain I prefer it otherwise. By the way, you've had quite a conversation with Miss Ormsby."

Todd actually grinned. "Sort of spoiled

quite a conversation with Miss Ormsby."

Todd actually grinned. "Sort of spoiled your game there, Purdy."

"Interesting, if true," Purdy replied laconically, "to quote your own recent words. She asked me if certain charges you had made against my honor were true and I admitted their truth. It wasn't easy to do, but I con-cluded one liar was enough in this hospital at one time.

The door had opened softly.

"Hello, Jake. I can see you in the mirror, so you'll pardon me, will you not, if I fail to turn Are you back on the Box K pay-roll,

Jake?" Purdy queried socially.
"You bet," Jake Dort replied. "Vamos!" "Hold your horses, Jake I m not going to vamos until I have finished saying to Todd some things I have come to say to him."
"Gimme my gun, Jake," I ra Todd commanded. He sat up in bed and stretched an

eager hand toward the range boss, who shook his head.

"You don't want no gun-play today, Iry."
"Kill him," Todd pleaded. "He's threateng me. He's come here to kill me, I tell you."
"That isn't true, Jake. I'm peaceable today. ing me.

Todd, don't you know Jake will not shoot an unarmed man?"

Then gimme my gun and I'll do it," Todd

pleaded with Jake Dort.

Jake's bruised and swollen face was turned Jake's bruised and swonen and "Guess from Purdy to Todd and back again. "Guess a bad day," he conwe'll wait till Purdy has a bad day," he con-cluded. "I come to report, Iry. Everything is fixed up an' I'm startin' for the ranch as soon

"Throw Purdy out before you go," Todd snarled. "I'm a sick man."
"Come on, Purdy," Jake commanded. "I'm

talkin' to you."

"And I hear you, Jake. You're the law, if that tin star on your vest means anything, and I'm a law-abiding citizen. Good night, Todd. You may get a little sleep tonight, but I doubt it." doubt it.

Jake Dort followed Purdy out into the corridor and closed the door. The two men stood facing each other. "I've just heard what Iry said to you in the restaurant," Jake said sadly, "I suppose you been in remindin' him of his bad judgment." Purdy nodded. "Gimme three days to argy him into takin' that back, Purdy," lake pleaded. "I're ain's such a had feller once Jake pleaded. "Iry ain't such a bad feller once you get to know him well. You got to remember his head ain't workin' right today."

"It certainly wasn't working right yesterday

morning.

"I been tellin' Iry for quite a spell he's got you sized up wrong," he complained.

Purdy stepped up to Jake and laid his hand fraternally on the broad shoulder of his enemy. you have occasional lucid intervals Sometimes you really talk sense. Please tell me what's in back of all this. Why has Ira Todd declared war on me, Jake? That man itches to see me in a shroud, and I've never done him a day or a moment's harm. What's back of all this enmity, and who is back of Todd?"

"Purdy, I dunno," Jake answered with sime e directness. "Iry tells me one thing an' I ple directness. hear another an' you tell me somethin' else.
Me, I ain't in on anything. I'm just Iry's
friend an' the range boss of the Box K Ranch."

"Todd came to me with a fair proposition to buy me out a year ago," Purdy complained. "I declined to sell. Three months later he came back with an offer of twelve dollars an acre for my seven thousand acres of wild hay land in the valley of the upper Rio Hondo and ten dollars an acre for my hundred thousand acres in El Valle de los Ojos Negros. I paid four dollars an acre for El Valle de los Ojos Negros in 1919, but still I refused to sell. A month Todd offered me twelve dollars an acre for that desert land and a bonus of ten thousand dollars to abandon my grazing permit if I accepted his offer. I declined because I don't want to leave La Cuesta Encantada until

my sister gets well.
"I told Todd I wouldn't sell at any price. Then the panic came with the period of post-war deflation and my financial condition changed very rapidly. It seemed wise to sell then, so I called on Todd and told him I had changed my mind and would consider his last offer. He said his people were no longer inter-ested, but shortly after that twenty thousand sheep invaded El Valle de los Ojos Negros. They were there three weeks before we dis-covered them, and after my boys drove them off I had to maintain a daily patrol to see that they stayed off. They annoyed me all summer and fall.

"Then I began to find my haystacks catching fire and my line fences breaking. There was a fire in El Valle de los Ojos Negros in midsummer and fifty thousand acres of it burned That killed some of my winter range. Meanwhile I began to have trouble from the Forest Ranger Service. Scrub bulls wearing my brand were turned loose on the Reserve, in defiance of the Forest Reserve regulations Complaints were filed against me. shot those scrub bulls somebody shot my purebred Hereford bulls. When I irrigated my wild hay land in the upper Rio Hondo I had a suit filed against me by the Box K Ranch farther down. They claimed I was violating their riparian rights on the Hondo. A strange unbranded horse with glanders got into my pasture one night and I lost thirty head of good cow ponies before the disease was checked. I a-couple of hundred head of hogs feeding in the bottoms along the Hondo and somebody shot nearly all of them. My best saddle-horse

was shot, my dogs poisoned.
"Somebody has been trying to make Hell look like a summer's holiday for me, to drive me to the point of selling out in sheer desperation. Two weeks ago a stranger offered me eight dollars an acre for my hay land and five dollars an acre for El Valle de los Ojos Negros. I refused, and immediately I had trouble. A note to the Southwestern Cattle Loan Corporation fell due and was called, although I had been promised an extension. I blocked that by turning my cattle adrift in the Reserve. A two hundred thousand dollar mortgage—it was a private loan—on El Valle de los Ojos Negros turned up as the property of a bank in Santa Fé. The bank refused to renew it. So I had to negotiate a new loan and it's mighty hard to get a large loan at this time."

However, I arranged a private loan, and two weeks ago I wrote the bank that I would meet the mortgage the day it fell due. That was a grave disappointment to somebody, for yesterday at San Onofre a killer tried for me from ambush—and I got the killer! He's down the hall yonder in room seventeen. Jake, somebody wants my ranch and that somebody isn't a cattleman."
"Seems to me," Jake replied, after having

listened attentively and respectfully to Purdy's long recital, "the wise thing for you to do is to take the hint. Come back at 'em with a counter offer, do some tradin', sell your ranch an' get out with a whole skin. Looks to me as if they're bound to get you.'

"Well, I'm not a quitter, Jake. I know bad medicine is being brewed for me, but remember this-Ira Todd's medicine is already brewed and three days hence he'll have to take it! That's final."

Jake shook a troubled head and walked out of the hospital. Purdy dragged his reluctant legs down to room seventeen and found Bud annon alone and semi-conscious

Purdy went to the closet where the nurse had hung the killer's clothes and searched the pockets for evidence of Shannon's antecedents or previous connections. He was rewarded with the discovery of an old wallet containing two hundred and fifty-five dollars in bills, the professional card of one Jasper S. Doak, of the legal firm of Doak, Erlin & Doak, with offices in the Citizens National Bank Building, Los

Angeles, and the stub of a Pullman sleeping-car ticket. From the stamp on the back of this fragment of ticket Lee Purdy deduced that Bud Shannon had journeyed from Albuquerque to Los Angeles two weeks previous. Had he gone to Los Angeles to call upon Doak, Erlin & Doak, made his bargain and received his instructions? Was this money part of the killer's retainer?

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Doak was the man who had offered to buy the Box K Ranch from Gail Ormsby at the value set upon it by the appraisers of her late uncle's estate! Here, indeed, was an interesting connection. Could this Los Angeles lawyer be the instigator of the systematic persecution to which Lee Purdy had been subjected for a year? And if so, what was his goal? Surely he was not planning to launch a huge cattle company, since no practical cattleman would consider paying twelve dollars an acre for the semi-arid El Valle de los Ojos Negros.

Purdy, still pondering the mystery, left Bud Shannon's room and retired to the one assigned him by the doctor. Here he wearily disrobed and climbed into bed, after partaking of a light supper which was served at his bedside. Before falling asleep, however, he very definitely made up his mind on one point. If he would live to dwell in peace on La Cuesta Encantada, then

Ira Todd must die, and that quickly.

About eleven o'clock he was awakened by someone shaking his shoulder roughly. yes! What is it?" he demanded. "Get up, Lee," Tommy Scaife's

answered.

answered.

Purdy sat up, anxious-eyed, and beheld the little man and the night nurse on duty in the corridor. "What's happened?" he demanded. "Nothin', Lee. I just thought I'd come down an' bring you home. Reckoned you might rest easier there than here."

"Hallie all right Tommyz"

"Hallie all right, Tommy?"
"Seguro!" Tommy turned to the nurse. "I know he ain't feelin' any too gay, but the trip home won't kill him. Good night, ma'am, an' thank you for lettin' me in." He dismissed her with a smile; as the door closed behind her he swept the blankets off Purdy.

"Lee," he explained, "I in ...."
want you should come home."
"Wery well, Tommy. When you commence
"Anger. What do you know?"
"Nothin', Lee, except that as I circled the

hill tonight before landin' with Miss Ormsby I

marked a small campfire up a draw about two
miles back of the house. It wouldn't have
been visible from the ground."
"Hum-m! Better take, Curly MacMahon
and Joaquin down there before daylight tomorrow, Tommy, roll him out of his blankets,
see who he is not ack him what he weate."

see who he is and ask him what he wants."
"I'll put Curly an' the Chinaman on outpost
in the sage back o' the hangar so nobody can sneak down on you from the hills in back after tonight. An' we know nobody will ever be foolish enough to come up the hill road in

"Good old file!" Purdy laid his hand affectionately on Tommy's shoulder. "Go on with the rest of your story."
"Well," Tommy continued, "after leavin' Miss Ormsby at the hospital this afternoon a yearnin' come over me to knock down a couple o' frames o' pool over to the hotel. You know that room back o' the old barroom? Well, four strangers was in there playin' a game o' pitch an' at sight o' me they sort o' lost interest in their game. Seems as if I must have looked look up from makin' a run he'd be lookin' me over. Pretty soon the game broke up an' all four of these strangers took to standin' around the pool table pretendin' a heap of interest in my game, but mostly managin' to get in my whenever I walked around the table.

way whenever I walked around the table.

"Finally I seen they was lookin' to provoke a riot, so I says to the feller who's most offensive, I says, 'Hombre, the next time you git in my way you'll know you've met up with a white man.' This was my gentle way of informin' him I could see he wasn't no Mexican as

pretended but a quarter-bred nigger. One of his pals then spoke up chesty-like an' says, 'Just what do you-all mean by that?' 'I mean to play pool without interference from white black men or black white men,' I says, an' the nigger promptly stomps on my little toe, which the same sports a corn. I suppose he figured I'd hit him for that—with my fist—but when I'd hit him for that—with my fist—but when the odds are against me four to one I don't use my hands for hittin' folks. Instead, I knee him in the belly an' flop him cold; simultaneous I beat his friends to the draw. They're all four reachin' but I'm out first, an' they're covered, on account o' me knowin' in advance what I'm goin' to do an' doin' it, now!"

"Any shooting, Tommy?"

"No, they didn't insist on makin' me prove how fast an' accurate I am. I'll have to prove it later, I s'pose, but I was thinkin' of you today, Lee, an' how bad you're liable to need me, with Link away. An' besides, I had to take Miss Ormsby home."

Ornsby nome.

"Four strangers—and gunmen, eh?"

"Well, they ain't no tea-room habitués, Lee.
I reckon I'd ought to know. The more I thought about them after I got home the more I begun to worry about you alone in this here hospital with Todd."

"I thought of that too. Tommy, so this after-

"I thought of that too, Tommy, so this afternoon I called on Todd and delivered your mes-He refused orders, of course; he had to do that for the sake of appearances, but I'm betting he pulled himself together and got out of town ten minutes after I left his room. He knows he can't afford to stay. He'll hole up at the Box K Ranch and do his dirty work from there."

"While you're dressin'," Tommy volunteered cheerfully, "I'll look in at Todd's room an' see how good a prophet you are. What's his room number?"

an see how good a prince you are. What is room number?"

Purdy told him and Tommy pussy-footed away on his mission. In a few minutes he came pussy-footing back. "He's gone, Lee."

"I was certain of it. He went out to the ranch with Jake Dort."

Tommy Scaife chuckled malevolently, like a mean little gnome. He delighted in frightening people he disliked. When Purdy had finished dressing the cautious Tommy led him out the back door of the little hospital. "I don't think anybody knows I'm in town," he explained, "because I dropped in as silent as a dove flyin' down to water an' parked in a field a mile to the west o' town, but still we won't take no chances. Somehow, Lee, Main Street don't appeal to me tonight; street fightin' in the

take no chances. Somehow, Lee, Main Street don't appeal to me tonight; street fightin' in the dark makes me nervous."

Once clear of the town Purdy paused and faced Tommy Scaife. "Tommy," he pleaded anxiously, "what do you suppose they want?" "Killin'," Tommy replied. "Come on, Lee. What you need is about forty-eight hours lyin' quietly in bed with nothin' to eat or drink except nutriment."

#### CHAPTER XV

TOMMY SCAIFE'S brief visit to the ha-cienda of his employer, in search of information regarding a common antidote for poison, had brought to Gail's mind once more a plan of action which had occurred to her that plan of action which had occurred to her that afternoon in Arguello, after Scaife had so very definitely outlined his determination to kill her manager on sight. At the time she had been too shocked, too frightened, to make a coherent protest to this extraordinary announcement before the roar of the motor precluded the possibility of pleading with the man to stay his destroying hand. During the homeward flight, however, Gail had managed to throw off the mental inhibition initiated by the pilot's the mental inhibition initiated by the pilot's words. Her strong resilent nature rebounded from dumb fright to righteous anger and when her temper had, in a measure, subsided, she

At La Cuesta Encantada Tommy Scaife helped her alight from the plane. In his attitude was discernible the respect and deference due a guest of the ranch, mingled with a cool aloofness. Gail looked the little man over as



# What is his future portrait? And what is yours?

AS YOU look at him in his immaculate evening clothes with his well groomed hair brushed back from his forehead, can you picture how he would look if he were bald?

It gives you a start, doesn't it? Whether that man of yours will be either bald or good-looking is largely up to you-simply because you know ten times more about hair than he does.

For instance—you know that no hair tonic will cure baldness. You also know that the worst enemy of hair is dandruff and that Wildroot will eliminate dandruff.

You know the value of a healthy

scalp. And, like millions of other women, you know that Wildroot Hair Tonic will keep the scalp healthy-as well as lend a lustrous lure to the hair itself.

He would not think of neglecting his teeth. You should show him that the care of his hair is quite as important.

You have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic. Put it alongside of the tooth paste. Use it regularly yourself, and keep your hair lovely. And be sure he uses it, too, so that the portrait of him at 50 will show a man as handsome as he is today. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

# WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

1924

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## **Amazing Loss** of Weight

### Reduces 36 Lbs in Six Weeks Without Harm or Hardship

"I actually did it—got rid of every bit of the fat that had been the bane of my existence. And in less than two months, after the things I had done in vain for years! Women who remain stout either don't care—or don't know.

"I took the advice of specialists and they took my money, and in the end I wasn't a pound better off. Then I nearly ruined my health starving. I took the Muechener baths—and gained! I came home, used Wallace reducting records and have weighed what I should weigh ever since."

#### Stays Thin With No Effort

Miss Margaret Hallowell of Kansas City gives Wallace records full credit for her gratifying reduction. She spent less than twenty minutes daily on the method. She now uses the records only occasionally—and reports that they successfully combat the tendency to regain fleshiness at any point.

Why don't you make the same test? It is an interesting experiment, some unique, exhiliarating movements set to music, and the trial is absolutely free! Write Wallace—this moment—and the full first lesson comes free and prepaid. You're bound to enjoy it—you don't have to keep on with it—but you will want to when the scales show how much you ve lost! Coupon brings record and full instructions:

WALLACE 630 S, Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's free trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Address ....



### How to care for Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is different—a shampoo that will add real beauty to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hairlook so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. J. W. Kom Co., 614 Rainier Ave., Seartle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

coolly and defiantly as he gazed at her.
"Well, are you still of a mind to kill Mr.
Todd on sight?" she queried.
He flushed. "I reckon I didn't use good judgment when I told you that, Miss Ormsby. A few minutes before you came over to the plane I'd had an experience that sort o' brought Mr. Todd to mind an' riled me more'n usual."

"I thought so," the girl replied with chill
disdain. "Barking dogs never bite."

He was ruddy enough before she said that,

but now his face went a deep scarlet; then the deep flush of embarrassment and chagrin gave to the whiteness of anger and the terrible bleakness came over his pale blue eyes, like a film. He trembled, tried to speak, choked.

A smile of tolerant contempt, rising out of the knowledge that she had triumphed over him, played over the girl's lovely countenance.

"I had an idea you were dramatizing your-self, Mr. Scaife," she flung at him and started toward the house. She had gone less than twenty feet when the man's voice halted her. "Miss Ormsby—please!" He said "please"

"Miss Ormsby—please!" He said "please" but it was command nevertheless. She faced him instantly. "Tm sorry I spoke out of my turn, miss; it sort o' gives you a useless worry about Todd, an' there ain't any sense worryin' you about gettin' a new manager until the day comes for you to get one."

"There really isn't the slightest necessity for you to be so solicitous about me," she retorted. "I know there ain't, miss, but that ain't why I stopped you. You said something just now

I stopped you. You said something just now about barkin' dogs an' drama." "Yes. Well?"

"I didn't make any idle threat, Miss Ormsby.

I just gave you a firm promise!"

He tore his helmet from his flaming head and made her a grandiose bow.

"But I don't understand—" "Gail began.

He interrupted her. "I reckon that's about all that's wrong with you, Miss Ormsby. You don't understand."

He turned his back on her and went to open the doors of the hangar. For him she had ceased to exist!

Now, following Tommy Scaife's brief appearance at the living-room entrance in search of help for Rory, Gail's mind harked back to this brief but significant conversation. She realized now that of the mental reactions of men like Tommy Scaife she knew something less than nothing. Their stern, inflexible outlook on life, their indomitable pride, their uncompromising adherence to the unwritten laws of the waste places were characteristics not of the men of her world. Violent though he was, Tommy Scaife's not very profound powers of reasoning had indicated to him that the law had no punishment for the crime Ira Todd had committed-to wit, a charge by insinuation publicly made against a pure woman's virtue, and a cowardly attempt to provoke that wom-an's brother to his death by striking at her over

To Tommy this man had ceased to be a man. He had degenerated into a predatory animal; wherefore he had ceased to enjoy the benefit of laws relating to men and must abide by the custom and usage applied by men to predatory animals.

To Gail, knowing nothing of this elemental point of view, Tommy Scaife was a terrible human being—thoughtless, emotionless, cruel, human being—thoughtless, emotionless, cruel, irresponsible. He was one of Lee Purdy's two hired gunmen-brave, reckless, ruthless ruffians bound by habit and self-interest to pro-tect their leader and employer.

That had been Gail's estimate of Tommy Scaife before he appeared before her anxious eyed, distressed, eager to save the life of a dog. She wondered now if it could be that, in certain unguarded moments, the man was slightly human. Did waves of compassion, of ten-derness, sweep over him occasionally?

"I should have offered to help him with Rory. In working over him together we might have established a better understanding," Gail reflected. "I must know that man better; I must eradicate the hostility I have managed to inculcate in that wild heart. It iust ion's

possible he could have more pity for a stricken dog than for a man doomed to be stricken by his hand!"

She went to her room, put on her coat, slipped out the patio gate and into the path leading up the mesa toward the mess hall and bunk-houses. But no light shone in any of these buildings and she was about to retrace these buildings and sie was about to ferrate her steps to the hacienda when a light flashed in the window of the hangar some three hundred yards distant. The path to the hangar led through the scrub oak grove, and simultaneously with the appearance of the light there. half a dozen electric lamps scattered at intervals along this path came on, illuminating it faintly and encouraging Gail to stroll up to the hangar, where, in all probability, the unfortu-nate Rory fought for his life.

For a few minutes she gazed timidly around her. The night was clear and starlit but a growing light on the mountain tops to the east gave promise of impending moon-rise. An atmosphere of silence and mystery pervaded

Gail felt keenly the necessity for physical action. She must see Tommy Scaife, apologue for hurting his feelings and reestablish some sort of entente cordiale with him; she must argue with him about Ira Todd, plead with him to reconsider his apparently unalterable determination to kill the man.

Walking toward the hangar she had almost reached the door when men's voices caused her to retreat instantly. She had recognized readily Tommy Scaife's voice; in the few words spoken by his companion she thought she recognized the soft drawl of Joaquin, the cook. And, since the sort drawl of Joaquin, the cook. And, since it was no part of her plan to confront Scale in the presence of a third party, she decided to retreat to the shadow of the oak grove some thirty yards from the door of the hangar and there await developments. Should Joaquin return to the bunk-house she planned to go to the hangar and request Scaife to grant her the favor of an interview at the house.

She leaned against the gnarled bole of a large oak and fell into deep thought, the while the moon rose and shed its mellow effulgence over the Enchanted Hill. Presently Tommy Scaife emerged and opened wide the huge hangar portals. Assisted by his companion he rolled one of the airplanes out and started the motor.

There must be something mysterious about this nocturnal flying," Gail thought. Instantly she was alertly interested. "What possible business can that man be embarking on now And what sudden mysterious, unexplained business kept Lee Purdy in Arguello tonight?"

She watched, unseen in the dark shadows of the grove. Scaife put on his helmet and coat, switched off the lights, padlocked the hangar door, spoke briefly to his companion, climbed into the fuselage and proceeded to hop off the hill. She saw Joaquin watch until the plane hung for a moment, silhouetted against the full moon; then she saw the cook turn to the hangar door and heard the metallic snap as he broke the padlock. With mounting interest she watched him return to the interior of the hangar; she waited for him to switch on the lights, but she waited in vain.

With the switching off of the lights in the with the switching on of the lights it was along the path through the oaks, which were, apparently, on the same circuit, had gone out also, and Gail stood in deep gloom under the thick branches, with wild expectancy awaiting the next move in the mystery. Of one thing she was certain. Joaquin was now operating on his own account; whatever mischief he was bent upon, Tommy Scaife had had no knowledge of the cook's intention to perpetrate it, else he would at leaving not have padlocked the door.

Trembling with apprehension, the girl had an impulse to return as fast as she could run to the hacienda and there lock herself in her room, but her curiosity, piqued to the limit by the knowledge that all unwittingly she had tumbled upon a warfare silent, ferocious and pitiless in this land of wide horizons, counseled her to

Her patience was rewarded. From the corner

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d her to he corner of the hangar, approaching it from the rear, the figure of a man emerged into the moonlight. His approach indicated caution and secrecy, for he walked softly and slowly and reconnoitered the ground before him before

reconnoitered the ground before him before disappearing into the hangar.

Gail's heart thumped wildly. Was this skulking stranger an enemy or a man in league with Joaquin in whatever sculduggery that saddle-colored individual might be contemplating? What was she about to be an unsuspected witness to?

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The electric lights came on in the hangar and in the path, and Gail cowered closer behind the in the path, and Gall cowered closer behind the tree trunk. Then a man cried in terror: "Don't—don't!" a pistol was fired once; thereafter—silence! Perhaps thirty seconds passed, the lights went out again; and Joaquin slid furtively out the door and stood for several minutes looking toward the distant bunkhouse, listening for the approach of whoever might have been attracted by the sound of the shot. After a while he went inside again. shot. After a while he went inside again, turned on the lights for a few seconds, switched turned on the lights for a few seconds, switched them off again, came outside, closed the door, sat down with his back against it, lighted a cigaret and sat there smoking.

And now Gail Ormsby made a discovery.

And now can ormsolv made a discovery. She could not move. Fear had paralyzed he limbs; gradually she sank to the ground and cowered there, silent and a-tremble, for she had been all but an eye-witness to a killing. She was certain the cook was the sort of murderer who believes firmly in the wisdom of the ancient saw to the effect that dead men—and more particularly dead women—tell no tales.

Time passed and at that altitude the spring nights were very chilly. It seemed to the girl that unless help should reach her soon, she must

perish from exposure.
When nearly two hours had elapsed Gail was overjoyed to hear at a distance the faint purring of an airplane motor. Louder and louder it grew; presently, with a long sibilant swish it passed over the tree tops, circled wide around La Cuesta Encantada, settled out on the mesa and, turning, came bumping leisurely over the uneven ground to halt in front of the hangar.

Joaquin stood up stiffly, and stood uncovered while Lee Purdy and Tommy Scaife got out. "Lee, you run along to bed," she heard Tommy Scaife shout cheerfully. "Joaquin will help me run the bus into her stall. And here, take my gun in case you run into somebody you don't want to meet."

Tommy passed Purdy his gun and the latter, bidding good night to both men, started down the path leading through the adjacent trees. He came on slowly, with a lag in his legs, like a very weary man; his chin was sunk on his breast.

Although fright had paralyzed Gail two hours before, it quickened her now. She rose, slipped noiselessly across the path and hid behind another tree ten feet back of it, just as Tommy or Joaquin entered the hangar and turned the switch again.

When the light fell squarely upon Lee as he passed, Gail saw a pistol in his hand, and that he was sorely troubled of soul was quite apparent, for she saw him shake his head in a negative, hopeless gesture, saw his hands outflung before him despairingly; she heard him mutter quite distinctly: "O God, if you're on the job, prove it! I don't want to let them do it if there's another way out!"

The man was suffering. In the knowledge that he was suffering keenly quick tears of sympathy cascaded down Gail's half-frozen cheeks. She had an impulse to run to him, to strive to comfort him. A vision of that which was lying on the floor of the hangar deterred her, however; he passed with dragging weary step down the path, and once he seemed un-certain in his walk

So he had remained in Arguello to get drunk! She had not harkened to a stricken man but to a drunken man communing with himself. The fount of the girl's tears was closed as quickly as it had opened. She loathed herself now for her momentary weakness . . . Well, she must wait until the lights should be turned off again;



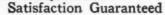
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she must freeze and tremble here yet a little longer until Lee Purdy should have time to get to bed; he must not hear her tiptoeing through the patio gate and along the porch to the wel-

come haven of her room.

Joaquin and Tommy Scaife came out of the hangar, bearing a limp form between them. With heave and grunt and curse they flung it up to the edge of the fuselage and Joaquin held it poised there while Scaife climbed up into the ship and dragged the body down into the cock-pit. Then she heard him laugh, and shuddered at the realization that his sense of humor had been profoundly titillated at the perpetration of a murder from ambush.

Presently, for the second time that night Tommy Scaife went roaring off the Enchanted Hill. Joaquin stared after him a minute, then drew some water in a bucket from a tap beside the hangar door and returned to the interior of the building. Gail, realizing that he would be busy several minutes cleaning up certain unpleasant evidence of his marksmanship, fled on numbed legs, nor slackened her speed until she reached the patio wall in the rear of the hacienda. Here she paused to regain her breath. then very cautiously she slipped in the gate and onto the patio veranda.

In the building of that veranda there must

have been a devil's devising. At her first step upon it a board creaked loudly; at her next she struck her knee a resounding blow against the corner of a bench. Instantly Lee Purdy's voice challenged softly but quite distinctly from his

room across the patio: "Who's there? Quic In a pitifully small, frightened voice Gail Ormsby answered the challenge, "Nobody. It's just me." Then she subsided on the ac-Quick! Speak, or I'll shoot.' cursed bench and commenced to weep with mingled pain and embarrassment.

In a moment Purdy was at her side, his approach unheard because sartorially speaking he was in his "stocking feet." "Sssh!" he he was in his "stocking feet." "Sssh!" he commanded. "Don't raise a row. You'll awaken

"I-I've hurt-my knee," Gail protested,

to audibly to please him.

"Quiet, I tell you!" He whispered the words.

"Which knee is it?"

"This one," she wailed in a tiny, heart-breaking voice, and rubbed the injured member. He patted her shoulder sympathetically. "There, there, my dear girl, it'll be better

in a few moments. Come now, please buck up." She struck his caressing hand a resounding ap. "How dare you touch me, you—you slab. Thou tare you touch me, you your killer!" she cried furiously. "You—with your fake sympathy—your sickly sentimentality— your scheming and planning to rob your neigh-You-you with your hired murderers

His left hand went firmly over her mouth, with his right under her arm he lifted her from the bench to the patio gate in one great swing. Her head came back against his breast and she sagged helpless against him while he opened gate and thrust her forth with his knees. Softly he closed the gate behind him.

"It will not do you any good to scream or raise a scene on La Cuesta Encantada," he warned her angrily. "I'm going to take my hand from your mouth now, but if you utter a sound I'll gag you again. Walk on. If you can't I'll carry you."

She walked ahead, silent save for a low gurgling that was the sound of sobs suppressed in her throat. A hundred yards from the house he thrust her gently to a seat on the low spreading limb of a scruly oak. 'It will not do you any good to scream or

ing limb of a scrub oak.

"Now, weep and sob and abuse me all you wish," he commanded. "Sorry I had to manhandle you, but my information and experience has been that no man can soothe an angry frightened woman with words. You wouldn't obey me; you were permitting your voice and your temper to rise too fast-and I'd told you not to awaken Hallie."

"You contemptible coward," she sobbed.
"You treat me thus—and I your guest!"
"You are my unwilling guest and you are

singularly lacking in appreciation of my

hospitality. I do not ask you to contribute toward my peace of mind or to respect it, but you must not say or do anything that will dis-tress Hallie. What were you doing tiptoeing around the patio after everybody had gone to bed hours ago?"

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"I-I-was distressed. I couldn't sleep I—I waked out in the moonlight. II—it's so beautiful down yonder—in the valley."

"Isn't it cold enough up here for you to wear a hat?"

There was an anxious chiding note

a hat?" There was an anxious chiding note in his voice now, rather than suspicion.

"I didn't intend remaining out—very long. I was—afraid—when I saw the plane in the moonlight. I—wondered—"

moonlight. I—wondered—"
"I see. Thought we were up to some dirty
work, eh? By the gods, I would never have
believed Ira Todd to be the salesman he have proved himself. He has certainly sold you a fine oninion of me

Do you care what anybody thinks of you?"

be found at him.

"Yes, I do. I care so much what Hallie thinks of me that it hurts. And I'm weak enough to value your good opinion of me also."

She saw her opportunity and with the adroit-ness of a clever woman, she struck. "Do you wish me to think better of you than I do?" ness of a clever He stood before her, shoeless, hatless, coat-

less, and nodded silently.
"Then do not permit Tommy Scaife to kill Mr. Todd."

"How long a reprieve do you ask?"

"Indefinite—always."
"You exact a high price for your improved opinion of me. However, it happens that I've been thinking that matter over and I had already come to the conclusion that I must call

arready come to the conclusion that I must call Tommy off that job."

"Oh, thank you, Major Purdy! And will you call your Link Hallowell off, too?"

"Yes, Link must behave himself also."

"Oh, I'm so grateful to you!"

"Please don't. I've lived long enough in the Southwest to be able to subscribe, in all hearti-

ness and sincerity, to one of its unwritten laws, and that is: Let every man kill his own snakes. My dear young lady, it is with considerable pride that I have to inform you of a perfectly unalterable intention to kill that man Todd myself unless he accepts my program?" myself, unless he accepts my program.

"Oh, yes! He has had his ultimatum. will sign and swear to before a notary public a document which I shall prepare for his signa-ture. Then I shall publish that document in the Arguello Citizen, paying the customary advertising space rates for the publication. The document in question will constitute a complete and dignified withdrawal of each and every statement Ira Todd has made to you regarding me and of a certain statement made publicly to me regarding my sister. Having signed the document Ira Todd immediately will leave this county or argue with me, in the

"But—he has cattle to dispose of," Gail cried broken-heartedly, as she realized the inflexibility of the man's purpose.

"I shall buy his cattle at a price to be set upon them by a trio of disinterested cattle-

men."
"But—you admitted to me the truth of his

charges against you."
"Certainly. To you. But I shall never admit the truth of them to another human being. They were never proved, so officially Ira Todd in the state of the is a liar. I've got to live in this country, and in this country when full-grown men decry another man's honor they have to prove it or accept the doctrine of personal responsi-

"And I shall agree with them, Major Purdy.

I do not think you are a man of honor."

He grew pale. Even in the moonlight she could see that.

'I have treated you honorably, Miss Ormsby. "Indeed? Manhandled with honor?" she replied with contempt and loathing in every

"You were creating a scene in my patio at midnight, weren't you?"

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"I loathe you!"
"That is a mere question of personal taste, Miss Ormsby. Do you think you can go quietly to your room now?"
"Yes, I think so." "Yes, I think so."

"Then you had better go. Before you do, however, I have one more question to ask. You are leaving tomorrow morning, are you not?"

"I am. If I could I would leave now."

"Yes, connot, so we will not discuss that

"I am. If I could I would leave now."

"You cannot, so we will not discuss that point. I will have one of the men take your trunk down to Presbery's in my old car immediately after breakfast. Another man will drive you down there in Hallie's closed car."

"Thank you, it will not be necessary to go to that bother. Mr. Todd is sending a light motor truck for me. I wish to put you to as little inconvenience as possible, and I regret the humiliation of having so unwittingly placed myself under obligation to you."

"Is that because I manhandled you?"

"No. I can understand that."

"May I hope then," he pleaded wistfully," to be forgiven for that necessary bit of violence?"

"You may. I do, indeed, forgive you." He smiled and waved her toward the patio ate with an imperious gesture of command.
"Thank you, Miss Ormsby. I shall continue to hope that, eventually, you may form a more laudable opinion of me than you entertain tonight."

But Gail shook her head. "No, you have killed; you intend to kill again; you maintain and support professional killers and I happen to have rather excellent proof that one of them killed a man from ambush recently and later

"If that be true," he assured her, gravely humorous, "these killers of mine have commenced to operate independently of headquarters.

She looked at him with loathing.
He continued. "I'm glad you spoke of this incident, Miss Ormsby. Who, by the way, committed the murder?" Toaquin.

"But he's only a cook. I'll not have Joaquin scabbing on other men's jobs. Who got rid of the body for him?"

Your man Scaife."

"Your man Scaife."

"The secretive little red rascal! Just imagine that man keeping news like that from me! Now, I simply will not have Tommy and Joaquin maintaining a private cemetery on La Cuesta Encantada. I'll have those two scoundrels on the carpet at an early date, Miss Ormsby," he promised, "and make them give an account of themselves."

He followed her to the door of her room, saw

He followed her to the door of her room, saw that she entered it and heard her lock the door behind her. To his courteous good night she did not deign a reply, and by the time he had retraced his steps to his own room he had quite forgotten her amazing disclosure of the illicit activities of Joaquin and Tommy Scaife. In the face of his personal tragedy the impersonal faded to oblivion.

He was not going to see Gail Ormsby again!

#### CHAPTER XVI

At daylight Tommy Scaife hopped off the Enchanted Hill and headed for Bear Tooth's rancherie on the Middle Fork of the Rio Hondo. The old Navajo and his four stalwart sons were sheering sheep in a corral when Scaife taxied

sheering sheep in a corral when Scaife taxied up and climbed out.

From them he learned that the ranger had the morning previous borrowed a pony to ride up the Middle Fork. His dog was with him. About noon the dog had returned with blood on his breast; he was excited and tried, as dogs will, to tell them something had happened. Bear Tooth's eldest son had followed the dog back up the Middle Fork and found Steve's body. Returning, he had ridden down to



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San Simeon and notified the ranger head-

quarters there.

"Has the coroner arrived?" Tommy queried. Bear Tooth replied that nobody had arrived and that Steve's body had not been removed. Carter, a forest guard, whose cabin was some two miles farther up the Middle Fork, was camped near the body, guarding it from "varmints."

From Bear Tooth, Tommy too borrowed a pony and immediately set forth for the scene of the crime. He reached it an hour later and was met by the forest guard, Carter, whom he knew well.
"Dirty business, this," Carter greeted him.

"I haven't the slightest idea who could have done it. Steve had no known enemies."
"I've come up on behalf of old Steve to

make a private investigation, Carter. Has anything been touched or moved?" "No. There's Steve's rifle leaning against

that tree yonder. It was there when I got

here.

Tommy looked about him. In the center of a clear space extending from where the hill rose abruptly down to the edge of the Middle Fork, he saw the ashes of an abandoned camp-fire. The cleared space was perhaps thirty feet in circumference—a mere opening between trees. From where he stood Tommy could see that the site of the camp-fire was still moist in one spot; a few feet from it a large canteen lay. He approached the ashes of the old camp-fire and on the edge closest to the creek he noted the mark of a large hob-nailed boot.

Where's Steve?" he demanded of Carter. The forest guard pointed to the creek.
"He's lying on his back down there in the. creek, just at the edge of the water.

"Are his feet pointed toward this bank?" Carter nodded and Tommy walked over to the edge of the bank. A small bush with a tuft of bunch-grass growing under it was pressed flat and a drop of blood showed on the grass. Tommy peered over the bank and down into Steve MacDougald's dead face. He observed that the dead ranger was wearing hob-nailed boots

He descended into the creek to examine the body. High up on the ranger's left breast—almost too high to have pierced the heart—he found a bullet hole; and when he turned the body over the point of exit showed on the right side, a little in back and even with the last rib. Tommy turned the body over again, in the same position in which it had fallen, climbed up out of the creek, went to the spot where the imprint of the hob-nailed boot was and stood in the same position. He found himself facing the hillside—and his view was unobscured for about seventy-five yards. There were neither trees, drooping branches nor underbrush to prevent a man, hiding up that hillside from seeing him.

hillside, from seeing him. Straight up the hillside Tommy Scaife went

to a thick clump of buck brush. In the moist earth behind this clump he found unmistakable evidence that a man had sat there. So Tommy Scaife sat down in the same spot and found himself gazing between the fork of two of the stoutest limbs on the buck brush. He ex-amined the fork and noted that the crotch was slightly chafed. Next he searched very pa-tiently in the little twigs and briars round about and presently his faith was amply

about and presently
rewarded.
"Well?" Carter queried.
"Still a mystery," Tommy Scaife admitted.
"Reckon I'll mosey along down the Middle
Fork and see if I can pick up any sign. Whoever killed Steve did it for hire, so it stands to reason the killer was imported. When he entered this country I reckon he didn't enter over the Cuyamaca Range. Too much snow at the higher altitudes. It stands to reason he come up here from the country below, so of course he went back that way after doin' his

job. He didn't have no horse up here, so it seems likely he'd choose a path that wouldn't leave no trail."

'Yes, he'd walk down the creek for a spell, keepin' to the water," the forest guard agreed. Tommy Scaife nodded his acquiescence, leaped down into the creek and followed the stream for a mile. And presently he found the sign he sought. In the mixed mud and sand at the edge of the stream he found the imprint of a man's foot. He studied the imprint, measured its length with a piece of ig and compared the resultant measurement with that of his own boot.

He gazed about him, observing that at this point the creek had at one time curved in a wide sweep in time of freshet. Now, with white sweep in time of freshet. Now, with the Middle Fork greatly reduced in size due to the lateness of the season, this bend was a wide sand-bar, with willows growing on the far edge of it, and there were unmistakable signs that a horse had been tied to one of these willows for several hours. About forty feet below this spot a trail had been worn down the bank by cattle coming to water; it had been down this cow trail into the creek bed that the killer had ridden to hide his horse. Here, his grim task accomplished, he returned, mounted and rode up the cow trail into the open again. Cattle coming down the trail subsequently had obliterated the mark of the horse's hoofs, but in the sand between the edge of the willow growth and this trail—sand that had been kept moist because the willows shaded it at night—Tommy Scaife found four

He went into the willow thicket where the horse had been tethered. Knowing the ways of horses when tethered and left alone for hours, he realized that the horse had, doubtless, pawed, twisted and threshed around more or

In the cracks of the chapped bark of the willows he found two hairs-one long and one short.

He returned to the scene of the murder, mounted his borrowed horse and returned to Bear Tooth's rancherie. "Where is Ranger MacDougald's dog?" he demanded as he

handed the Indian a dollar.

Bear Tooth led him to his tumbled-down barn, where the masterless collie was tied. He greeted Tommy after the fashion of a friend; the little man led him out to the airplane and tied him securely in the cockpit. He then inspected his ship very carefully and flew six miles to San Simeon, a hamlet con-sisting of a post-office, a general store, a blacksmith shop and half a dozen houses. San Simeon was the headquarters for the ranger service of the Cuyamaca National Forest. Here the supervisor, Jim Presbery, lived and here he kept stored fire-fighting tools, powder and a motor truck. A ranger assistant handled the telephone exchange and did the clerical work of the office.

Tommy Scaife landed in the pasture back

of Presbery's house and strolled over to the office. Presbery was gone with the sheriff—who combined with his office that of coroner to visit the scene of the murder. They had taken a pack-mule with them to bring in the body, so Tommy was informed by the ranger

assistant. Branscomb.

"Too bad about old Steve," Branscomb de-clared. "After eleven years on the Cuyamaca he had just been appointed supervisor to succeed Jim Presbery

"That's interestin' news," Tommy vouch-ied. "First I heard about it."

"Steve never even knew of the appointment himself. We got the letter day before yester-day. Jim was down to Arguello but I didn't telephone the news to Steve at his station. Presbery likes to be the first bearer of glad

"Naturally, he bein' the chief," Tommy

assented. "Where's Jim Presbery tran

to?"
"The Shoshone National Forest in

"Hum-m-m! When does he leave?" "His orders are to leave at the earlie his orders are to leave at the earnessible date, but I dare say Steve's death change the plans of the Department, how, Presbery couldn't leave right now, youngest boy's on the puny list."

Tommy rose, yawning and stretchings. "Well, guess I'll be moseyin" arms. Got to go over to the blacksmith and b assortment of horseshoes. Seems to m all we do over to La Cuesta Encantada is

Adios.

He dropped in at the blacksmith shop, he carefully selected a dozen horseshoe the smith's stock on hand and spent five utes haggling jovially with the smith ov price. He swore the smith was overch him because Lee Purdy preferred to ha horses shod at La Cuesta Encantada smith indignantly denied any charge of teering, and when eventually a good-an bargain was struck Tommy sat down upturned nail keg and prepared to in

"By the way," he queried presently, try shot in the dark, "who was that saddle-co snot in the dark, "who was that saddle-os son of a horse thief I seen standin' aroun yesterday, while you was shoein' his A Mexican, about as big as me, but I weight. He had a buckskin horse with points, with the left front foot pigeon-tothe shoe missin'. This Greaser is a newild-lookin' hombre. He had a short ra scabbard on his saddle. Seems to me that fellow somewhere once before but I

seem to make out where it was."

He scored a bull's-eye. "I don't know he is, Tommy. I never seen the feller but he is the feller but h He acted kinder crazy to me.

"Well, he was crazy enough to attract

attention. "I didn't see you in town yesterday, To I didn't even see you come into the Why didn't you say hello?" the smit

manded.

"Ain't no sense interruptin' a busy mahis work," Tommy explained, and with
natural secretiveness changed the subject
once. "I hear Jim Presbery's goin' to leav
Ensued ten minutes of small talk and by

Tommy took his leave. From the blacks shop he drifted over to the general store gossiped for another ten minutes before in home to the Enchanted Hill. He landed long enough to turn over Steve's collie cook, with orders to feed the animal; the took off the hill again, flying low over surrounding country, toward the draw whe had seen the flicker of a camp-fire evening before.

In a small hidden cañon he saw a bu horse with black mane and tail grazing; some oak trees at a little distance a thin, a indiscernible column of smoke was straight upward in the still air. "Hum-m-m!" Tommy surmised. "I

a late breakfast or he's just firin' up to some lunch together."

He flew straight on over the low footrose steadily higher and higher and appeared into the north, swung in a circle and came back to La Cantada. Straight to the barn To Encantada. went, saddled a horse, tied a rawhide ri the pommel, slipped a sporting carbine scabbard along the right side of his munder the sweat leather, and jogged across the mesa toward the east. Presche swung north, circled gradually west then south and at one o'clock rode caut down into the glade where the buckskin h still grazed.

(To be continued)

Thief and murderer though he may be, as his enemies declare, Gail finds herself caring more for Lee of "The Enchanted Hill" than is good for her peace of mind. The next instalment is a thrilling one.

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death
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now.

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attract

the short in the s